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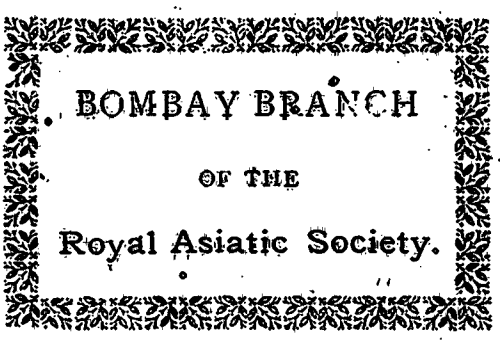

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EDWARD.

VOL. I.

EDWARD.

VARIOUS VIEWS

OF

HUMAN NATURE,

TAKEN

From LIFE and MANNERS,

Chiefly in ENGLAND.

——— Dicimus autem
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum, vitâ didicere magiſtrâ. Juv.

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By the AUTHOR of *ZELUCO.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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EDWARD.

CHAP. I.

The Sympathy of a benevolent Mind.

MRS. BARNET, wife of Mr. George Barnet, who lived at no great diſtance from London, had been in-town to put her daughter to a boarding ſchool.

She had taken a poſt-chaiſe, that the chariot might remain for the uſe of her huſband, whoſe conſtant cuſtom it was to drive out every day before dinner, to acquire an appetite, the only ſenſible reaſon which, in Mr. Barnet's opinion, any man in eaſy circumſtances could have for being at the trouble of exerciſe.

As Mrs. Barnet returned from town, the poſt-chaiſe broke down in the middle of the road—a ſtage-coach came up at the inſtant that Mrs. Barnet and her maid had got ſafely out of the poſt-chaiſe; the coachman knew Mrs. Barnet, and his courſe being directly through a village contiguous to her huſband's houſe, he ſtopp'd, and offered to ſet her down at her own door.—Mrs. Barnet perceiving that it would take a conſiderable time before the chaiſe could be mended, agreed to the coachman's propoſal, and deſired her maid to put a ſmall bundle into the coach.

"Lard, madam," cried the maid, as ſoon as ſhe had peeped into the coach, "here is a frightful old woman and a beggarly looking boy—you cannot poſſibly go in here."

"As for the old woman and the boy," ſaid the coachman, "although they are ſitting *within*, they are no more than outſide paſſengers—for as ill luck would have it, I chanced to have none within; ſo when the rain came on, I took pity on the boy, and deſired him to take ſhelter in the coach,

which he refuſed, unleſs the old woman was allowed to go in alſo;—ſo as the boy, you ſee, is a very pretty boy, I could not bear that he ſhould be expoſed to the rain, and ſo I was obliged to let in both; but now, to be ſure, if her ladyſhip inſiſts on it, they muſt both go on the outſide, which will be no great hardſhip, for it begins to grow fair."

"Fair or foul, they muſt get out directly," ſaid the maid; "do you imagine that *my* miſtreſs will ſit with ſuch creatures as theſe, more particularly in ſuch a dirty machine?"

"Hark you, young woman," ſaid the coachman, "you may ſay of the old woman and the boy what you pleaſe, they do not belong to me;—but as for the coach, it is *my* coach, and I would have you to know, bears as good a reputation as any on the road, perhaps a better than your own; ſo I would not adviſe you for to go for to ſlurify the character of thoſe who are ſaying nothing againſt yours:—But as for you, my dear, you muſt come out," continued he,

taking the boy by the arm, "ſince this here gentlewoman inſiſts upon it."

"By no means," ſaid Mrs. Barnet; "let the child remain, and the woman alſo; there is room for us all."

So ſaying, ſhe ſtepped into the coach; the maid followed, and the coachman drove on.

This arrangement was highly diſagreeable to the maid, who ſeemed greatly mortified at being ſeated near a woman ſo meanly dreſſed.

Mrs. Barnet, on the other hand, was pleaſed with the opportunity of accommodating the poor woman and boy—for this lady was of a benevolent diſpoſition, and although ſhe was likewiſe moſt uncommonly free from vanity, yet if all the maid's ſtock had been divided between them, the miſtreſs and maid together would have made a couple of very vain women.

Mrs. Barnet was in rather low ſpirits, owing to her being ſeparated now, for the firſt time in her life, from her daughter—

the old woman, on the contrary, being delighted with her ſituation in the coach, was in high ſpirits, and much diſpoſed to ſhare them with all the company.

She made repeated attempts to draw Mrs. Barnet into converſation, but without ſucceſs; for although from a civility of diſpoſition which never forſook her, ſhe anſwered with affability all the woman's queſtions, ſhe always relapſed into penſive ſilence.

The old woman was ſurpriſed as well as diſappointed at this—ſhe never in the courſe of her life had met with ſo ſilent a woman, and thinking it next to impoſſible that ſhe ſhould ſtumble upon two on the ſame day, in the ſame coach, of the ſame diſpoſition, ſhe ventured to addreſs the maid, in ſpite of her repulſive looks, ſaying, "Pray, miſtreſs, as the ſun begins to break out, do you not think it will turn out a good day?"

In this attempt to lead the maid into converſation, ſhe was ſtill more unſucceſsful than ſhe had been with the miſtreſs; for although the former did not partake of the

latter's dejection of ſpirits, and had no kind of averſion in general to talking, yet ſhe deemed a perſon dreſſed as this poor woman was, far beneath her anſwering—therefore ſurveying the woman's ruſſet gown with contempt, and at the ſame time bruſhing the duſt from the ſleeves of her own, which was of ſilk, with an elevated noſe and projected under lip, ſhe turned her diſdainful eyes to the other ſide, without making the poor woman any anſwer.

Baffled in all her attempts to provoke a converſation, and quite unable to hold her tongue, as a laſt recourſe the old woman began to talk with the boy.

His prattle ſoon diſturbed the meditations and attracted the attention of Mrs. Barnet, who at length aſked the old woman, what relation the boy was to her.

Pleaſed with this opportunity of giving freedom to her tongue, ſhe anſwered with great rapidity, and almoſt in one breath, "relation to me! All my relations are dead, pleaſe your Ladyſhip, except my nephew, the pawn-broker in Shug-lane, who is grown

ſo

ſo rich and ſo proud, that he hardly ſpeaks to me; but as for that there boy I never ſaw him in my life, till this here bleſſed day, when I received him from the overſeers of the work-houſe, to take him to my own houſe in the country; where I already have ſix children all boarded at the rate of poor three ſhillings a week, which your Ladyſhip muſt acknowledge is too little in all conſcience for my trouble and expence; but the hearts of thoſe who take care of the poor of ſome pariſhes, are as hard as the very church walls.—Now, pleaſe your Ladyſhip, this poor child, it ſeems, was lately ill of the affluenza, and cannot be put out to a trade till he grows ſtronger. And ſo they gave him to me with the other children, for the benefice of country air; which I do aſſure your Ladyſhip does quite and clean the contrirary of doctors drugs, for it recovers the health of the children, and gives them all a monſtrous devouring appetite, as I am ſure I finds to my coſt—and ſo—if ſo be as——"

"Pray, who are his parents?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet, interrupting the old woman's fluency, which ſhe ſaw was inexhauſtible.

"The Lord above, he only knows," replied the old woman; "for they told me he was brought to the work-houſe when he was only a few months old; the pariſh officers received him from a poor woman, who ſaid ſhe was not his mother, but his name was Edward Evelin; but who was his mother, is difficult to tell; and ſtill more, who was his real father, as your Ladyſhip well knows, for they have never been found out; but it ſtands to reaſon, that he muſt have had both, for I never heard of any body who had neither father nor mother, except Michael Hiſendeck, of whom the parſon of our pariſh preached laſt Sunday; but Michael lived in the bible days, which is different from theſe here times; ſo this boy's parents muſt be perſons unknown; but be who they will, I ſuſpect that they were no better than they ſhould be; in which caſe it is pretty clear that

this

this here boy, ſaving your Ladyſhip's preſence, is neither more nor leſs than an unnatural child; for if he had been born in the natural way of marriage, it ſtands to reaſon that his parents would have owned him long ago."

Mrs. Barnet, affected with the condition of this boy, who began life under ſuch unfavourable auſpices, ſaid, "Are you not ſorry, my dear, to leave home?"

"No," anſwered he; "I don't care."

"Is there not ſomebody at home whom you are ſorry to leave?" reſumed ſhe.

"No," replied the boy; "I am not ſorry to leave any body."

"What, not thoſe who are good to you?" rejoined ſhe.

"Nobody was ever good to *me*," ſaid the boy.

Mrs. Barnet was touched with the child's anſwers, which ſtrongly painted his helpleſs lot, and the cruel indifference of the world. She thought of her own child now, for the firſt time, left to the care of ſtrangers, and the tear ſtood in her eye.

"My

"My poor little fellow," ſaid ſhe, after a ſhort pauſe, "was *nobody* ever good to you?"

"No," anſwered he, "they are good only to the Miſtreſs's ſon."

"And have you *no* friend, my dear?" added ſhe with a ſigh.

"No, for old Robin the foot-man died laſt week."

"Was he your friend?

"Yes, that he was, replied the boy; he once gave me a piece of ginger-bread."

Mrs. Barnet could not help ſmiling at the expreſſive ſimplicity of the anſwer, and felt herſelf ſo much intereſted in him, and ſo much affected at ſeeing ſo fine a child thrown as it were at random on the world, that, while ſhe yet ſmiled, the tears flowed from her eyes—which the boy obſerving, and miſtaking their cauſe, ſaid, "I fell a crying myſelf, when I heard that poor old Robin was dead."

"That was like a good boy," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"No,

"No, it was like a naughty boy," ſaid he; "and the matron whipt me for it."

"My poor dear little fellow," exclaimed Mrs. Barnet, "that was hard indeed!"

"It is very right howſomever, Madam, ſaid the old woman, that children ſhould be whipt for crying; if I did not make that a conſtant rule at my houſe, there would be nothing but ſquawling from morning to night—for I'll tell you, as how I always ſerves them there little chits, whenever they begins to make a noiſe—I takes them—"

Here the old woman was interrupted by the ſtopping of the coach at the part of the common where ſhe was to get out and walk to her own houſe.

Mrs. Barnet warmly recommended the boy to her care, putting at the ſame time a guinea into her hand, and adding that ſhe would perhaps call upon her ſometimes, and would reward her more liberally if ſhe found that the boy was treated with kindneſs.—The old woman having promiſed to treat him kindly, led him away, and the coach drove on.

CHAP. II.

Quæ Comædia—Mimus
Quis melior plorante gula? Juv.

THE forlorn condition of this poor boy, deſtitute of father, mother, relation, or protector, ſo ſtrongly awakened the humane feelings of Mrs. Barnet, that her thoughts were divided between him and her own child for the remainder of the way; and when ſhe arrived at her own houſe, after giving her huſband a particular account of every thing relative to the eſtabliſhment of his daughter, ſhe began the hiſtory of the workhouſe boy; but ſhe had not proceeded far, when Mr. Barnet haſtily rung the bell to know whether dinner was near ready, ſaying, "that he had eaten little or nothing ſince his breakfaſt, and indeed not a great deal then, owing to the careleſſneſs of the maid, who had not put butter enough upon the toaſt." "Why did you not

not order her to make ſome with more, my dear?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet. "Becauſe," replied he, "I did not obſerve it till I could eat no more; ſo that, upon the whole, I made a very uncomfortable breakfaſt."

"I am ſorry for it," ſaid Mrs. Barnet; "but I hope you have had ſomething ſince."

"Very little," replied he; "for I was put ſo out of humour with the toaſt, that I have had little or no appetite until now."

"That is provoking, indeed," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, in a ſympathiſing tone of voice. "But here comes the dinner, and I truſt you will now be able to make up for the loſs of your breakfaſt." "I wiſh to God, my dear, the fiſh be not overdone," cried Mr. Barnet, fixing an alarmed look on the diſh.

"Pray do not terrify yourſelf," replied Mrs. Barnet; "the fiſh is done to a moment; and the veal, as well as the beans and bacon, ſeem admirable—allow me to help you."

Mrs. Barnet accordingly helped her huſband to every thing ſhe knew he liked, which, he being a man of few words, particularly

cularly at meals, accepted in ſilent complacency. After having amply indemniſied himſelf for the misfortunes of the breakfaſt, and having attempted, in vain, to ſwallow another morſel, he looked with benignity at his wife, and ſaid, "I really wiſh you would eat a little bit yourſelf, my dear."

"I believe the parting with our ſweet girl has entirely deprived me of appetite; it is not in my power to eat much; but, if you pleaſe, I will drink a glaſs of wine with you."

"I will juſt take one draught more of ale firſt; I believe there is but one other draught in the tankard."

Mr. Barnet, having finiſhed his ale, "Upon my word," ſaid he, "this ale is excellent—and now, my dear, I am ready to join you in a glaſs of wine.—Here, my dear, is your very good health, with all my heart, not forgetting our dear Louiſa."

After Mr. Barnet had drank a few glaſſes more, and praiſed the port as ſound, and ſtomachic, and of a good body; "I am glad to ſee you here again, my dear," ſaid he;

"they

"they may talk of the comforts and conveniences of London as they pleaſe, but I think there is no place where one finds every thing ſo neat, and ſo clean, and ſo comfortable, as in one's own houſe here, and at one's own, good, warm, ſnug fireſide."

Mrs. Barnet, deſirous of intereſting her huſband in the poor boy, thought this a good opportunity, and after expreſſing her own ſatisfaction in the thoughts of his finding home ſo agreeable, ſhe proceeded in the following terms: "Yet, my dear, in the midſt of thoſe comforts which Providence has ſo bountifully beſtowed upon us, it is impoſſible not to feel uneaſineſs in reflecting on the numbers of our fellow-creatures, who, inſtead of thoſe conveniences which we enjoy, are fain, after fatigue and labour, to ſeek a little refreſhment, and repoſe upon ſtraw, in cold uncomfortable habitations, and from ſcanty proviſions! The fine boy, whom I already mentioned, was going from a workhouſe, to the miſerable cottage of a wretched old woman, who had no natural intereſt in him, and——"

Here

Here Mrs. Barnet ſtopp'd, becauſe ſhe perceived that her huſband had fallen aſleep.

The following day they had viſitors, and Mrs. Barnet found no proper opportunity of mentioning to her huſband the boy in whom ſhe felt ſo ſtrong an intereſt. The day after, ſhe was again prevented by the following accident:—A large company were invited to dine on turtle, at an inn in the village. This dinner was given by a gentleman, whoſe intereſt in the county Mr. Barnet oppoſed, of courſe he was not invited to the feaſt; but the inn-keeper, who had private reaſons for cultivating the good will of Mr. Barnet, and knew by what means that was to be moſt effectually obtained, gave him to know that a copious baſon of the turtle ſhould be ſent to him.—Mr. Barnet having prepared himſelf for the occaſion, by a longer airing than uſual, was waiting with impatience for the accompliſhment of the inn-keeper's promiſe, when he was informed, that in conveying the ſoup from the inn, the ſervant had ſtumbled, and ſpilt the rich cargo on the ground.

ground. This melancholy accident affected Mr. Barnet ſo deeply, that his wife plainly perceived it would be vain to expect that he ſhould, for that day at leaſt, think of any body's misfortune but his own.

CHAP. III.

How few, like thee, enquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of ſoft humanity? ROWE.

THE following morning, Mrs. Barnet, on the pretext of paying an early viſit, drove to the old woman's cottage, to enquire after the poor boy.

She ſoon obſerved him ſitting on a ſtone before the old woman's door, apart from the other children, who were playing on the heath.

He ſprung, with extended arms, towards Mrs. Barnet, as ſoon as he ſaw her.

"Why are you not playing with the other children?" ſaid ſhe.

"Becauſe," ſaid he, "you promiſed to come and ſee me, and I have watched for you ever ſince."

"That he has, indeed, madam," ſaid the old woman, who came out of the hovel, when ſhe ſaw the carriage ſtop; "he has been

been conſtantly on the look-out from morning to night, although I told him—"You ſilly fool," ſaid I, "do you think that that there fine lady will take the trouble to come to ſee ſuch a poor little wretch as you—and what does your ladyſhip think he anſwered?"—

"What *did* he anſwer?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"Yes, I do think it," ſays he; "for ſhe promiſed to do ſo," ſaid he, "and the parſon of the workhouſe ſchool told us, that good folks always kept their promiſe," ſays he. "And I am ſure," continued the old woman, "that your ladyſhip always will, particularly to me, whereof your ladyſhip muſt remember that you promiſed to reward me, if ſo be I treated this boy kindly, which God he knows I have done, as in duty bound."

"Have you had any breakfaſt, my dear?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet to the boy.

"I was juſt going to give him ſome," anſwered the old woman, "when your ladyſhip arrived.—Was I not, child?"

"I don't know," ſaid the boy.

"He does not underſtand politeneſs as yet, pleaſe your ladyſhip," ſaid the old woman; "but I will ſoon teach him in time; for indeed I was juſt going to give him ſome breakfaſt, as in duty bound."

Mrs. Barnet continued to talk with the boy for a conſiderable time, and was highly pleaſed with all he ſaid. She then gave ſome money to the woman, repeating her injunctions, "that ſhe ſhould be careful and attentive to the boy;" and now, "my dear, here is ſomething for you," added ſhe; preſenting him with a large ſweet-cake.

"Are you going away already?" ſaid the boy, with a ſorrowful look.

"Yes, my dear, I muſt go," replied ſhe.

"There," ſaid the boy, giving the cake to the old woman, "you may divide that among the children."

"Firſt take ſome yourſelf," rejoined the old woman; tearing off a piece, and offering it to the boy.

"No," ſaid he; "I do not like it *now*."

"You cannot chooſe but like it," ſaid ſhe, taking a large bite of the cake herſelf.

"Here,

"Here, here," reſumed ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe could articulate; "I aſſure you it is very nice, ſo there is a piece for you."

"I cannot eat it now," replied he, rejecting the cake, and looking mournfully at Mrs. Barnet.

"I will come and ſee you again, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, tapping his cheek; "but I am obliged to go at preſent: pray be a good boy."

"I cannot be a good boy," reſumed he, ready to cry; "when you are going away."

"I will ſoon return," ſaid ſhe, "but pray be good."

"I will try," ſaid the boy, with a ſob; "but I fear I cannot."

Mrs. Barnet had not only a warm benevolent heart, but alſo ſomething of a warm imagination. The accidental manner in which ſhe had met with this boy, and the ſudden and growing intereſt which his appearance, behaviour, and forlorn condition created in her breaſt, ſhe conſidered as the impulſe of Providence urging her to ſave a fine boy from vice, infamy, and ruin.

Fraught with this idea, ſhe returned to her own houſe a little before her huſband aroſe; and by the time he was dreſſed, ſhe had every thing arranged for his breakfaſt.

Mr. Barnet entered the parlour with a newſpaper in his hand, and what was ſeldom the caſe, with a cheerful countenance.

"I fancy you have good news to communicate," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"Why, yes," ſaid he; "I find ſtocks have riſen one and a half per cent. by which I ſhall gain a pretty round ſum."

"I am glad to hear it," ſaid ſhe, preſenting him with a baſon of tea.

"I do not ſee why we ſhould not have a diſh of john-dorys for dinner to-day, let them coſt what they will," reſumed he.

"You ſhall have it, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Barnet; "I'll give orders about it directly."

While Mrs. Barnet was giving the orders, her huſband helped himſelf very plentifully to the toaſt, which he found buttered to his taſte.—He continued to eat, with every appearance of ſatisfaction, for a conſiderable time after his wife returned; and when he could eat no more, he preſented her a plate

of toaſt, with his uſual phraſe on like occaſions—"*I really wiſh you would eat a little bit yourſelf, my dear.*"

"With all my heart," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, "for I rejoice to ſee you look ſo cheerful and well this morning."

"Why truly," ſaid he, ſtroking his belly, "I do feel myſelf pretty comfortable."

Mrs. Barnet thinking this the lucky moment for reſuming the ſtory of the poor boy—deſcribed his fine looks and helpleſs condition in ſuch eloquent and pathetic terms, that her huſband, in ſpite of his natural indifference to every thing which did not perſonally regard himſelf, ſeemed a little affected.—Mrs. Barnet perceiving this, continued:—

"I do aſſure you, my dear, that you never ſaw a prettier boy."

"I make no manner of doubt of it," ſaid Mr. Barnet; "but as for the old woman," reſumed his wife, "ſhe ſeemed to be an unfeeling creature, and ſmelt of gin."

"I make no manner of doubt of it," ſaid Mr. Barnet, "for I have known ſeveral old women ſmell of gin."

"I am ſure ſhe will neglect the poor boy," reſumed ſhe.

"Well, my dear, ſince you are perſuaded of that, I think we muſt ſend for the old woman, and adviſe her to take care of him; and I am willing to give her a few ſhillings out of my pocket for ſo doing;" ſaid Mr. Barnet.

"That would make her *promiſe* to take care of him," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, "and make her *appear* very kind to him when you or I are with her, but what will become of the poor child when we are not preſent?"

"Why, he muſt take his chance, like the other children," ſaid the huſband.

"The other children have all ſome relation to inquire about them," ſaid Mrs. Barnet; "but this poor boy is quite deſtitute of relation, friend, or protector. The poor creature himſelf told me that the only friend he ever had, died laſt week."

"And who was he?" ſaid Mr. Barnet.

"A poor old foot-man," replied his wife.

"And are you making all this fuſs, Jane, about a little friendleſs vagabond, whom nobody knows?" ſaid Mr. Barnet.

"If

"If this poor boy were known and had friends, he would not ſtand in need of our protection," replied Mrs. Barnet.

"That is very true," ſaid Mr. Barnet; "but on the other hand, it is very hard on us, to be the only protector of poor friendleſs vagabond boys."

"This is but *one* boy," replied Mrs. Barnet; "perhaps Providence will never throw another ſo particularly in our way."

"Why truly, Jane, you ſurpriſe me," ſaid the huſband; "you ſeem to be as much concerned about this boy, as if he were your own."

"So would *you*, if you had only ſeen him; he is a moſt bewitching little fellow, and although he is ſomewhat pale and emaciated, I never in my life beheld a boy with finer features and a more intereſting countenance:—he brought to my remembrance our own poor George, who is dead and gone"—Here ſhe burſt into tears, and was unable to ſpeak for a few minutes.

"Pray, do not afflict yourſelf for what cannot be helped," ſaid Mr. Barnet; "you know,

know, my dear, we did all we could for George, and the apothecary did all *he* could alſo; he could not have preſcribed a greater number of draughts, and cordials, and julaps, to the only ſon of a Duke; for his bill was as long as a ſpit, ſo there is no cauſe for ſorrow or reflection.—And as for this hoſpital boy, although he is nothing to me, yet ſince he bears ſuch a reſemblance to George, I am willing to make a weekly allowance, out of my own pocket, to the old woman, to make her careful of him."

Mrs. Barnet ſhook her head.

"Why, what would you have me do?" reſumed the huſband; "you would not ſurely have me take him quite out of the hands of the old woman, and be at the whole burden of his maintenance myſelf!"

Mrs. Barnet ſmiled with a nod of aſſent.

"Good gracious, my dear! You do not reflect," added the huſband, "how ſtrange a thing it would be for us to take a poor miſerable wretch of a boy, perhaps the ſon of a foot-man, under our care, and be at the whole expence of maintaining him. I ſhould

ſhould be glad to know who will thank us for it?"

"Our own hearts," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"My heart never thanked me for any ſuch thing ſince I was born," ſaid Mr. Barnet; "and I am ſure all our acquaintances would laugh at us, and turn us into ridicule."

"All the laughters in the world cannot turn benevolence into ridicule," ſaid Mrs. Barnet; "and the narrow minded may be hurt to ſee you do what *they* cannot imitate; but malice itſelf can neither prevent the pleaſure which a charitable action will afford to your own breaſt, my dear, nor the reſpect which will attend it."

"So your drift is," replied the huſband, "to teaſe me till I take this boy into my houſe."

"My drift has never been to teaſe you, but always to make you happy, my dear. I own I am affected with the friendleſs condition of this poor orphan, and ſtruck with his reſemblance to the child who was torn from us at the ſame age;—as for the

poor

poor young creature's maintenance, it will be a mere trifle to us, but of infinite importance to him; it may ſave him from vice, and the worſt kind of ruin. The reflection of having done ſo charitable an office to a lovely boy, like your own departed ſon, would no doubt afford you everlaſting ſatisfaction: but," continued ſhe, perceiving that her huſband began to be affected, "I deſire you to do nothing which is not prompted by the generous feelings of your own heart; for of this I am certain, that your acting up to them will render you more proſperous even in this world, and ſecure you a reward of an hundred fold in the next."

The earneſtneſs of Mrs. Barnet's manner, and the recollection of a ſon whom he had loved as much as he could love any thing, had already touched the heart of the huſband; and this laſt intimation of immediate proſperity and future reward, ſounding in his ears ſomething like accumulated intereſt and a large premium, came neareſt his feelings, and overcame him entirely.

"Well,

"Well, my dear," ſaid he, "ſince this is your opinion, let the boy be brought hither as ſoon as you pleaſe."

Mrs. Barnet threw her arms around her huſband's neck, and thanked him with all the warmth of an overflowing and benevolent heart.

CHAP. IV.

Grief and Decorum.

AS it is not uncommon for people to take an intereſt in a man for the ſake of his wife, the reader may wiſh to know ſomething of Mr. Barnet; and how he came to be the huſband of a woman whoſe character was ſo eſſentially different from his.—Beſides, as it is generally allowed, that Nature does nothing in vain; and yet, if all Mr. George Barnet's acquaintances had been put to the rack, none of them could have mentioned any utility that he had ever been of;—in vindication of Nature, it is neceſſary to prove, that this was not her work; and to ſhew by what means he came to be perverted from a being who might have been of ſome uſe in the world, into the very uſeleſs animal he really was; particularly, as what Mr. George Barnet was, or much about it,—ſeveral wealthy inhabitants

of

of this metropolis, from ſimilar cauſes, are. Finally, it is incumbent on us to go a little into the hiſtory of the Barnet family, becauſe this is ſo much connected with the principal perſon of this work, that we might have begun with it, and never mentioned the workhouſe boy until we arrived at the time when Mrs. Barnet picked him up on the road, had we not always had an unſurmountable diſlike to that methodical way of proceeding.

Mr. Barnet, the father of George, was originally a clerk to an eminent merchant in the city of London, whoſe daughter he ſecretly married. Although born and bred in an inferior ſphere of life, and remote from the court, Mr. Barnet poſſeſſed ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed qualities of a courtier—a heart cold and indifferent about the happineſs or miſery of the whole human race, and a mind entirely occupied with plans for his own intereſt and advancement. He was certainly a man of uncommon addreſs, for ſoon after his marriage he contrived not only to obtain the forgiveneſs

forgiveneſs but alſo the friendſhip of his father-in-law, by whom he was, at no advanced period of life, introduced into ſome profitable branches of trade; and ſuch was his aſſiduity in buſineſs, and plauſibility of deportment, that he was even raiſed to the dignity of alderman much earlier than is uſual. This piece of good fortune ſeemed to be overbalanced by the loſs of his lady, who died in conſequence of a cold caught on the Thames on a lord mayor's day, or in returning from the ball the ſame evening; for the two phyſicians, who attended her, were of different opinions on that ſubject—one inſiſting that the piercing and moiſt air on the river was the cauſe of the deceaſe;—the other being clear that it was entirely owing to the night air, as ſhe returned from the manſion-houſe, after being heated with dancing.

Mr. Barnet was ſurpriſed that theſe learned gentlemen ſhould put ſo great a ſtreſs on a circumſtance which he thought of little importance; becauſe, whether ſhe caught her complaint on land or water, his wife

was indiſputably dead.—But as he was ſatisfied, on the whole, with the manner in which they treated her complaint, he took no notice of their diſputes, however much they ſurpriſed him.

Mrs. Barnet was the intimate friend of the then Lady Mayoreſs, and attended her on that ſplendid occaſion.—Her ladyſhip, two or three times during the ceremonies of that day, obſerved that Mrs. Barnet was unuſually thoughtful, and enquired the reaſon.—The anſwers ſhe received were rather evaſive, becauſe Mrs. Barnet was at thoſe times anticipating in her imagination, the magnificence of a future day, which ſhe hoped was at no great diſtance, when her own huſband being Lord Mayor, ſhe herſelf would of courſe be the principal figure at the ball. Few things could more ſtrongly illuſtrate the vanity of human hopes and wiſhes, for while this poor lady was indulging her imagination in this manner, ſhe had already imbibed the ſeeds of the diſeaſe of which ſhe died a few months after.

This mournful event occurred ſeveral years after the happieſt union, as Mr. Barnet aſſerted, that ever had exiſted between man and wife.

This aſſertion, it is true, did not quite accord with the obſervation of ſome of their acquaintance, who pretend to have been witneſſes to frequent ſcenes of ſharp altercation between this happy couple.—Mr. Barnet, however, maintained, that theſe ſcenes were merely jocular, and never took place, except when ſomebody was preſent; but that when his wife and he were by themſelves, they never had a diſpute, not even in jeſt.

At the time that Mr. Barnet loſt his lady, he was ſo much engroſſed by buſineſs, that it was highly inconvenient for him to give way to the emotions of grief; yet being a man of ſtrict decorum, he thought it becoming to ſequeſter himſelf, for a certain period, from the Royal Exchange, or from tranſacting buſineſs in public.—The period he fixed upon was two months, both becauſe he thought it of a decent length, and becauſe ſuch an interval of afflictive retirement was

favourable

favourable for the examination of his ledgers, journals, and accounts, and the general arrangements of his affairs.

He might poſſibly have extended the term of his ſorrow ſtill further, had he not known that an increaſe of the royal family was expected about that period; and he imagined that it would have the appearance of diſaffection, for a man like him, in a public capacity, to ſeem ſad, when it was the the duty of every loyal ſubject to rejoice.

About a week after the time fixed upon for the period of Mr. Barnet's ſorrow, this happy event took place, and he joined without ſcruple in the public demonſtrations of joy.

This occaſion of general joy was followed by one particularly gratifying to Mr. Barnet, for being of the deputation which carried the congratulatory addreſs to St. James's, he had the honour of knighthood conferred on him; immediately after which he retired for a week to his houſe in the country, as if it were to give freſh vent to his ſorrow for his late loſs, or to avoid

the imputation of an oſtentatious fondneſs of his new dignity.—If the laſt was his reaſon, it was in ſome meaſure defeated; for the curate of the pariſh where Sir Robert's country reſidence was, having deferred the lady's funeral ſermon until her huſband could have the pleaſure of hearing it, declared from the pulpit, after enumerating the virtues of the deceaſed, that the honour conferred on her huſband was a juſt reward for the exemplary ſorrow he had manifeſted for the loſs of ſo deſerving a lady.

Some years previous to this, Sir Robert had loſt his father-in-law, whoſe relict had been ſo enraged at her daughter's marriage with a perſon in the ſituation of a clerk, that it was not in her huſband's power to prevail on her to behave with any appearance of kindneſs to her daughter from the time it took place. She never heard the name of Barnet mentioned with pleaſure, till the addition of Sir, inſtead of Mr., was put before it.—This indeed produced a wonderful change in the behaviour of this hitherto obdurate old woman; all *that* cold diſdain

diſdain and hardened indignation, which had reſiſted the influence of maternal affection, and the intreaties of her huſband, were diſſolved by the new dignity of her ſon-in-law, as ice is diſſolved by the beams of the ſun. She now addreſſed him in the moſt obſequious manner, ſpoke of him in the moſt ſoothing terms, and ſeemed peculiarly fond of talking of her dear Sir Robert.——As for the Knight himſelf, he would have paid little regard to the wavering affection of the old lady, had he not known that her huſband, beſides an ample jointure, had left her a very conſiderable ſum in the funds, entirely at her diſpoſal, and which he expected ſhe would leave to his children.—He received her advances therefore, with more complacency than he would otherwiſe have done; for having long known that ſhe diſliked him, he had a fixed averſion to her.

When the period which Sir Robert had allotted for grief was over, he returned to the occupations of commerce with as much eagerneſs as ever; ſo that none but thoſe to whom he imparted the ſecret, had any notion that his affliction was poignant.

CHAP. V.

For fools are ſtubborn in their way,
As coins are harden'd by th' allay;
And obſtinacy's ne'er ſo ſtiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief. BUTLER.

MRS. Barnet left two ſons and a daughter. The ſons were at ſchool when their mother died. Sir Robert allowed them to remain there for two years, when the elder being exceſſively heated with playing at cricket, happened to throw himſelf on the ground while damp, in conſequence of which he caught a pleuriſy, of which he died in a few days, in ſpite of the moſt judicious treatment.

The old lady was enraged that the phyſician in whom ſhe had moſt confidence had not been employed; and when ſhe was informed of the manner in which the boy had been treated by thoſe who had attended him, ſhe declared that he had been murdered; and adviſed Sir Robert to proſecute

both the phyſician and apothecary, coſt what it might.

Sir Robert obſerved in anſwer to this, "That he did not value the expence, but that it would be difficult to prove the fact." She anſwered, "That nothing would be more eaſy, becauſe the apothecary acknowledged that he had blooded the boy three times, by the phyſician's direction, in the ſpace of two days; and moreover had applied a bliſter to the very ſide where the poor child's pain was;—and that ſhe would bring witneſſes to ſwear, that a large diſcharge had been produced by the bliſter, and that they had heard the apothecary encouraging him to drink plentifully of barley-water, and other *weakening* liquors; which treatment ſhe averred was enough to kill, not only a weakly ſtripling like her grandſon, but Samſon himſelf even when his hair was at the longeſt."

Sir Robert replied, "That he would not pretend circumſtantially to refute her reaſoning, becauſe ſhe had more ſkill in phyſic than he; but ſtill he could not ſuſpect that

the doctor or apothecary could have any intention to kill his ſon, becauſe it was plainly their intereſt that he ſhould recover."

"Intereſt, or not intereſt," cried this violent old woman, "it is certain that they drew out all the poor child's blood, and then poured in nothing but watery liquors in its place; and laſtly, to prevent the dear infant from dying with tolerable eaſe, they had the cruelty to apply a monſtrous bliſter to his ſide.—If you do not call this murder, I would be glad to know what you are pleaſed to call it?"

"In anſwer to this," Sir Robert ſaid, "I will not take upon me to call it any thing; but, I thank God, I have more charity, than to ſuſpect men of committing a crime by which they know they muſt be out of pocket; beſides, bleeding and bliſtering were, perhaps, the propereſt things that could be done in ſuch a caſe."

"That is impoſſible," replied the lady; "for they are contrary to Dr. Truſles' method."

"What is his method?" ſaid Sir Robert.

"I will

"I will inform you of his method," anſwered ſhe; "for he acquainted me with it himſelf, which made me employ him ever ſince.—He orders no medicine but what is warm and comfortable to the ſtomach; and the regimen he preſcribes, conſiſts of nouriſhing ſoups and jellies, which, he ſays, ſupport the ſyſtem, and not hot water and bleeding, like Doctor Sangrado, who ſtarves his patients."

"Who is Doctor Sangrado?" ſaid Sir Robert.

"I know nothing farther about him," replied ſhe, "for I never employed him myſelf; but I ſuppoſe he is ſome Scotch Doctor, for none could have a prejudice in favour of ſtarving, but thoſe who are accuſtomed to it from their infancy."

"I would not however have you to rely too much on Dr. Truſles' ſkill," reſumed Sir Robert; "for Lady Dumpling died under his care laſt week."

"Ah! that was no fault of Dr. Truſles," ſaid the lady, "but entirely owing to her being ſtruck all at once with an apoplexy, before

before he had time to order any thing to ſupport the ſyſtem;—but the Doctor's method was ſucceeding ſo well with her, that ſhe was amazingly plump, and had eat a very hearty meal only an hour before the apoplexy ſeized her."

The Knight declined reaſoning any more with her, but he continued determined not to begin a proſecution, which he thought would, in ſpite of all her arguments, involve him in expence to no purpoſe.

The old lady then deſired, "that he would at leaſt remove George from the ſchool where his brother was murdered;" telling him, "that there was an excellent ſchool at the village near which her houſe in the country was;—that while the maſter inſtructed boys, his wife took care of girls, and there were good accomodations for both. She begged therefore that George and his ſiſter might be placed at this ſchool, where they would have the advantage of her ſuperintending both their health and education."

Sir

Sir Robert did not think it prudent to refuſe this requeſt; George and his ſiſter were accordingly ſent to this ſchool.

It was well known that Sir Robert's earneſt deſire was to be what is called the founder of a family, and had deſtined almoſt the whole of his fortune to his eldeſt ſon. George was early informed, that he would have a very ſmall portion, and that his figure in life would depend in a great meaſure on his own exertions; in conſequence of which, he did ſhew a deſire and capacity for improvement. It is not likely that he would in any caſe have become a prodigy of genius, but there is reaſon to believe that if the elder brother had lived, George would have been a happier and more reſpectable man than he afterwards turned out to be.

From the time of his brother's death, George perceived that he was a perſon of infinitely more importance than he had been before.—He was now treated as the heir of an immenſe fortune; he was informed

formed that every thing was provided for him, and that all kind of diligence or exertion on his part was ſuperfluous.

Such ideas have a tendency to form the character at a more early period of life than is generally ſuſpected. There is every reaſon to think that they palſied the exertions of poor George Barnet, and made him ſink into that indolence from which he never emerged.

The grandmother eaſily prevailed on Sir Robert, to remove him and his ſiſter to the new ſchool, where ſhe promiſed to pay a very careful attention to both, but kept her promiſe only reſpecting George; the ſiſter ſhe entirely neglected, having taken a prejudice againſt her from the moment ſhe was chriſtened, and for this cogent reaſon, becauſe the infant, inſtead of being named Martha, which was the old lady's name, had been called Catherine, after her own mother, againſt whom the grandmother's indignation ſtill exiſted. But the maſter and miſtreſs of this ſchool being people of ſome ſenſe and integrity, paid a moſt

conſcientious attention to Catherine, and it was owing to their care, Catherine's docility, and her grandmother's total neglect, that the girl made many uſeful acquirements during her ſtay at this boarding-ſchool. George, on the other hand, had acquired nothing during the three years he remained there, except a ſlight knowledge in fiſhing, by conſtant practice in a neighbouring pond; but as he had grown conſiderably taller, his grandmother thought it time that he ſhould be removed, and therefore ſhe wrote the following epiſtle to her ſon-in-law:

"My dear Sir Robert,

"I have the pleaſure to inform you, that "our ſweet George is by far the moſt ac- "compliſhed child of his age I ever knew, "and promiſes to be an ornament to his "king and country.—He has already learnt "all that can be taught at the preſent ſchool, "beſides acquiring ſeveral talents of his "own accord, by the light of nature.

"He ſeems now to have a thorough "averſion to this ſchool; therefore to keep "him

" him longer there might damp his ſpirits, and
" alſo endanger his health; for I underſtand
" that ſome of the children are troubled
" with worms, which is a very infectious
" diſtemper. I therefore propoſe, with your
" permiſſion, to take him home to my own
" houſe, having engaged a man of genius,
" on moderate terms, as his tutor, and fitted
" up an apartment for them, which has a
" view of the London road, and will pre-
" vent the boy from wearying when he is
" at his ſtudies.

" As to my laſt complaint, about which
" you expreſs ſo much kind concern, it
" neither was a flying gout as Dr. Hum
" thought it, nor bilious according to Dr.
" Flum, but entirely wind, which is now
" happily diſperſed. Dr. Truffles aſſures me,
" that he knew this all along, though he
" never mentioned it for fear of alarming
" me.

" My dear Sir Robert, I hope to hear by
" the next poſt, that you approve of my
" plan reſpecting George; for it would be a
" pity to loſe any more time, as his cham-
" bers, as well as the man of genius, are

" ready

" ready prepared.—When you know the " terms on which I have engaged the latter, " you will own that I have got a great " pennyworth.

" I am, my dear Sir Robert,
" Your ever affectionate mother,
" MARTHA NICHOLSON."

By the return of the poſt ſhe received this anſwer from Sir Robert:

" Dear Madam,

" Your favour is before me. Cannot but " approve of your proceedings reſpecting " George, and am happy to hear he is ſo " accompliſhed. It is lucky that you have " made ſo good a bargain with a man of " genius, which, as I have been told, is a " ſcarce commodity this ſeaſon.

" Your old friend lady Pam called, in " her return from the magnetiſing Doctor, " to inquire after you. I ſhewed her your " letter; ſhe ſays, the Doctor has almoſt " quite cured her of her paralytic diſorder, " being able to play a little at loo every " evening, only her daughter is obliged to " hold her cards.—She ſtrongly recom-

" mends

" mends her Doctor to you, in caſe your " complaint ſhould return; for her Doctor " aſſures her, that all windy deſeaſes pro- " ceed from the nervous ſyſtem, for which, " according to him, animal magnetiſm is " the only remedy.—But in this I own I " am no judge, being with great eſteem,

" Dear Madam,

" Your dutiful ſon, and obedient ſervant,

" R. BARNET."

Young Barnet was removed accordingly from the ſchool to his grandmother's, where he was treated in the moſt delicate manner, and fed with every dainty of the ſeaſon.

The chief buſineſs of the tutor was to watch over his health, accompany him when he went a fiſhing, an amuſement of which he became daily fonder, and ſometimes to ride out with him on horſeback; but the old lady more frequently choſe to take him in the chariot when ſhe herſelf took an airing; and indeed ſhe was for ſeveral years his moſt conſtant companion, that he might reap the benefit of her inſtructions, and alſo becauſe, as ſhe herſelf obſerved, her preſence

was

was a moſt effectual method of deterring bad company from approaching him.

George was not naturally a youth of a violent or a headſtrong temper; on the contrary, he was rather inclined to avoid conteſt, and yield to reſiſtance—Yet the exceſſive indulgence of his grandmother, and the conſtant attention paid to all his humours by thoſe who frequented her houſe, gradually rendered him opinionative and conceited; he acquired the habit of dictating, and at laſt could not bear any difference in opinion.—Yet, inſtead of ſupporting his opinions by argument, his method of reaſoning was to repeat his aſſertions when contradicted with more force than he had made them at firſt: if, for example, he accidentally ſaid, "that his horſe could trot fourteen miles in an hour," and any body hinted a doubt, or expreſſed ſurpriſe, he immediately aſſerted, "that the horſe could trot twenty;" and the energy of his aſſertions uſually kept pace with the ſtrength of the arguments uſed againſt them, and the improbability of what he himſelf ſupported.

CHAP. VI.

——Eamus
Quo ducit gula. Hor.

AS Sir Robert Barnet's mind was entirely engroſſed by the purſuit of riches, he paid little attention to the education of his ſon, but allowed him to live with his grandmother till he arrived at that age when he thought it would be proper to inſtruct the young man in mercantile buſineſs.—Sir Robert took a good deal of pains to convince his mother-in-law of the propriety of this meaſure, and at laſt prevailed on her to agree to his leaving her houſe, and removing to his in the city.

This alteration was leſs diſagreeable for ſome time to George than he expected; for as it was the ſeaſon when turtle is moſt plentiful, Sir Robert was in a courſe of entertaining and being entertained by his city friends, and his ſon was frequently invited

to

to the turtle and veniſon feaſts with which thoſe luxurious traders regale each other.—George had ſhewn an early taſte for good living, a phraſe which at preſent implies good eating. This taſte was greatly improved at his grandmother's, who kept an excellent cook, and ſpared no expence on her table, where George heard many enlightened converſations on the comparative merit of the reſpective diſhes, and became an adept both in the theory and practice of this ſcience.

His knowledge of the beſt diſhes and the moſt delicate parts of each diſh, gave him a vaſt advantage over the ignorant. Their blunders were a fertile ſubject of George's ridicule at every feaſt. He tipp'd the wink to ſome knowing friend as often as he perceived them neglecting the delicate bits and devouring the coarſe; he never failed to give a bad character of every diſh he preferred, that it might fall to his own ſhare or thoſe of his favourites; and on all thoſe occaſions he looked as waggiſh and ironical, as the flat rotundity of his countenance would permit. Thus accompliſhed, George

was conſidered as a ſmart young man by many of the gueſts during the ſeaſon of feſtivity and feaſting; but it muſt be confeſſed at the ſame time, that this was the only branch of his father's buſineſs which he ever underſtood, or in which he had the leaſt wiſh to take a ſhare. Sir Robert however was at conſiderable pains to give his ſon uſeful ideas concerning commerce in general, and his own in particular—pointing out ſuch vaſt and various ſources of wealth, as he thought would excite avidity and ſtimulate exertion:—But as George had been nurſed from his birth in the lap of affluence, and had hardly ever felt the want of money, it was impoſſible to give him the ſame ardour for accumulating that his father had; beſides, his faculties were already too much benumbed with indolence to bear trouble or application of any kind. —The young man was ſo conſcious of this averſion to buſineſs, that he viewed the rich proſpects which his father pointed out, as Moſes viewed the land of promiſe, from mount Nebo, with a certitude that by his

own exertions he never could attain the objects he contemplated.

In ſpite of Sir Robert's remonſtrances, inſtead of attending the counting houſe, George ſpent his time in parties to the country, or in lounging at the public places with a few young men of the city, in whom the fruits of their fathers' induſtry had produced no other effect than inſpiring them with contempt for the ſource from which they were derived.

Sir Robert had known young men, who from levity and thoughtleſſneſs were careleſs of reputation; others who diſregarded the diſtinctions of rank and titles; he had been acquainted with ſome few who were inſenſible to the allurements of beauty. All thoſe diſpoſitions he thought extraordinary, yet ſtill he could account for their exiſtence in the human breaſt; but that any man, young or old, ſhould have a fair proſpect of acquiring an immenſe fortune, (which in Sir Robert's opinion comprehended reputation, honours, influence, the poſſeſſion of beauty, and all

that is gratifying to the heart of man,) and behold ſuch a proſpect with indifference, was what he could not comprehend, and he thought it ſo particularly improbable that a child of his could be of ſuch a diſpoſition, that if he had ever entertained any ſuſpicions of his wife's infidelity this would have confirmed them.

One day, after having enumerated the advantages of a new ſpeculation in trade which he meditated, and endeavoured to convince his ſon that this alone, if carefully conducted, would prove a permanent ſource of opulence, he added, "but above all things remember, that this requires great alertneſs, activity, and attention on our part; no ſcheme of this nature can be rendered ſucceſsful without conſtant and laborious attention for a certain time, after which it will go on of itſelf, with a moderate inſpection—and then, my boy, we will enjoy the fruits of our labour."

Perceiving that his ſon heard all this with little or no emotion—"Good God!" cried he, "George, are you awake?"—"Awake," repeated

repeated George, rubbing his eyes—"I believe ſo."

"I am glad of it," ſaid Sir Robert, "for you look'd as cold and indifferent as if you had been at church, or as if I had been repeating one of the ſermons which parſon Drowſy preaches to your grandmother in the country."

"The very laſt ſermon I heard the parſon preach," ſaid George, "was ſomething to the ſame purpoſe."

"To the ſame purpoſe! How do you mean?"

"Yes, indeed," replied George, "it ſeemed pretty much to the ſame purpoſe; for the whole tendency of his diſcourſe was, that we ought to watch and pray, and labour without ceaſing, that we might enjoy a treaſure hereafter.—And Jack Revel, whom my grandmother had coaxed that day to church, whiſpered in my ear, That is as much as to ſay, make ſure of Hell while you live, and you will go to Heaven perhaps when you die."

"Jack Revel is a worthleſs profligate, and a fool beſides," cried Sir Robert; "for how can the acquiſition of riches, which makes a heaven on earth, be compared to hell?"

"The labour of gathering them would be purgatory to me," anſwered George.

After this converſation Sir Robert deſpaired of his ſon's ever making any figure as a merchant; inſtead of teaſing the young man and vexing himſelf therefore by fruitleſs perſuaſions, he began to revolve in his mind in what line of life his ſon had a chance of making a more decent appearance.

Mr. Quirk his attorney happened to call on him while he was meditating on the ſubject; Sir Robert mentioned it to him—Mr. Quirk had on two or three occaſions been witneſs to young George's obſtinacy in diſpute and perſeverance in ſupporting a bad cauſe: "On this foundation," he ſaid, "there was reaſon to believe that the young gentleman was poſſeſſed of very promiſing talents for the bar;" but Sir Robert inſiſted "that George was by much too indolent for that pro-

profeſſion—and he feared had not capacity ſufficient for conducting any branch of commerce; we muſt therefore think," added he, "of ſome kind of employment which will give him little trouble and requires but a moderate extent of capacity."

"You had beſt put him into parliament then," ſaid Mr. Quirk; "that gives little trouble, and has ſucceeded wonderfully with men of as moderate capacities as are to be met with."

As ſeveral examples, ſtrongly corroborative of the attorney's aſſertion, occurred to Sir Robert in the inſtant, he ſeemed to reliſh the propoſal, and invited Mr. Quirk to ſtay and dine, for there was to be no company but George. The attorney conſented, and after dinner Sir Robert aſked his ſon "How he ſhould like to be a Member of the Houſe of Commons?"

On Mr. George's heſitating, Mr. Quirk adjoined, "it is a very honourable ſituation for young men who have nothing to do, and it requires neither application nor ſtudy."

"What

"What does it require then?" ſaid George.

"It requires money to purchaſe a ſeat," anſwered Mr. Quirk.

"Which I am willing to advance," added Sir Robert.

"I believe the houſe meets at the hour of dinner," ſaid George, "and ſome of the Members make deſperate long ſpeeches."

"The young gentleman's remark is equally acute and juſt," rejoined the attorney, looking to Sir Robert; "nevertheleſs, I can aſſure him, that any Member may withdraw when he is tired, whether at the beginning, middle, or end of a ſpeech."

"Are you abſolutely certain of that?" added Mr. George.

"Abſolutely certain," replied Mr. Quirk, "otherwiſe who would be a Member of Parliament?"

"Not I, for one," anſwered Mr. George.

"You need be under no apprehenſion of that ſort; for no ſuch ſtrict attendance as you dread is required," ſaid Mr. Quirk.

"I ſhould

"I ſhould be glad to know what is abſolutely requiſite in a Member of Parliament," ſaid George.

"Only that you ſhould be able to ſay Ay or No," ſaid Sir Robert, a little angrily. "Will that ſatisfy you?"

"Very well, Sir," replied George, bowing to his father; "I have now no objection to being in parliament."

CHAP. VII.

Creſcit amor nummi, quantum ipſa pecunia creſcit.

JUVEN.

THE contraſt between the characters of the father and the ſon, however great it may ſeem, in all probability depended on the different ſituations in which they began life, and not on any great difference of their natural powers or diſpoſitions. The former ſet out in narrow circumſtances, goaded to early exertions by the apprehenſions of poverty, and a full conviction that he had nothing to rely upon but his perſonal diligence; habit rendered application in a ſhort time eaſy, and the increaſing wealth which attended this application at laſt communicated to it a ſenſe of pleaſure. Whereas the latter, from the time of his brother's death, knew that he was heir to an opulent fortune, that his wants would all be ſupplied without any labour of his own,

own, and being devoid of every kind of ambition, he was ſoon infected with indolence, a diſeaſe whoſe nature it is to augment every moment, and the more hopeleſs, becauſe, not being like many other diſtempers removable by the mere efforts of nature, it ſtands in need of the aſſiſtance of art—an aſſiſtant which in George's caſe was never called in.

In many particulars the father and ſon were congenial, both being narrow minded and ſelfiſh; only the ſelfiſhneſs of the father appeared in his aſſiduous application to one object, to which in his mind all others were ſubordinate, namely, the accumulation of wealth; whereas the ſelfiſhneſs of the ſon manifeſted itſelf in the indulgence of eaſe and gratification of appetite at whatever expence.

George was at no pains to conceal his predominant propenſities; he probably found many people to ſympathize with him, and therefore the pleaſures of the table formed a principal topic of his converſation; but a ſpirit of covetouſneſs is ſo odious and unſociable,

ſociable, that nobody dare avow it, and Sir Robert endeavoured to conceal the ſource of his indefatigable graſping as much as he could.—He often declared, "that he thought himſelf rich enough, and that on his own perſonal account, he had not the ſlighteſt wiſh for more; but that he conſidered it as an indiſpenſible duty to provide liberally for his children,—that his ſon would ſoon marry, and probably have a numerous family; he was anxious therefore to ſecure a proviſion for them; that having himſelf received an ample fortune with his wife, he owed it to her memory to provide amply for all her deſcendants; that theſe conſiderations alone induced him to continue the toil of buſineſs, and remain in the ſmoke of the city, at a time of life which required eaſe and retirement, and when his mind had loſt all reliſh for additional wealth."

Thoſe and ſimilar pretexts deceived nobody; all Sir Robert Barnet's acquaintance knew, that the ſovereign paſſion of his ſoul was the love of money, in the indulgence of

of which he conſidered himſelf, and himſelf only; and as for his ſon, and his ſon's children who were not yet born, he thought as little of them in his exertions for wealth as they did of him.

It is curious to obſerve the various maſks under which men endeavour to conceal the odious features of permanent or increaſing avarice—yet they impoſe on none, but thoſe who uſe them: We are all ſufficiently ſharp-ſighted to ſee through the flimſy veils, under which our neighbours endeavour to hide what is unamiable in their diſpoſitions; yet we are weak enough to imagine, that the ſame piece of old tattered gauze, when thrown over our own foibles, will be impervious to the eyes of all mankind.

The favourite wiſh of Sir Robert's heart had once been to increaſe his fortune to a plum,—"If I were worth a hundred thouſand pounds," ſaid he, "I ſhould be ſatisfied." When he had acquired this however, he felt the ſame ardent deſire for two hundred thouſand pounds that he formerly had for one; for, thought he, "if I were once

worth two plums, I could ſoon make a third."

A new ſource of covetouſneſs and diſcontent ſprung up in the mind of Sir Robert about this time.

Curtæ neſcio quid ſemper abeſt rei.

An old friend of his, who ſet out in life at the ſame time with himſelf, but remained in very confined circumſtances ſeveral years after Sir Robert was in affluence, returned about this time from the Eaſt Indies; he lived in great ſplendor, and was reputed to be worth above two hundred thouſand pounds—That a man, whom he had known ſo much poorer than himſelf, ſhould in the ſpace of a few years acquire more money than he had been able to do in the courſe of many, was a reflection which deprived Sir Robert of all ſatisfaction from the great fortune he himſelf poſſeſſed, and imbittered all his enjoyments.

"All this availeth me nothing," ſaid Haman the favourite of Ahaſuerus, "ſo long as I ſee Mordecai the Jew ſitting at the King's gate."

"My

"My hundred thouſand pounds availeth me nothing," thought Sir Robert Barnet, "as long as this curſed old friend of mine has double that ſum."

Two hundred thouſand pounds at leaſt, and as much more as he could, was Sir Robert therefore bent upon acquiring, and he ſet about it as eagerly as he had done at the beginning of life. His efforts were for ſome time ſucceſsful, which redoubled his ardour, in the midſt of which, he made an imprudent puſh, and, inſtead of raiſing his fortune to two hundred thouſand pounds, it was ſunk to ninety thouſand;—a ſum which appeared downright poverty in his eyes.

Sir Robert Barnet's voyage through life had hitherto been remarkably proſperous; wary and cautious at the outſet, he had carefully ſhunned the rocks and quickſands on which leſs prudent adventurers ſtrike. But when he ſeemed to enjoy a very favourable gale, he was unexpectedly driven back by an adverſe guſt to a greater diſtance from the port he aimed at than he had been for ſeveral years.

His mind was unable to ſuſtain the ſhock of ſuch an unexpected reverſe of fortune.

Had Sir Robert been leſs uniformly proſperous, had fortune dealt her favours to him with a more ſparing hand, had he been more accuſtomed to checks and reverſes, it is probable that he would either have obviated his preſent misfortune, or been able to ſupport it with greater firmneſs.

The ſame man who could not bear the idea of being worth only ninety thouſand pounds, becauſe he had once poſſeſſed above one hundred thouſand pounds, would have lived tolerably ſatisfied, with twenty thouſand or much leſs, if he had never poſſeſſed more.—The original cauſe of Sir Robert's dejection of ſpirits therefore was, rather that he had at one time acquired too much, than that he was ever reduced to too little. He never recovered his ſpirits after this accident, and died in a ſhort time of what was called a nervous fever.

CHAP. VIII.

Sedulitas autem ſtulte quem diligit urget. Hor.

THE old lady bore the death of Sir Robert with the ſame degree of real concern that he had done that of his wife.—George, however, burſt into tears when he was told of his father's death, and ſeemed rather dejected for ſome days after it. Alarmed leſt his health might ſuffer, the old lady uſed every means to comfort him and diſpel his affliction;—aſſuring him that the natural tendency of grief was to injure the health of the living, without being of any ſervice to the dead; and that although he were to grieve himſelf into a conſumption, his father would after all remain as dead as before. Whether it was the force or novelty of this argument that ſupported him, certain it is that George's health did not greatly ſuffer by his affliction, which diminiſhed his appetite ſo little, that a very ſhort time

after his father's death he had a ſevere fit of indigeſtion from eating too plentifully of turtle.

His grandmother imputed this indiſpoſition to a glaſs of water which, with the raſhneſs natural to youth, ſhe ſaid he had drank in the time of dinner.—George himſelf expreſſed ſome ſuſpicions againſt the turtle;—but the old lady vindicated the animal's character with all the ardour of affection, aſſerting its innocence not only from her own experience but on the authority of Dr. Truffle, who thought it a great ſupporter of the ſyſtem,—and that no ſuppoſable quantity of that diſh received into the ſtomach could prove mortal, of which many reſpectable perſons of her acquaintance, ſtill alive, were ſufficient evidence.—Whatever was the cauſe of his diſorder, George was in ſo much diſtreſs, that Dr. Truffle was ſent for; and had he not happened to be otherwiſe engaged, very poſſibly the hiſtory of Mr. Barnet would have terminated at this place.—Whether the reader would have conſidered this as a fortunate circumſtance for himſelf, or

not,

not, it certainly was lucky for George that a phyſician of very different notions from Dr. Truffle attended him; his grandmother ſhewing infinite concern for the young man, and ſuperintending the adminiſtration of every remedy, without exception. But all her tenderneſs could not make her refrain from giving frequent hints that he had brought it on himſelf by that imprudent draught of cold water; and the wretched patient ſuffered little leſs from the teazing of the old lady, than from the pain of his bowels.

The phyſician made his ſecond viſit, while this perſevering old woman was expatiating on the miſchievous effects of cold water, and the wilfulneſs of thoſe who uſe it.—"But here comes the doctor," cried ſhe, "he will confirm all I have been ſaying." "Pray doctor," continued ſhe, "is it not highly imprudent to drink raw, cold, windy, unwholeſome liquors at dinner."

"I ſhould think ſo," replied the doctor, "and at ſupper equally ſo."

"Do you hear that, my dear," ſaid ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to George, who was too uneaſy at the moment to make any reply? Then turning to the phyſician, ſhe rejoined, "and is it not moſt dangerous to *begin* to take ſuch drinks before the ſtomach is habituated to them."

"I ſuſpect that moſt people are raſh enough to begin things before they are habituated to them," replied the doctor, ſmiling.

"Ay! doctor, you may laugh," ſaid the old lady, "ſince you and your brethren reap the benefit of thoſe people's raſhneſs and folly: But is it not your ſerious opinion that cold, windy, pernicious liquors are peculiarly improper for a young man like my grandſon?"

"I ſhould think ſuch liquors as you deſcribe improper for young, old, and middle-aged, madam," ſaid the doctor.

"But eſpecially for men of fortune like my grandſon," reſumed the lady, "who have all the comforts of life at command, and who being young may expect to enjoy them long. Your poor beggarly people may do as they

pleaſe,

pleaſe, for they have nothing to loſe; but for one in my grandſon's circumſtances to throw away his life in ſuch a manner is quite inexcuſable."

"For when once his life is thrown away," added the doctor, "he will be reduced to the ſame circumſtances with the poor."

"Ah! ſo we are told," ſaid the old lady with a ſigh, "and a very hard thing it is." "But do you not think that there may be ſome difference made," continued ſhe, "between the better ſort of people and the inferior orders after all, doctor? for if they are put exactly on the ſame footing, the rich will be more ſeverely dealt with."

"How ſo?" ſaid the doctor.

"Becauſe," replied ſhe, "the poor have always been accuſtomed to hardſhips; and ill uſage of any kind would be a much lighter puniſhment to them, than to the rich, who have been uſed to comforts all their lives."

"That does make a difference," rejoined the doctor, "and there will be a difference after death alſo, madam; for the rich will

have more magnificent funerals, and much more comfortable graves."

"That is but cold comfort," replied the old lady with a ſorrowful face: "But you hear what he has ſaid," continued ſhe, turning to her grandſon, "and if you do not profit by it, it is neither his fault nor mine."

"I neither blame him nor you," replied George, with a look of anguiſh; "but I muſt beg that you will both leave the room for a few minutes."

Mr. Barnet ſoon recovered from this complaint; and although in the courſe of his life he had many attacks of the ſame nature, he never after could impute them to the ſame cauſe, for he never ventured on another glaſs of unmixed water; but, by his grandmother's direction, always corrected the raw and pernicious qualities, which ſhe thought belonged to that liquid, with ſome other of a warmer nature; and he continued to live with the old lady, in a very comfortable manner, to uſe a favourite phraſe of hers, which afterwards became a noted one of Mr. George's.

CHAP. IX.

——— A lazy, lolling ſort,
Unſeen at church, at ſenate, or at court,
Of ever liſtleſs loit'rers, that attend
No cauſe, no truſt, no duty, and no friend.

POPE.

ALTHOUGH the thread of this old lady's life was of a very tough texture, and although ſhe endeavoured to ſpin it out as long as poſſible, ſhe could not prevent its ſnapping at laſt.

By her laſt will, ſhe left her whole fortune to her grandſon;—notwithſtanding this circumſtance, he was uneaſy at her death.—George was more than moſt men the ſlave of habit;—he felt ſuch a blank on loſing the old lady, as he, who was by no means fertile in reſources, was for ſome time at a loſs how to ſupply.—Previous to the death of his grandmother, he had loſt ſome of his acquaintance; but as their deaths made leſs alteration in the routine of his own life, and did

did not interrupt the daily return of what he called his comforts, he forgot them very ſpeedily: whereas now ſeveral things on which he put importance were neglected, or preſented to him in a leſs *comfortable* ſtyle than formerly, his grief for the old lady was of courſe more poignant and durable than any thing of the ſame kind he had ever felt before. At the diſtance of two complete months after ſhe had been, with all due honours, interred, and when no idea of her exiſted in the memory of any other perſon, Mr. George gave a ſtriking proof that a grateful recollection of her remained in his;—for one day at his own table, on taſting a diſh of ſtewed carp, he exclaimed "that the cook had ſpoiled it;" adding in a ſorrowful tone of voice, and with tears in his eyes, "*If my worthy grandmother were alive, I ſhould not be ſo ſerved.*"

This obſervation, though directly levelled at the cook, glanced obliquely at his ſiſter Catherine, who then ſat at his table, and on whom he had devolved the management of his houſe after their grandmother's death.

This young lady had been left but a very moderate fortune by her father; on his death, ſhe went and boarded with a female relation.—George, on the other hand, had prevailed on his grandmother, a conſiderable time before her death, to take an elegant houſe in the weſt end of the town, where they lived for one half of the year, and ſpent the other at her villa in the country;—he now invited his ſiſter to preſide over both.

There are few things in which mankind make greater miſtakes than in the objects in which they place their own happineſs, and in their eſtimate of the happineſs of others.—Miſs Barnet was often conſidered as an unfortunate young woman, becauſe her father left her a ſmaller portion than he ought, and becauſe ſhe was not a favourite of her grandmother;—yet there is no doubt that ſhe was by far the happieſt in the Barnet family.—Sir Robert was quoted as a fortunate man, and envied by half the city on account of his rapid accumulation of wealth;—yet this, ſo far from producing

content,

content, only augmented covetouſneſs, made him unable to ſuſtain the firſt blow of adverſity, and rendered him the victim of deſpondency. And his ſon George was conſidered as one of the luckieſt fellows in life, becauſe he ſucceeded early to both his father's and grandmother's fortunes, which, in fact, were what bribed him into indolence, and finally deprived him of all that gives reliſh to exiſtence.—To a mind like that of George, devoid of ambition and curioſity, the ſpur of poverty was perhaps the only thing which could have rouſed him into that degree of exertion that is neceſſary to render a man at all reſpectable in the eyes of others, or tolerably happy in himſelf. Obliged to do nothing, he never knew what to do; he found it a difficult matter to get through the day; and as this difficulty recurred every day, life on the whole was rather an oppreſſive buſineſs to him.

In town, his only exerciſe was a lounge in Bond-ſtreet, or a ride in Hyde Park; and his only buſineſs dreſſing, for his ride, and

afterwards for his dinner. At one time he ſhewed ſome fondneſs for dreſs, and it was thought he would have become a fop, but his natural and acquired indolence overcame that kind of vanity, and the fatigue of dreſſing became unſupportable to him. The happieſt part of his life was that which ſucceeded his ride, for he had then generally an appetite, and was in the well-aſſured hope of a good dinner; but when he had quite ſubdued his appetite, having no taſte for converſation—no pleaſure in reflection—no curioſity to gratify—no ambition to excite him, if he did not fall aſleep, tædium returned, and exiſtence became a burden; from which he was ſometimes tempted to ſeek temporary relief in the moſt pernicious of all palliatives, and was in danger of gradually ſinking into a ſot; from this laſt ſtage of human degradation he was ſaved by the vigilant exertions of his ſiſter, who with infinite addreſs diverted him from that kind of indulgence as often as ſhe ſaw him inclined to it; and when they dined alone, ſhe either had company engaged early after dinner, or perſuaded

ſuaded him to accompany her to ſome of the theatres, though he had little or no enjoyment at the playhouſe, unleſs when a pantomime, or a play exceedingly like a pantomime, was exhibited. He affected to have a taſte for muſic, and went occaſionally to the Opera, where he was extremely apt to indulge in a ſlumber. Of all theatrical entertainments, tumbling and rope-dancing afforded him the greateſt pleaſure, and he was allowed to be a tolerable critic in both. He always had a regular ſupper, for although he never had any appetite at that meal, he loved to pick a bit, merely to paſs away the time; and he went to bed from a wearineſs of being awake, more than any need of ſleep. Such was Mr. George Barnet's life in town, and it was not a great deal pleaſanter in the country: he kept hunters, it is true, but having an early propenſity to corpulency he found hunting by much too fatiguing an amuſement; cock-fighting and horſe-racing were more to his taſte, becauſe in theſe all the danger and fatigue belonged to his horſes and cocks;

cocks; yet when the victories of the one or the other were mentioned, George plumed himſelf as much as if he had won them in perſon, like the general who arrogates to himſelf the praiſe of a ſucceſsful attack made, unknown to him, while he was at dinner four miles from the ſcene of action.

CHAP. X.

Nec tam veneris quantum ſtudioſa culinæ.

HOR.

AS Mr. George Barnet's ſiſter was more indulgent to his humours than any body elſe, he liked her company better than that of any other woman; and he acknowledged that he never found things ſo comfortable when ſhe was abſent.—So that he often prevailed on her to accompany him to horſe-races, and always to the watering-places,—to ſome one or other of which he went every ſeaſon.

He himſelf uſed to expreſs ſurpriſe that he ſhould have any return of this inclination; "for I am no ſooner at any one of theſe watering-places," ſaid he, "than in ſpite of their balls, and concerts, and lotteries, I am ſure to wiſh myſelf at one or other of my own ſnug comfortable houſes."

Indolence

Indolence increaſing hourly, Mr. Barnet renounced the delights of the watering places, and determined to ſpend his time entirely at his own houſes; from which he ſeldom went, except to a horſe-race; for he ſtill adhered a little to the turf. He became, however, every day more capricious, peeviſh, and querulous; ſo that it required all that affection, which, in ſpite of the oppoſition of their characters, his ſiſter really had for him, to enable her to live with him ſo long as ſhe did; and it is probable that ſhe would have loſt patience, and quitted him ſoon, even although the event I am now about to mention had never taken place.

Mr. Temple, a young clergyman, who had a living at no great diſtance from Mr. Barnet's houſe in the country, paid his addreſſes to Miſs Catharine; and their marriage, which in due time took place, furniſhed her with a fair pretext for leaving her brother.

Mrs. Temple's moſt intimate friend was a young lady of the name of Lewis, with whom ſhe had formed an acquaintance at

the boarding-ſchool. Miſs Lewis was niece to the miſtreſs of the ſchool, and daughter of a clergyman in Wales, on whoſe death Miſs Lewis was invited by her aunt to live with her, of which invitation, as the young lady was an only child, and had loſt her mother previous to the death of her father, ſhe accepted.

Although Mr. Lewis at his death could not bequeath to his daughter much of that ſpecies of wealth for which there is the moſt univerſal demand, he had been aſſiduous during his life, in conveying to her another kind of wealth, in which he was himſelf uncommonly opulent; he had from her childhood enriched her mind with the virtues of benevolence and reſignation; from nature ſhe derived an excellent underſtanding, and one of the happieſt tempers in the world. Miſs Lewis was about the ſame age with her friend, but ſhe had made greater advances in ſome branches of knowledge; and Mrs. Temple often mentioned her to her huſband in terms equally affectionate and reſpectful.

Miſs

Miſs Lewis was invited to paſs a few weeks with the new married couple, and her company was ſo agreeable to both, that they never ceaſed importuning the aunt, till ſhe conſented to allow her niece to ſpend the ſummer with them; a permiſſion which, after a ſhort viſit to the aunt, was extended to the ſucceeding autumn. Unable to live in the country by himſelf, Mr. Barnet removed to town earlier than uſual, and when there, his moſt agreeable reſource was driving to Mr. Temple's reſidence in the country.

The air of affection, content, and cheerfulneſs, that Mr. Barnet always found on the face of his brother-in-law and ſiſter, formed a ſtrong contraſt with the expreſſion of thoſe countenances he left behind him in town, as well as with his own ſenſations.

Thoſe ſenſations were rendered more diſagreeable, by ſome very conſiderable loſſes he met with on the turf.

Notwithſtanding all the weakneſs of her brother's character, Mrs. Temple had a

great affection for him, and a very warm deſire to promote his happineſs, which ſhe imagined could not be ſo effectually done by any means as by his marriage with Miſs Lewis;—ſhe had long had this plan in her head, and often regretted that her brother ſeemed to be little affected by the attractions of her friend, who was a handſome, as well as a very accompliſhed woman.

When ſhe heard of her brother's recent loſſes, ſhe became more earneſt than ever for the accompliſhment of her plan;—ſhe ſaw that his affairs would gradually go into confuſion, from the extreme indolence of his temper; and dreaded that he might be precipitated into more expeditious ruin by gaming:—ſhe thought thoſe evils would be prevented, and her brother ſecured in all the happineſs of which he was ſuſceptible, by his marriage with a woman of Miſs Lewis's admirable good ſenſe and prudence. It muſt be confeſſed that Mrs. Temple on this occaſion ſhewed more ſolicitude for her brother's happineſs, than for her friend's; but perhaps ſhe had a more favourable opi-

nion

nion of his character than the reader entertains.

She imparted her ſcheme to her huſband, and prevailed on him to aſſiſt her in the accompliſhing it.

The day after the huſband and wife had formed this treaty Mr. Barnet, dined with them—there was a diſh of ſtewed carp on the table, which Mrs. Temple had taken care to have dreſſed exactly to her brother's taſte; he eat heartily of it, and commended it very much. "Ah! ſiſter," ſaid he, "how infinitely better dreſſed this is, than what we once had at my table," referring to *that* formerly mentioned, which brought his deceaſed grandmother ſo pathetically to his recollection.—"I acknowledge it, brother," replied Mrs. Temple, "and could, if I pleaſed, explain the reaſon of it."—She then turned to other ſubjects, addreſſing her diſcourſe to Miſs Lewis.

This was a point of too much importance with Mr. Barnet, as his ſiſter well knew, for him to let ſlip without inveſtigation.—The

ſame afternoon he put her in mind of her promiſe, begging ſhe would inform him how ſhe came by ſo important an improvement.

"Really, brother," anſwered ſhe, "I muſt confeſs that I am obliged to Miſs Lewis for the greateſt improvements I ever made."

"Say you ſo?" cried Barnet, with ſurpriſe; "I had no idea that ſhe had ſo good a notion of cookery."

"There are very few things of importance of which ſhe has not a good notion," reſumed Mrs. Temple. "Miſs Lewis is certainly a very accompliſhed woman," added her huſband.

"She muſt be an accompliſhed woman *indeed*," ſaid Barnet;—"it was without exception a diſh of the beſt ſtewed carp I ever taſted."

Mrs. Temple obſerved with ſatisfaction, after this converſation, "that her brother paid much more attention to Miſs Lewis than he had ever done before."

Having a mare to run at Epiom, he thought himſelf obliged to attend the races there; but he ſeemed to leave Mr. Temple's with regret, and acknowledged that, "were he to indulge his own taſte, he would rather have ſtaid."

CHAP. XI.

L' orgueil a plus de part que la bonté aux remontrances que nous faiſons a ceux qui commettent des fautes.

ROCHEFOUCAULT.

WHEN the races were over, Mr. Barnet returned to the houſe of his brother-in-law, with Mr. Wormwood, whom he had met at Epſom.—This gentleman was his near relation, a batchelor, who followed no profeſſion, but lived on the intereſt of his money, which produced a moderate annual ſum, that he had no great deſire of increaſing. He was one of thoſe men who are apt to give their advice before it is aſked, and who teſtify their good will to their friends, by informing them of their failings. Mr. Wormwood was a man of knowledge and ſenſe, but as he imagined that he poſſeſſed a greater ſhare of both than he did in reality, and was of a ſatirical turn,

turn, the liberality with which he beſtowed advice was thought to proceed fully as much from pride, or indulgence of his own vein, as from benevolence. He had made a large collection of prudential maxims reſpecting the conduct of life, in the uſe of which he could not be accuſed of ſelfiſhneſs, as he diſtributed them freely among his friends and acquaintance, without deriving much benefit from them himſelf. A man of this character, it will readily be believed, frequently diſobliged thoſe he affected to ſerve, and ſometimes loſt the friend he intended to warn.

Mr. Barnet had a partiality, however, for his couſin Wormwood, and at this particular time that partiality was ſtronger in his favour than uſual, for a favourite mare of Mr. Barnet having been diſtanced at the races, by which he loſt a conſiderable ſum, and was in very bad humour; but as the owner of the victorious horſe was a man of whom Mr. Wormwood had an ill opinion, he had gratified his friend by abuſing this

this man all the way as they returned together from Epſom.

Mr. Barnet and Wormwood paſſed ſome days at Mr. Temple's; during this time the former paid unuſual attention to Miſs Lewis, and ſometimes ſpoke in her praiſe to Mr. Wormwood. This did not eſcape Mr. Wormwood's obſervation. While they walked together one day in the garden, Barnet mentioned Miſs Lewis two or three times, and once he ſeemed to heſitate, and appeared embarraſſed, like one who has ſomething on his mind that he does not know how to communicate.

To ſave him farther trouble or circumlocution, Wormwood ſaid, "I have a great notion you wiſh to tell me that you are in love with Miſs Lewis."

"I don't know," ſaid Mr. Barnet, after a look of ſurprize, "how you came by that notion, but I confeſs I have a great reſpect for the lady."

"Yes, yes, no doubt, you have an amazing deal of reſpect for her. I dare be ſworn *you* think ſo," ſaid Wormwood.

"If I

"If I think ſo, it muſt be becauſe it *is* ſo," rejoined Barnet.

"I am not quite ſo certain of that," ſaid Wormwood; "did you never take a fancy into your head that was without foundation?"

"Not ſuch a fancy as this; no man can imagine he is fond of a woman, unleſs he be fond of her."

"There you are quite miſtaken, my good friend; but it is a very common miſtake: I have known men, who, from a tranſient glow, a mere freak, have imagined themſelves in love with women, whom on reflection they hated, as they found to be the caſe immediately after marrying them."

"I know nothing of your freaks or ſudden glows," ſaid Barnet, "but I have a ſincere and well-founded eſteem for Miſs Lewis."

"A ſincere and well-founded eſteem!" repeated Wormwood, with a ſneering accent.

"Yes, to be ſure, I have," ſaid Barnet, angrily.

"Lord!

"Lord! Lord! what ſhort-ſighted animals men are!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," anſwered Wormwood, "that it is a very common thing for good-natured men to be miſtaken," replied Wormwood.

"Ay, and for ill-natured men alſo, let me tell *you* that," rejoined Barnet.

"You are right, my good friend," ſaid Wormwood, "Men of all deſcriptions are liable to miſtakes; but the greateſt of all miſtakes is, for a plain worthy man to fancy he is in love, when he is no ſuch thing."

"May not a plain worthy man be in love as well as another?" Barnet aſked.

"Not all plain worthy men," anſwered Wormwood.

"Why not?"

"Becauſe ſome very plain worthy men are not ſuſceptible of the paſſion; and you, my good friend, are of the number."

"Not ſuſceptible of love!" repeated Barnet.

Not

"Not of the kind of love now in queſtion," replied Wormwood, with the utmoſt gravity. "I well know, my worthy friend, that there is another ſpecies of the ſame paſſion to which you have very great ſuſceptibility; indeed no man, I will venture to affirm, was ever more in love with ſtewed carp; or could ſhew more partiality to turtle, or to veniſon when in ſeaſon—for as the wiſe man ſays, and as I have often heard you repeat, there is a ſeaſon for every thing; for veniſon and turtle, as well as for green peaſe and oyſters: but our love for ſuch objects, however amiable in themſelves, is of a different nature from what we have for the fair ſex—and believe me, my dear Barnet, this whim which you have taken up about Miſs Lewis, amounts to nothing like the paſſion of love properly ſo ſo called."

"You think not?" ſaid Barnet.

"I am ſure of it," replied Wormwood, "and beſides, if you were as much in love as you imagine, and could perſuade the lady to become your wife, it would be as unlucky for her as for you."

"Why

"Why do you think ſo?" ſaid Barnet.

"Becauſe you are not ſuited to each other—your characters are oppoſite."

"In what reſpect?"

"In all reſpects; your taſtes are quite different: the lady, I underſtand, loves reading; ſhe ſeems to be a woman of reflection; it is well known that you hate every thing of that kind. Beſides, Miſs Lewis is a woman of a very clear underſtanding ——."

"Well, what then?" cried Barnet, in a rage.

"O! I aſk your pardon," replied Wormwood, recollecting himſelf; "I did not mean any thing offenſive, quite the contrary; your underſtanding is in ſome things clear alſo; but nevertheleſs your underſtanding is very different from hers, and they never would blend together."

"You really think ſo?" ſaid Barnet.

"Really and truly," anſwered the other; "for, independent of the oppoſition in your taſtes in general, you cannot but be ſenſible that you have a thouſand little whims and peculiarities, which your ſervants are obliged to ſubmit to, and which your ſiſter was ſo obliging as to bear, yet no woman of

ſenſe

ſenſe and ſpirit could endure; and none but a ſincere friend like me would inform you of."

"I am greatly obliged to you," ſaid Barnet, bowing very low.

"You will be obliged to me, if what I have urged convinces you of your miſtake as to being in love; and make you reſolve never to think of a wife, but to die an old batchelor."

"An old batchelor! I'll be damned before I die an old batchelor," cried Barnet with indignation.

"I am of a different opinion," anſwered Wormwood, with coolneſs; "I imagine you will die an old batchelor before you are damned."

"I deteſt old batchelors," reſumed Barnet. —"That curſed fellow whoſe horſe diſtanced my mare, is a very old batchelor; damn him, and his horſe alſo."

"Let us preſerve reaſon in our rage, my worthy friend," ſaid Wormwood; "inſtead of damning the horſe, if you follow my advice, you'll purchaſe him; and as for the man,

man, you may truſt that buſineſs to himſelf; but although you ſhould hate him, pray hate him for ſomething elſe, and not for being of a claſs to which you yourſelf will belong."

"Never, never," cried Barnet.

"Well, I am convinced it will be ſo, and that this whim of your being fond of Miſs Lewis will ſoon paſs away; at any rate I have performed the duty of a relation and friend." So ſaying, Mr. Wormwood went into the houſe, leaving Mr. Barnet in the garden.

CHAP. XII.

——Je veux une femme indulgente,
Dont la beauté douce et compatiſſante,
A mes défauts facile à ſe plier,
Daigne avec moi me reconcilier,
Me corriger, ſans prendre un ton cauſtique,
Me gouverner, ſans être tyrannique,
Et dans mon cœur pénétrer pas à pas
Comme un jour doux dans des yeux delicats.

VOLTAIRE.

MR. and Mrs. Temple were walking on the other ſide of a hedge in the garden, and had overheard the dialogue between Barnet and Wormwood;—when it ceaſed, they turned, and joined the former.

Mr. Temple had frequently obſerved the effect of contradiction, on the irritable mind of Barnet; and it inſtantly occurred to him that this capricious diſpoſition might be made uſeful, in promoting the ſcheme which Mrs. Temple and he had in view.

"That wiſe gentleman," ſaid Barnet, pointing after Wormwood, as Mr. and

Mrs. Temple joined him; "that wiſe and penetrating gentleman, has taken it into his head that I ſhall be an old bachelor.

"I do moſt ſincerely hope ſo," ſaid Mr. Temple.

"Why ſo?" ſaid Barnet.

"Becauſe if you do not live to be an old bachelor, you muſt die very ſoon," anſwered Mr. Temple.

"I ſhould be glad to know what is to hinder me from marrying to-morrow, if I pleaſe," ſaid Barnet.

"You never *will pleaſe*, brother, take my word for it;" replied Mr. Temple.

"How are you ſo certain of that, Sir?" cried Barnet.

"Why truly, brother," replied Mr. Temple, "there are ſome things which one is quite convinced of, without being able to give a reaſon for ſo being."

"Quite convinced!" cried Barnet.

"Yes truly, I may ſay *quite* convinced," reſumed Mr. Temple; "yet I might be at a loſs to tell preciſely why:—But all your ways are the ways of a bachelor; the general

neral expreſſion of your countenance indicates, I don't know how, that you never will have the courage to marry; your dreſs alſo and manner of walking are all in the ſtyle of an old bachelor.

Barnet ſtared in Temple's face, which retained its gravity with admirable ſteadineſs; he then looked at his own legs, and turning ſuddenly to Mrs. Temple, he ſaid, "Pray ſiſter do *you* perceive any thing in my face, dreſs, or manner of walking, that gives me the air of an old bachelor?"

"Why, brother," anſwered ſhe, "you are too young to have the air of a *very* old bachelor; but I muſt confeſs I *have* ſeen ſome very old bachelors who had much of your air and manner."

"O! you have," cried Barnet; "and from which you conclude, no doubt, that I ſhall be a bachelor all my life."

"I own, brother," Mrs. Temple anſwered, "that I think there is a probability that you will die before you marry, but I do ſincerely hope you will live to be an old unmarried man."

"That you hope I ſhall remain all my life unmarried, ſiſter," reſumed Barnet with anger, "I make no manner of doubt; but perhaps you may find yourſelf miſtaken, and ſooner than you think of, let me tell you *that*."

"Although that be your opinion, my dear brother, and the other mine," replied Mrs. Temple with meekneſs, "why ſhould this put you in a paſſion?"

"In a paſſion," exclaimed Barnet furiouſly; "who the devil is in a paſſion?"

"What puts it into your head, my dear, that your brother is in a paſſion? don't you ſee he is quite cool?" ſaid Mr. Temple, addreſſing his wife.

To prove his coolneſs, Barnet began to hum a tune: and then wheeled abruptly from them and went into the houſe, and left Mr. and Mrs. Temple to continue their walk.

Mr. Barnet found Miſs Lewis alone, and the anger with which he was kindled inſpiring him with courage, he directly made her a propoſal of marriage in a more ani-

mated manner, and with a better grace, than if he had been in his natural ſtate.

As nothing could be leſs expected, Miſs Lewis was thrown into ſome confuſion, and did not give ſo decided and peremptory a refuſal as otherwiſe ſhe would have done. Barnet preſſed his ſuit in a more manly ſtile than he had ever before uſed.

The courtſhip was interrupted by the coming of company.

The ſame evening Miſs Lewis informed her friend of her brother's propoſal, at which Mrs. Temple expreſſed the greateſt ſatisfaction, combating Miſs Lewis's objections with a zeal inſpired by the affection ſhe bore her brother.

Miſs Lewis long withſtood the importunities of her friend and the continued addreſſes of Mr. Barnet, which became every day more ardent by the provoking inſinuations of Wormwood:—At laſt, however, ſhe was prevailed on to give him her hand in marriage, to the great joy of Mr. and Mrs. Temple; and Barnet had the double ſatisfaction of overcoming the lady's re-

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ſiſtance, and confuting the aſſertions of his friends.

Mr. Barnet derived a degree of reſpect and importance in the world, from his marriage with a woman of Miſs Lewis's good ſenſe and agreeable manners, which his own character never would have procured.

With infinite addreſs, ſhe gradually weaned him from horſe-racing, cock-fighting, every kind of gaming, and ſome other ſources of expence, not only ſuperfluous but alſo diſreputable.—Her chief art conſiſted in everlaſting good humour, and in rendering home ſo *comfortable* and cheerful, that he loſt all inclination to be elſewhere, and preferred domeſtic ſociety to thoſe ruinous habits into which he had been led.—His greateſt enjoyment, however, was a good dinner, dreſſed exactly to his taſte, and a certain quantity of port wine after it; if any accident diſturbed the regular return of this meal, or the accuracy of his cookery, a misfortune of that magnitude baffled all the ſoothings of his wife; nothing

but

but the lenient hand of time, and a moſt unexceptionable dinner the following day, could bring him again into tolerable temper: Mrs. Barnet therefore found that a good cook was the moſt powerful auxiliary ſhe could have, in her grand object of promoting the happineſs of her huſband; and ſhe ſpared no labour or expence, until ſhe engaged one more to his taſte than any he had ever employed before.—In the article of drink her taſk was much eaſier; for he drank nothing but mild ale with his victuals, and port wine after dinner; the latter he preferred to the French wines, which he aſſerted were all of too light and too frivolous a nature, to agree with an Engliſh ſtomach; adding, in a common phraſe of his, "this ſtands to reaſon."

To make her huſband in reality a man of ſenſe or benevolence, was not in Mrs. Barnet's power; but ſhe managed matters ſo as to make him frequently appear ſuch: he was viſited by the moſt reſpectable people in the county, œconomy was combined with hoſpitality in his family, and he has

been heard to declare, that upon the whole he lived as comfortably with his wife as he had done with his grandmother.

Having prevailed in the great point of turning her huſband from habits which led to certain ruin, Mrs. Barnet was cautious of interfering with his taſtes or whims of a leſs important nature. As Barnet was a man who acted on all occaſions from humour, it was in the power of thoſe around him, to lead him or provoke him into any meaſure they pleaſed; and as nobody was ſo much with him as his wife, ſhe might have managed him in all reſpects, had ſhe thought it proper or becoming:—Yet Mr. Barnet was ſo little ſenſible of this, that he valued himſelf on the ſteadineſs of his character, in following his own ideas, and never being influenced by thoſe of others;—but of all weakneſſes, he ſaid, the greateſt was, that of being biaſſed by women; and he expreſſed the utmoſt contempt for thoſe huſbands who are under petticoat government, hinting ſometimes, "that this was the caſe with his brother-in-law; but that as for

for himſelf, he was determined, notwithſtanding the regard he had for his wife, never to permit her to meddle in any concern above her natural ſphere and capacity."

The truth was, Mrs. Temple had too high an opinion of her huſband, to *attempt* to govern him in any thing; and Mrs. Barnet, who had no *deſire* of governing, never interfered unleſs when the object was of great importance.

The paſſive diſpoſition of Mrs. Barnet in this particular, was not approved of by her friend Mrs. Temple, who imagined, that by a little more exertion, the former might have turned her huſband from ſome very ill-adviſed projects, and this was ſometimes a ſource of diſpute between the two friends.

Several years after Mr. Barnet's marriage, and immediately after the pariſh boy was brought to his houſe, Mrs. Temple blamed her friend with more warmth than uſual, for not endeavouring to put a ſtop to a project

project of a ridiculous nature, in which Barnet had engaged with uncommon eagerneſs; and ſhe concluded her remonſtrance, by declaring, that ſhe ſhould conſider Mrs. Barnet as the promoter of all the fooliſh projects, from which ſhe did not at leaſt *endeavour* to divert her huſband.

"How am I certain that it is in my power to divert him from them?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet; "perhaps the very attempt might make him more eager to purſue them, and unqueſtionably would in the firſt place produce a diſpute, and diſputes are things I always ſtrive to avoid, particularly with my huſband; having often obſerved that they are the ſources of ill humour between married people, and ſometimes of diſguſt and hatred. How do I know what degree of enjoyment he derives from thoſe ſchemes which you think whimſical? and were I to ſucceed in diverting him from them, am I certain of ſubſtituting others which to him, framed and conſtituted as his mind is, will afford him equal ſatisfaction or amuſement? I am not, my dear friend," continued Mrs.

Mrs. Barnet, "to make my particular taſte or turn of thought the rule of his; he has a right to follow the dictates of his own fancy, when it prompts him to nothing criminal or hurtful to others."

"But this ſtrange whim that he has taken about *the houſe*, will be hurtful to you, my dear, and to your daughter," replied Mrs. Temple; "he has already thrown away a conſiderable ſum of money on it, and will, if you do not interfere, throw away more every year."

"You forget, my friend," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, "that I brought no fortune to your brother;—am I to attempt to controul him in the uſe he makes of his own?"

"Yes, certainly you are," anſwered Mrs. Temple; "and if you remain paſſive any longer, in my opinion you neglect what you owe to yourſelf, to your child, and even to your huſband."

But to underſtand the drift of this converſation, it will be requiſite to mention what had paſſed previous to it.

CHAP. XIII.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora. OVID.

A CERTAIN houſe carpenter, whoſe uſual reſidence was at London, occaſionally viſited a relation who reſided in the village near which Mr. Barnet's houſe ſtood:—This carpenter happened to make a purchaſe of an agreeable piece of ground, on which he built a houſe, which he afterwards ſold to very great advantage.

When Mr. Barnet heard of this, he felt ſome uneaſineſs at the thought of ſo much of his money remaining at a moderate intereſt in the funds, when it might be ſo much more advantageouſly employed, and he determined to follow the carpenter's example; for this purpoſe he alſo bought a piece of ground, and procured the plan of a houſe, more than double the ſize of the carpenter's, by the ſale of which, according

cording to his own calculation, he expected to gain twice as much as the carpenter had done; or by letting it at what he thought a reaſonable rent, he imagined he could not fail to make much more of his money than he received in the funds.

Barnet had been ſtimulated to this undertaking by the tranſient ſuggeſtions of avarice, on hearing the great profits of the carpenter mentioned in ſeveral companies in the neighbourhood; and this new fancy was kept alive by the pleaſure he took in ſhewing the plan, explaining the beauties and conveniences of the houſe he intended to build; but as the carpenter's profits grew leſs and leſs the ſubject of converſation, and as Barnet's pleaſure in diſplaying his plan began alſo to diminiſh, it is very probable that his natural indolence would have prevented him from carrying his project farther, had he not been ſtimulated anew, and his *almoſt blunted purpoſe keenly whetted* by the interference of his friend Mr. Wormwood.

This gentleman happening to pay Mr. Barnet a viſit, diſapproved of the plan of his

his houſe, aſſured him, that the carpenter's profits had been exaggerated; and adviſed him to relinquiſh a ſcheme which would injure his fortune, and at the ſame time render him ridiculous.

Barnet was ſo much ſhocked at hearing a project, on which he valued himſelf not a little, treated in this manner, that he was unable to ſpeak, and before he could recover himſelf, Wormwood added, "I ſhould be heartily concerned, my good friend, to think that ſuch a fooliſh and expenſive project was ever to be executed; but I rely on your uſual indeciſion and ſickleneſs, that it never will."

This ſpeech clinched the buſineſs; Barnet ſent for the architect, agreed to his terms, and the houſe was raiſed with wonderful expedition.

But after the houſe was completely finiſhed, and the ground belonging to it neatly dreſſed, to Mr. Barnet's aſtoniſhment neither purchaſor nor tenant appeared;—when it had remained in this neglected condition for twelve months, "did I not tell you," ſaid

ſaid Mr. Wormwood to his friend Barnet, "that this would be the caſe? now you find, when it is too late, that you have already loſt a whole year's intereſt of your money."

"I ſhall not loſe a ſingle farthing," replied Barnet; "for I intend to add the intereſt of the money I have expended to the price fixed laſt year; and I will not part with the premiſes for a ſhilling leſs,—no, not to my ſiſter."

The houſe ſtood empty another year—nobody offering near the ſum he had fixed upon as the loweſt price for it.

"The bidders for this villa of yours, are very backward at coming forward," ſaid Mr. Wormwood.

"They ſhall gain nothing however by their dilatorineſs," replied Barnet; "for I now ſhall inſiſt on *two years intereſt* being added to the original price; and if they provoke me by much longer delay, I will add the *intereſt of the intereſt*."

This threat, inſtead of making people hurry to the purchaſe, as Mr. Barnet expected,

ſeemed rather to intimidate them,—he never had a ſingle offer after.

Finding this to be the caſe, Mr. Barnet reſolved to make ſuch improvements as he imagined could not fail to pleaſe people of taſte; and render this villa more marketable.

He began by forming an oval pond, between the front of his houſe and the river; this pond he ſtocked with carp and tench, and bought a couple of ſwans to ſwim in it;—he built a wooden room amidſt the branches of a large beech, which ſtood in a hollow behind the houſe, and made a very neat ſtaircaſe up to this airy apartment, on the front of which was inſcribed in letters of gold *The Belvidere*. He beſpoke two ſphinxes of the beſt free-ſtone to be placed on a couple of pillars, on each ſide of the gate; the ſculptor happening to have a lion and an unicorn ready made, which had laid long on his hands, endeavoured to perſuade Mr. Barnet to take them inſtead of the ſphinxes.

Mr.

Mr. Barnet at firſt ſeemed to reliſh the propoſal, until it was ſuggeſted to him by his friend the innkeeper, that as he was attached to the party at that time in oppoſition, his friends might imagine, that erecting theſe two old ſupporters of the crown at his gate, had the air of relinquiſhing his party. Mr. Barnet was ſo ſtruck with the force of this, that he rejected the ſculptor's propoſal, and inſiſted on his own.

The ſculptor finding him poſitive fell to work, and did his utmoſt to metamorphoſe the lion and unicorn into a couple of ſphinxes; and it was under this new denomination, that they were placed as centinels at the gate of Mr. Barnet's new edifice; yet it muſt be acknowledged that they ſtill retained a caſt of their original characters.

It was with a view to put an end to ſuch expenſive and ridiculous projects, and prevent any farther attempt to improve this houſe, that Mrs. Temple began the expoſtulation

poſtulation above mentioned with her friend: but Mrs. Barnet had ſo great an averſion to arguing with her huſband, or any thing which might be conſidered as croſſing his inclination, or diſturbing his amuſements, that ſhe would not promiſe to interfere directly nor indirectly in the buſineſs to which her friend prompted her. At length a thought ſtriking her, "I'll tell you what I am willing to do," ſaid ſhe to Mrs. Temple; "and if you will aſſiſt me, my dear, there is reaſon to believe we ſhall ſucceed, and it will have nearly the ſame effect with your plan. I will propoſe to my huſband, that we ourſelves ſhould remove to this new houſe; we ſhall then have it in our power to ſell or let that in which we reſide at preſent; for this we ſhall ſoon find either a purchaſer or tenant at a greater price or rent than my huſband aſks for the other."

"But how will you be able to bear the *pond* and the belvidere, and above all, thoſe two odious monſters at the gate?" ſaid Mrs. Temple.

"I ſhall

"I ſhall bear the ſight of all theſe with very little diſturbance, my dear," anſwered Mrs. Barnet; "and much better than I ſhould bear the idea of plaguing my huſband, by croſſing him in things from which he ſeems to derive enjoyment.—Truly, my good friend," added ſhe, "if we begin to turn into ridicule every amuſement of our neighbours, that is not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, uſeful, and for which we ourſelves have no reliſh, we ſhall be in danger of deſtroying the quiet of domeſtic life, and producing an evil much greater than that againſt which we direct our ſatire. Beſides, Mr. Barnet has lately diſplayed ſo much goodneſs of heart, on a particular occaſion, as more than compenſates for the little whims we have been ſpeaking of."—Mrs. Barnet then gave ſuch an account of the adventure of the poor boy, as was highly honourable to her huſband, to whom ſhe aſſigned the whole merit.

This converſation happened only a few hours after Mrs. Barnet had prevailed on her huſband to take the boy. Mrs. Temple no

longer oppoſed her friend's plan of removing to the new houſe, and ſelling that in which ſhe lived: but it was not neceſſary to put this plan in execution; for the very next day a young mulatto, whoſe father had left him a conſiderable fortune in one of our Weſt India iſlands, happening to drive his phaeton through the village near which this curious fabric ſtood, one of his horſes loſt a ſhoe, which obliged him to ſtop until it was replaced. He was accompanied by a lady of the town, whom he kept; and as he was then in ſearch of a country houſe, he and his companion walked to take a view of that which we have been ſpeaking of.—The lady declared it to be one of the moſt *taſty* things of the kind ſhe had ever ſeen, and the young gentleman was in raptures with the room in the beech tree; they both were delighted with the ſphinxes;—one of them, in particular, fixed the attention of a negro footman who attended them.—"You ſeem to admire that creature greatly, Pompey," ſaid the Lady to the footman.

"Yes, madam, I admire her very much," replied he; "and maſſa ſhould admire her more."

"How ſo?" ſaid the lady.

"Becauſe," replied the footman, "ſhe is very like maſſa's mother, and if ſhe were made of *black* ſtone inſtead of *white*, her face would be quite almoſt the ſame."

The young gentleman ſeemed a little out of countenance at this remark, and it was fortunate for Pompey that he was in England, and not in the Weſt Indies, when he made it.

However, it did not ſo far diſguſt the mulatto as to prevent him from purchaſing a houſe, which in all other reſpects was ſo much to his taſte.—He agreed at once to Mr. Barnet's demand, ſent an upholſterer from London to furniſh the houſe, and came ſoon after with his miſtreſs to inhabit it.

Mrs. Barnet would have brought the poor boy home immediately after ſhe had

prevailed on her huſband to admit him; but an order from the pariſh officers, who had placed him with the old woman, was neceſſary, before he could be taken from her. When Mr. Barnet underſtood this, he highly obliged and ſurpriſed his wife, by declaring, that as he was under the neceſſity of going to town within a few days on buſineſs, he would take that opportunity of informing the pariſh officers of his intentions reſpecting the boy; and that after he had received the order, he would call at the old woman's on his return, and bring the boy home with him. If the reader be a complaiſant huſband, whoſe chief pleaſure is to oblige his wife, he will think this piece of complaiſance a thing of courſe, and not worth recording; but as Mr. George Barnet hardly ever thought of doing an obliging thing to any body, unleſs when he was prompted to it by his wife, it ſeemed neceſſary to mention one thing of that nature, which aroſe from his own proper ſuggeſtion, and was in all likelihood owing to the extraordinary good humour he was

put

put into by the fortunate ſale of the houſe to the mulatto. This is the more probable, becauſe, as ſoon as Mr. Barnet arrived in London, he hurried to his friend Wormwood, on purpoſe to triumph over him on account of his ſucceſs in that tranſaction.—After informing him of it, and of the profit he had gained, "Now," ſaid he, "Mr. Wormwood, with all your wiſdom, what do you think now?"

"Think," ſaid Wormwood; "I think what I have long thought, that it is better to be lucky than wiſe. But pray," added he, "what is become of the lion and unicorn?"

"What lion and unicorn? I know not what you mean," ſaid Barnet.

"Why, the lion and unicorn that ſtood at the gate," continued Wormwood; "has the mulatto got them to the bargain?"

"You mean the two ſphinxes," ſaid Barnet.

"Aye, you were pleaſed to call them ſphinxes," replied Wormwood; "but I do

aſſure you, my good friend, that all the ſculptor's labour was not able to conceal the original features of our old acquaintance the lion and unicorn, which were as fully recognized by the whole country, when they ſtood at the gate of your celebrated fabric, as when they were in the ſculptor's court. And let me now tell you, my good friend, that this attempt to convert thoſe two royal animals into a couple of baſe Egyptians, was thought as diſgraceful to his Majeſty's arms, as permitting them to be placed over the ſhop-doors of perfumers, milliners, cork-cutters, ſhoe-makers, breeches-makers, and other tradeſmen; as in every quarter of London they are now ſeen with indignation, by all who wiſh to keep up the proper diſtinction between the king and the cobler."

Mr. Barnet, having left Wormwood, went about the principal buſineſs that had brought him to town, and then waited on the overſeers of the workhouſe from which the boy had been ſent. They had been previouſly informed by a letter from Mrs. Barnet of his intentions, and immediately gave him

an

an order to the old woman, to deliver to his care Edward Evilen, which was the name pinned to the child's cap when he was firſt left at the workhouſe, and by which he was called while there.

CHAP. XIV.

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their humble joys and deſtiny obſcure,
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

GRAY.

AS Mr. Barnet, on his return to his own houſe, approached the old woman's cottage, a young man in a very high phaeton drove rapidly paſt him over the heath. His name was Sir Charles Royſton; he was heir to a very conſiderable eſtate, and at the age of eighteen, by the aſſiſtance of Jews, and Chriſtians of the ſame latitude of conſcience, contrived to ſpend ſix times as much money as he was allowed by his guardians.

Sir Charles looked frequently behind him, and laughed immoderately, as often as he turned his head;—the footmen ſeemed as merry as their maſter.

When

When Mr. Barnet came to the part of the common nearly oppoſite to the old woman's cottage, he found that all this mirth was occaſioned by the phaeton's having thrown down a ſeaman with a wooden leg, who had not been expeditious enough in getting out of the way, as this youth drove along:—the ſeaman was ſo much bruiſed that he could not ſtand; a circle of people from the adjacent hamlets ſurrounded him as he lay on the ground.

Sir Mathew Maukiſh and his lady ſtopped their carriage, and inquired what was the matter.

"It is a poor ſailor," ſaid one of the crowd, "who has been overturned, and ſadly bruiſed by a gentleman in a phaeton."

"Why did not the fellow get out of the gentleman's way?" ſaid Sir Mathew.

"He tried to do ſo; but it was not in his power to run faſt enough, being as how he has a wooden leg," ſaid one of the group.

"A wooden leg!" cried Sir Mathew; "how came he by a wooden leg?"

"His

"His real leg was carried off by a cannon bullet in a ſea-fight," anſwered the ſame perſon.

"A ſea-fight!" repeated Sir Mathew; "what the devil took him into a ſea-fight?"

"He went to fight for his king and country," anſwered another, (a penſioner from Chelſea hoſpital;) "as was his duty."

"Yes, yes," ſaid Sir Mathew, "that was his duty, to be ſure; we muſt all fight for our king and country; but he ought to have got out of the gentleman's way, for all that; he ought to have ſtepp'd a little aſide to let him paſs."

"Why, pleaſe your honour," ſaid the penſioner, "the gentleman drove ſo damn'd faſt, that the poor fellow could not get out of his way more than of the bullet's; if he had had time he would have ſtepp'd a little aſide to let them both paſs."

"Well, in my opinion," rejoined Sir Mathew, "the gentleman was to blame, and if he were here, I ſhould tell him ſo."

"The poor man ſeems much bruiſed, and unable to move," ſaid the penſioner.

"Poor

"Poor creature!" cried Lady Bab Maukiſh, in a very ſympathizing tone, "he is much to be pitied."

"That he is," echoed ſeveral voices from the crowd.

"Is that boy the poor man's ſon?" ſaid Lady Bab, pointing to Edward Evilen, who ſat by the man, helping to ſupport his head with one hand, and holding a piece of gingerbread to his mouth with the other;—"is that man your father, child?" continued ſhe, addreſſing Edward.

"No," replied he; "I have no father."

"Where is your mother?" rejoined Lady Bab.

"I have no mother neither," anſwered the boy.

"What, are they both dead?" ſaid ſhe.

"I can't tell," ſaid he; "I never ſaw them."

"Has nobody ever told you, whether your parents were dead or alive?"

"I never ſaw anybody that knew them."

"What

"What a miſerable little wretch thou muſt be!" cried Lady Bab, ſhrugging up her ſhoulders.

"Well, but," reſumed Sir Mathew Maukiſh, addreſſing the crowd, "why do you not carry this bruiſed man into ſome of your houſes and put him to bed, and give him a cordial, and take care of him 'till he recovers?"

"Why, Lord! your honour," cried one of the people, "none of us have ſpare beds; moſt of us lie two or three in a bed already."

"Ah! the odious creatures!" cried Lady Maukiſh.

"I'll tell you, neighbours," ſaid one, who was well acquainted with the character of Sir Mathew; "we had beſt carry this poor man to Sir Mathew Maukiſh's houſe; *he* will certainly order him to be well taken care of, and he is much more able than any of us to maintain him till he recovers."

"Drive on," cried Sir Mathew, putting his head haſtily out of the coach window.

"Why do you not drive on, ſirrah," ſqueaked Lady Bab, from the other window.

"Ah, the odious creatures!" ſaid the old ſoldier, mimicking Lady Bab's voice.

"The devil drive you both for a couple of hard-hearted niggards," cried the perſon who knew Sir Mathew and his lady.

"What a pity to let a man lie alone on the cold ground!" ſaid a young woman.

"Eſpecially a fellow chriſtian!" added an old one, who ſtood by her.

"Chriſtian or Turk," ſaid the Chelſea penſioner, "ſince nothing better can be done, if ſome of you will help me to carry him into my hut, I'll take the beſt care of him I can, and I know my wife will make him welcome.—How fare you now, old boy?" continued he, addreſſing the ſeaman, who ſeemed to recover.

"Thank you, thank you, brother," replied the ſeaman, "only a little damaged in the

the larboard ſide, and in the ſtern; but I hope to live and repay your conſort and you for all your kindneſs; and if I chance to meet the freſh-water ſpark who ran foul of me, mayhap I ſhall repay him alſo."

The ſailor, being carried into the old ſoldier's hut, was laid on a bed of ſtraw, prepared by his wife. At that inſtant Evilen, who had preſſed into the hut with the crowd, was called out by the old woman, who preſented him to Mr. Barnet.

The boy ſeemed uneaſy when the old woman told him, that he was to go with that gentleman. "The children are always ſorry to leave me, pleaſe your honour," ſaid the old woman.

"I am not a bit ſorry to leave you," ſaid Evilen.

"What are you ſorry for then?" ſaid Barnet.

"To go with *you*," replied the boy.

"Your honour muſt excuſe his ignorance," ſaid the old woman; "for he has been but a ſhort time with me; and was bred among the low Vulgar at the work-houſe."

"Why

"Why are you ſorry to go with me?" ſaid Barnet to the boy.

"Becauſe you are a gentleman," he replied.

"What makes you diſlike gentlefolks?" Mr. Barnet aſked.

"One of them drove over the poor ſailor with the wooden leg, and then laughed at him, when he tumbled on the ground," ſaid the boy.

"You muſt not go, child, for to preſume to blame quality folks," ſaid the old woman; "which, to be ſure, are our betters, being by the orders of Providence more richer than the poor;—and although the hearts of the rich quality, mayhap, are harder than ours be, yet," continued ſhe, addreſſing Mr. Barnet, "that is not their fault, for your honour knows they cannot help it, on account of their money, which would make poor folks the ſame, if ſo be that they had it. Might it not, pleaſe your honour?"

"Perhaps it might," ſaid Barnet; "there is no knowing till they are tried."

"I wiſh I *was* tried," ſaid the old woman, "juſt for the ſatisfaction of knowing;—but it is not for you," continued ſhe, looking at the boy, "to throw dirt on the rich, for mayhap you may ſome day be one of them yourſelf."

"I'd much rather be a poor man, like Nic the old ſoldier," ſaid Evilen.

"Who is Nic the old ſoldier?" Mr. Barnet aſked.

"He is a poor Chelſea penſioner, who lives with his wife in that there cottage, and ſometimes does a job of work to help the penſion to hold out to the year's end. He is liked very much in theſe here parts, pleaſe your honour, becauſe he is always ready with his joke, and tells us ſtories of the wars, and General Wolf, and General Quebec, and ſuch like great commanders;—but after all, he is but a poor devil, with hardly a whole rag to his back, except upon Sundays, and upon the verſenary of General Quebec."

"What is that?" ſaid Barnet.

"Good

"Good Lord! does your honour not know the verſenary of General Quebec?" cried ſhe.

"Not I," ſaid Barnet.

"Well, that is curous," ſaid the old woman; "but we all know it in theſe here parts, by the means of old Nic. Good gracious, I wiſh your honour but ſaw him at the verſenary!"

"Why, what the devil is the verſenary?" cried Barnet.

"I'll tell you pirticulary, pleaſe your honour," ſaid ſhe, "if your honour will only have a little patience."

"Well, well," cried Barnet, "let us hear."

"Why, then, your honour muſt know, that the verſenary of General Quebec comes round, like Chriſtmas, only once a year, and then old Nic appears in all his glory, with his red ſcarlet coat on his back, and fierce cock'd laced hat on his head, and a uniformal ſword by his ſide; and then he ſtruts away to the alehouſe, where he uſually meets three or four old ſoldiers, who comes there to keep the verſe-

nary along with him; and ſo they drinks the healths of all the old commanders who were killed abroad: and then they begins to tell ſtories about the wars, and deſcribe how the battles were won by the Engliſh, and loſt by the French and Spaniards; for your honour knows, that the French and Spaniards never beat the Engliſh in their lives, though they are two to one. And then old Nic gives a full and true account of how General Wolf was killed, and General Quebec taken priſoner; and then they deſire blind George, who was once a grenadier, and now ſells ballads, to ſing the *Britiſh Grenadiers*, which he does; all about Mars the god of war, and all the other gods deſcending upon ſpears *, and then they all join in the rorus, and beats the grenadiers march with their tongues, and they are all as drunk as lords,

* To underſtand this it may be neceſſary to inſert one ſtanza of the ſong to which the old woman alludes:

"Great Jove, the god of thunder, and Mars, the god of war;
"Neptune with his trident, Apollo in his car,
"And all the gods celeſtial, *deſcended from their ſpheres*,
"To view with admiration the Britiſh Grenadiers."

and

and then I always helps Margery to carry Nic home.—And then—and then,——this is the verſenary of General Quebec, pleaſe your honour."

The old woman, who ſeemed to be animated with the ſubject, ſpoke with ſo much vehemence in giving this account, that Evilen imagined ſhe was in a paſſion, and had been giving a bad character of the ſoldier to Mr. Barnet; the boy therefore ſaid, "But for all that you have been telling, poor old Nic took the ſeaman with the wooden leg into his houſe."

"That he did," ſaid the old woman; "for old Nic is a good-natured devil in the main, though he loves ſport, and is a little too much on the jokobus with his betters ſometimes."

"All your jokers," ſaid Barnet, "are inclined, out of mere ſpite, to throw them out on ready-money people."

"But your ready-money people, as your honour muſt know," ſaid the old woman, "are no ways inclined to throw it out on jokers."

"For which reaſon," ſaid Barnet, "old Nic is more merry than wiſe."

"Your honour is in the right," ſaid the old woman; "and that may be the reaſon of his being ſo poor; for the rich are ſeldom ſo merry as one would expect, conſidering they have nothing to do, but are often ſad and dull, as your honour muſt know by experience.

"Is the man with the wooden leg much hurt?" ſaid Barnet.

"Yes," replied Evilen, "for he could not eat gingerbread."

"Poor man!" ſaid Barnet, a little affected.

"Come and ſee him," ſaid Evilen, pointing at the ſoldier's hut; "he is in there."

"Hold your peace, you little fool," ſaid the old woman; "do you think his honour will go for to enter into ſuch a hole.—You muſt excuſe him, pleaſe your honour," continued ſhe, "he ſpeaks through ignorance, not knowing the nature of gentlefolks; but he does not mean to affront your honour, more or leſs."

"I do

"I do not ſuppoſe he does," ſaid Barnet; "but there are ſuch a number of poor objects, and diſtreſſing ſtories, popping on one from every quarter, that my hand," continued he, pulling out his purſe, "is hardly ever out of my purſe; but here," added he, putting half a crown into the boy's hand, "go and give the ſeaman this."

Evilen ran bounding for joy.—"There, ſaid he to the ſailor, the gentleman in the coach ſends you that."

"God bleſs the gentleman, and you both, my dear boy," ſaid the ſeaman.

"Amen," cried the ſoldier.—"I am glad to ſee any thing good come from a coach at laſt."

"Now," ſaid Barnet, when Evilen returned, "I am going to carry you to a good friend of yours."

"Ah," cried the old woman, "this worthy gentleman is going to take you to the lady who was ſo kind to you."

"Are you?" cried the boy.

"I am, indeed," ſaid Barnet.

"Let us go then," ſaid he, graſping Mr. Barnet's hand.

Having made a ſmall preſent to the old woman, Mr. Barnet ordered the coachman to drive home.

Evilen aſked frequently as they drove along, if they were near the lady's houſe, and he ſhewed the ſtrongeſt ſigns of joy at the end of their journey, when he ſaw Mrs. Barnet.

The neglect which this poor boy had experienced in general, and the hard uſage he had received from ſome individuals, rendered him peculiarly ſenſible to the kindneſs of Mrs. Barnet, which kindled within his young boſom ſuch a glow of gratitude and affection as he had never felt before.

Mrs. Barnet could not help perceiving this, and was equally pleaſed with that ingenuouſneſs of diſpoſition, and quickneſs of apprehenſion, of which he gave daily proofs; and which ingratiated him more and more with this good woman, who felt augmenting ſatisfaction in the thought of ſaving ſo fine a boy from being cruſhed by poverty and

and neglect, and in the hopes of bringing the rewards of talents and integrity within his reach.

As he had been ſo lately ill, ſhe poſtponed boarding him at a ſchool till he ſhould fully recover his ſtrength.

Meanwhile, ſhe ordered cloaths to be made up, and appointed a bed for him in a cloſet adjoining to her own dreſſing-room.

Edward, in common with all children, derived pleaſure, no doubt, from the ſight of his new cloaths, as well as from the other comforts of his preſent ſituation;—but his own good fortune had not the effect on his mind, which it has been obſerved to have on the minds of many; it ſeemed not even in the ſmalleſt degree to render him unfeeling to the misfortunes of others, or forgetful of his former acquaintance. Of his remembrance of the old ſoldier and the ſailor, he gave a ſingular proof one day when ſome company dined with Mr. Barnet; for, on ſeeing more victuals ſet on the table than he thought ſufficient for the people preſent, he ſaid aloud, looking to Mr. Barnet, "I wiſh

old

old Nic had ſome of that!"—This unexpected wiſh threw the company into a fit of laughter; and Mrs. Barnet, when ſhe recovered herſelf, ſaid to him, "why do you wiſh ſo, child?"—"Becauſe," anſwered he, "it would maintain him and his wife ſeveral days, and he would give part of it to the poor bruiſed ſailor."—This reply did not make the matter clearer; but Mrs. Barnet perceiving that her huſband underſtood to what the boy alluded, requeſted an explanation of him. He deſired Edward himſelf to inform the company of the whole ſtory of the Chelſea penſioner, and the ſeaman with the wooden leg. Evilen acquitted himſelf of this taſk in the dialect of a child, it is true, yet ſo as to intereſt every one that heard him, greatly affected the heart of Mrs. Barnet, and ſhewed the goodneſs of his own. For as the ſick and weakly have in general more ſympathy with thoſe labouring under diſeaſe or delicacy of conſtitution, than the healthy and robuſt, ſo this judicious woman had obſerved, that ſome people, while they ſeem to compaſſionate the miſe-

ries

ries of others, are only pitying themſelves.—Such people give proofs of humanity only while their feelings are kept alive by the dread of falling into misfortunes ſimilar to thoſe which they compaſſionate in others, but the ſame perſons being by accident raiſed above the ſphere of like calamities, ſhake off their ſympathy, and ſeem to change their nature, like grubs converted into butterflies; who being raiſed from the duſt on their new lent wings, expand all their finery, flutter from one flowery object to another, court the ſun-ſhine, and think no more of their old humble companions. Mrs. Barnet therefore was highly pleaſed to find that Evilen was not of this diſpoſition, but retained his ſenſibility towards the inhabitants of the heath, after he himſelf was tranſported to a warmer region.

CHAP. XV.

——Non in caro voluptas
Summa, ſed in teipſo eſt, tu pulmentaria quære
Sudando. HOR.

MRS. Barnet was not a perſon in whom the emotions of pity evaporate in ſighs, or melt in tears, without any other effect—nor one of thoſe faſhionable philanthropiſts, who taking credit for an unlimited portion of humanity, by oſtentatious ſymptoms of ſenſibility, wipe their eyes, pocket their handkerchiefs, and think no more on the wretched, in whoſe diſtreſs they have taken ſo affecting a part. Nobody had heard Mrs. Barnet's ſighs, nor ſeen her tears for the maimed ſeaman; yet his ſtory had dwelt in her mind, and feeling a ſtrong deſire to ſee both him and the ſoldier, ſhe took the reſolution of driving to the hut of the latter.

That ſhe might have the more time for this jaunt, no company being invited but the parſon, ſhe propoſed next day to her huſband, that they ſhould dine a little earlier than uſual; and to induce him to agree to her propoſal, ſhe hinted that two or three of his favourite diſhes were ordered for dinner.

He immediately aſſented; but unfortunately when the dinner was ſerved, Mr. Barnet had little or no appetite, and was in very ill-humour. It is not quite clear whether his ill-humour deprived him of appetite, or his want of appetite put him into ill-humour; but it is certain, that he ſat down to dinner with both thoſe diſagreeable gueſts, and as the firſt was greatly diſliked by Mr. Barnet, and the ſecond by his wife, it is probable that neither was invited, but that the one introduced the other.

Mr. Barnet had hardly taſted the carp, till he declared that it was not ſufficiently done.—It was immediately ſent back to the cook. On its return, Barnet ſwore it was worſe than at firſt, quite over-ſtewed, and abſolutely not eatable.—"This mutton, however,

ever, is excellent, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, "ſhall I have the pleaſure of helping you to a little?"

"No—I am ſurfeited with mutton," anſwered Barnet peeviſhly.—"But I wiſh you had only thought of ordering ſome of the veniſon we had yeſterday to be ſtewed.—I ſhould have liked a little of that; but no ſuch thing is ever thought of in my family."

As he finiſhed his obſervation, a footman entered with a diſh of ſtewed veniſon.

"I am glad, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, "that it has happened to be thought of to-day."

Barnet was more diſappointed at loſing a pretext for venting his ill-humour, than pleaſed at the appearance of the diſh. After ſwallowing a few mouthfuls, he ſent it away, ſaying, "it was ſmoked."

"Allow me to help you to a wing of a chicken, my dear," reſumed Mrs. Barnet; "you uſed to like chicken, with a ſlice of tongue."

"Is the tongue ſmoked?" ſaid Barnet.

"No, my dear," replied his wife.

"Then I am for none of either," ſaid Barnet; "though, if the tongue had been ſmoked inſtead of the veniſon, I might have made a tolerable dinner."

Mrs. Barnet nodded to a footman, who immediately withdrew.

"It is very hard," continued Mr. Barnet, "that they ſhould have ſpoiled one diſh, by what would have rendered the other excellent."

"It is fortunate, my dear, that we chance to have a very good ſmoked tongue alſo," ſaid Mrs. Barnet; "and here it comes," continued ſhe, as the ſervant returned. "Pray try this wing with a ſlice of it."

Barnet, quite at a loſs what fault to find next, accepted the diſh with which his wife preſented him; but being entirely without appetite, after mincing the meat, and playing a little with the knife and fork, he gave his plate to a footman, ſaying, "I think I ſhould prefer ſomething cold; but I ſuppoſe there is no cold meat in the houſe."

"Forgive

"Forgive me, my dear, you may have either a ſlice of cold beef or cold veal; which do you chuſe?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"Is there any cold mutton?" the huſband aſked.

"I do not remember to have ever ſeen you eat cold mutton," replied the wife.

"I ſhould like it very much at preſent, however," ſaid Barnet: and having at length hit on what he thought a juſt cauſe of diſcontent, continued grumbling till the dinner was removed; and Mrs. Barnet now perceiving that he had more ſatisfaction in that, than in any thing that could be done or ſaid to pleaſe him, allowed him to enjoy it without interruption, until he happened to ſay, "I thought you intended to drive out this afternoon?"

Mrs. Barnet immediately took the hint, wiſhed her huſband and the parſon a good afternoon; and taking Evilen into the carriage with her, ſhe ordered the coachman to drive to the ſoldier's hut.

CHAP. XVI.

The broken ſoldier kindly bade to ſtay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhewed how fields were won.
GOLDSMITH.

WHEN they drew very near the hut, they heard ſinging, and in the intervals ſeveral hearty burſts of laughter.

Mrs. Barnet deputed Evilen to acquaint the ſoldier with her arrival.

The boy found him ſitting with a large tankard in his hand, between another ſoldier and his own wife.

"Nic!" cried Evilen, as he ruſhed into the cottage, "here is a lady who wants to ſee you."

"Wants to ſee me!" cried the ſoldier. "I doubt you are miſtaken, my dear; it is long ſince any ladies have wanted to ſee me."

"Come along," cried Evilen, ſeizing his hand, and leading him to the coach which having reached he gave him a puſh

towards Mrs. Barnet, ſaying, "There is honeſt old Nic!"

"I was deſirous to ſee you, friend," ſaid ſhe, "and of knowing what had become of the poor ſeaman, who received a hurt ſome time ſince at your door."

The ſoldier then informed her, that the ſailor was ſo much recovered of his bruiſes, that he had ſet out that very morning on the top of a ſtage-coach for London, and would be that evening at Greenwich; for he belonged to the Hoſpital, from which, having had leave of abſence for a fortnight, he was returning when the accident happened to him.

"I am glad he is ſo well," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, "and I am glad to ſee you, becauſe of your humanity to him."

"There was no great matter of humanity in what I did, madam," replied the ſoldier; "an old ſoldier could not let a wounded ſailor lie on the ground, when he had a hut to give him ſhelter in; one who could act ſuch a part would deſerve to be drummed out of the army, inſtead of enjoying his Majeſty's

Majeſty's bounty, as I do, God Almighty bleſs him!"

"You have a penſion from the Chelſea Hoſpital?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"Yes, that I have," cried the ſoldier; "and it is regularly paid, although I do no manner of duty."

"You were wounded, perhaps?" rejoined Mrs. Barnet.

"I was ſhot through the body at the battle on the heights of Abraham, where General Wolf was killed, pleaſe your ladyſhip; but he had the ſatisfaction of knowing that the enemy fled before he expired; and well he deſerved ſuch a death, for he was an excellent officer."

"You could do no more duty as a ſoldier, after being ſo wounded?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"Every bullet, your ladyſhip knows," replied the ſoldier, "has its commiſſion; that which went through my body had not a commiſſion for death, but only for wounding; and ſo I recovered, and did my duty the following winter in the action near Quebec, where General Murray commanded."

"I hope you was not wounded there alſo?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"Yes, I received a ſhot in my ſhoulder, which diſabled me from uſing my firelock; and what is more provoking, it was at the beginning of the action, and I had only fired three times; and ſo being of no farther uſe, I was ſent back to the Hoſpital, and I ſaw no more of the battle, which I ſhould have been glad to deſcribe to your ladyſhip, if I had remained.

"You were long of recovering of this laſt wound?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"Very long, pleaſe your ladyſhip, for the bone was hurt; I was ſent home and recommended to Chelſea, which I obtained, and am an out-penſioner; but although I ſuffered a good deal for ſeveral months at firſt, yet, thank God, I at laſt had ſome intervals of eaſe, and there was not a great deal of pain, except when a little bit of bone was about to throw off—now it ſeldom troubles me; but although I have not all the uſe of my arm, I could ſtill make a ſhift to draw a trigger againſt the French or Spaniards, if there was occaſion."

"Have

"Have you nothing to maintain you and your wife, but the ſmall penſion from the Hoſpital?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"O! yes," anſwered the ſoldier; "I can do a little work as a gardener, to which I was originally bred, that is, when my ſhoulder is not very painful; and my wife is a very careful and induſtrious woman, and ſtill able to gain a little alſo, and ſo we have great reaſon to be thankful, being by the king's bounty and God's goodneſs enabled not only to maintain ourſelves, but alſo to entertain a friend ſometimes, which I confeſs we were doing juſt now; for as your ladyſhip knows, life is but a roughiſh journey, at beſt; and ſo Margery and I love to *ſtrew the way over with flowers*, as the ſong goes."

"And pray," ſaid Mrs. Barnet ſmiling, "what kind of flowers were you ſtrewing juſt now?"

"Anon?" cried the ſoldier; not quite underſtanding the queſtion.

"May I aſk," reſumed Mrs. Barnet, "what the preſent entertainment with which you regale your friend conſiſts of?"

"It conſiſts," replied the ſoldier, "of a loaf of very good brown bread, an excellent Suffolk cheeſe, and a can of gin and water."

Mrs. Barnet was ſtruck at the ſatisfaction with which this poor ſoldier, who certainly had ſome merit with his country, enjoyed the ſmall portion of good things which fell to his ſhare, and the recollection of her huſband's diſcontent, in the midſt of a far more ſumptuous allotment;—the contraſt ſtruck her ſo forcibly, that ſhe heaved a ſigh, and for an inſtant threw up her eyes.

The ſoldier miſtook the ſource of her emotion, and thought ſhe was comparing in her mind the comforts of his ſituation, with the hardſhips to which many were expoſed. Under this impreſſion he added, "I am very ſenſible, madam, and ſo is my poor Margery, that we have great reaſon to be thankful with our ſituation, conſidering that we are now both old, and that without my penſion, we could not maintain ourſelves: Would to the Lord, that every worthy honeſt heart in this wide world were as well provided for!"

"I am

"I am ſure," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, with a ſmile of benevolence to the ſoldier, "that a heart ſo eaſily ſatisfied as yours ought not to know want."

"I hardly ever did, madam," ſaid he, "particularly ſince we ſettled at this place; for we have our hut for almoſt nothing; bread, cheeſe, and ſmall beer are tolerably cheap; and the gin is excellent:—If your ladyſhip has occaſion for any, I can recommend that at the Hog in Armour on this heath, for as wholeſome Holland's as any in England."

"I am much obliged to you," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, laughing; "but pray what company have you with you; you ſeemed very happy and merry when I came?"

"We have no other company, pleaſe your Ladyſhip," replied the penſioner, "but a poor ſoldier, who I happened to meet on the road; poor fellow, he ſeemed faint with the heat, and the weight of his knapſack; and ſo, as it was juſt about the time of our dinner, I invited him to ſhare with Margery and me; we all fell to accordingly, and I doubt if many people in the pariſh have

made a better dinner than the ſoldier and I; for we were both very hungry, and as I ſaid before, every thing was good of its kind; as for Margery, ſhe eats no great matter, and hardly ever takes above one draught of gin and water; but I confeſs the ſtranger and I were beginning to get a little merry when your ladyſhip arrived."

"He is a ſoldier, I think you ſay?" reſumed Mrs. Barnet.

"Of the 20th, pleaſe your ladyſhip," anſwered he; "there is not a finer regiment in the ſervice, it was once General Wolf's."

"Here is a crown for him," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, "it will help him on to his regiment."

"That it will indeed," rejoined the penſioner; "eſpecially as, poor fellow, he ſeems to ſtand much in need of a pair of new ſhoes; thoſe he has being worn quite through, and he can ill afford to get another pair, for he tells me he is already under ſtoppages."

"What are ſtoppages?" ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"That

"That part of a ſoldier's pay," anſwered he, "which is ſtopped to purchaſe neceſſaries."

"If any of a ſoldier's pay is ſtopped," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, "on what does he live?"

"On the remainder," anſwered the penſioner.

"Why the whole is but ſixpence a-day," reſumed Mrs. Barnet; "and to me it ſeems a miracle how they contrive to live on it."

"Britiſh ſoldiers are famous for performing miracles," replied the veteran; "and they actually perform a greater than you imagine; for they do contrive to live on leſs than ſixpence a day."

"Leſs!" cried Mrs. Barnet.

"Ay! leſs, madam; God love your ſoul!" added the ſoldier: "a private has not ſixpence a day to ſubſiſt on; are there not ſtoppages for ſhoes, and ſtockings, and ſhirts? for thoſe Government allows cannot ſerve all the year round; and in ſome regiments there are ſtoppages for ſuperfluous articles of dreſs:—ſome commanding officers pay for theſe out of their own pockets, but others do not; and it is very hard on

the men to be obliged to pay for ſome kick-ſhaws that are of no uſe, but to make them look ſmarter on the parade, and alſo to have the flower puffed on their heads that would help to make a pudding for their bellies; in my notion, this is not only curſedly hard hearted, but alſo damn'd fooliſh, aſking your ladyſhip's pardon; for what ſignifies making fops of Britiſh ſoldiers; we ſhall never beat the French at foppery."

"I fancy not," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"You may ſwear it, madam," added the ſoldier; "your Frenchmen are all maſters of the art; whereas the fineſt courtiers in England, as I have been told, are mere journeymen; and when they try to imitate the French, they are like a parcel of awkward recruits, compared to a company of old ſoldiers."

"I have heard ſo alſo," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"Then why ſhould we pretend to contend with them at their own weapons?" added the ſoldier; "Engliſh ſoldiers ſhould ſtick to the old gun and bayonet; and conſidering how well they can uſe them in defence of their country, I really do think the country might allow them a

little more pay;—but at preſent, I do aſſure your ladyſhip, they ſeldom have more than fourpence half-penny, and never above fivepence a-day, to ſubſiſt on."

"It is too little indeed, friend," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"But for all that," reſumed the ſoldier, "if your ladyſhip had only ſeen how cheerfully they aſcended the precipices, and with what ſpirit they fought on the heights of Abraham, you would have thought that every man had dined at a ſhilling ordinary."

"If it depended on me, they ſhould never have dined at a worſe," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"Only get an addition of threepence, or even twopence a-day, to their pay, and that will ſatisfy them, madam," added the ſoldier.

"I heartily wiſh, my honeſt fellow," replied Mrs. Barnet, "that it were practicable to augment the pay of both officers and ſoldiers to-morrow."

"Practicable! I have been told, pleaſe your ladyſhip," rejoined the ſoldier, "though I can hardly believe it, that certain men, who were never either in the army

or

or navy, but only ſerve the Miniſter at home, are able to lay by, within a trifle, as much money at the end of the year as even a full Colonel, or a Captain of a man of war, who ſerves his king and country abroad.

CHAP. XVII.

'See yonder poor o'er-labour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow worm.
The poor petition ſcorn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpleſs offspring mourn.

BURNS.

INSTEAD of taking any notice of what the ſoldier ſaid, at the concluſion of the laſt chapter, Mrs. Barnet aſked, "Pray, did you not ſay that you ſtill did ſome work as a gardener?"

"Yes, madam," replied he; "for I was bred to the buſineſs of a gardener in my own country, before I liſted as a ſoldier; and I am always glad to be employed, when I can work; becauſe, over and above the wages, it puts me in mind of Auld Lang Syn; that is to ſay," added the ſoldier, after he had wiped his eyes, "of my native country, and

and my relations and friends, who are dead and gone."

"Do you never think of returning to your own country?" ſaid ſhe.

"I have often thought of it," anſwered the ſoldier; "but I cannot leave Margery, who loves England, which is her native country, as well as I do mine; for ſhe is blinded by prejudice, and beſides, ſhe is unable for the journey, ſo I am under the neceſſity of leaving my bones on this ſide of the Tweed."

"Did not you ſay that you ſtill did ſome work as a gardener?"

"I do," replied he.

"In whoſe garden do you work at preſent?"

"I uſed to work in Sir Mathew Mawkiſh's," the ſoldier anſwered; "but it ſeems he took offence at ſome words I threw out, when the lame ſailor was hurt on the heath; and ſo he ordered his gardener not to employ me any more."

"Did that put you to much inconveniency?" Mrs. Barnet aſked.

"It

"It has proved a very great loſs, and has given me much vexation," replied the ſoldier; "becauſe what I earned by garden-work, when added to the penſion, enabled Margery and me to aſſiſt a poor neighbour now and then; or to give refreſhment to a wandering ſtranger, like this tired ſoldier; but what made it fall very hard was, that after I had been long out of work, and conſequently without a ſixpence of money, poor Margery herſelf chanced to fall ſick; I was obliged to run a little in debt to procure comfortable aſſiſtance to her; and to clear this, when ſhe recovered, I waited on Sir Mathew, and begged that his honour would allow his gardener to employ me as before; being more eager than ever to ſave a little money to do juſtice to my creditors, who were all poor people, diſtreſſed for the want of what I owed them: but Sir Mathew, who has rather a hardiſh kind of a heart, called me an inſolent old raſcal, and ſwore that I ſhould never have another farthing of his money: and never ſince our grenadiers were repulſed from the intrenchments at Montmorenci, did I feel a heavier

heavier heart, pleaſe your ladyſhip, than I returned with that day."

"No wonder," ſaid Mrs. Barnet; "it was enough to drive you to deſpair."

"I never give way to deſpair," replied the ſoldier, "for it is of no uſe; and ſo I make it a rule always to keep it off."

"How do you contrive that?"

"By always truſting to Providence, and ſometimes taking a dram," anſwered he; "for is not there a righteous God above who governs all? and if there is black clouds and ſtorms to-day, may there not be fair weather to-morrow? and is there not more ſun-ſhine than black clouds upon the whole, even in this world, which gives me good hopes for the next?—And the very next day, pleaſe your Ladyſhip, the parſon of this pariſh hearing of my diſtreſs gave me a guinea, which cleared me of debt; and he has ſince recommended me to a farmer, who ſometimes gives me a job of work, and pays me very generouſly—but as this cannot always be depended on, and as Sir Mathew is my enemy, my wife and

I are

I are reſolved to ſhift our quarters, but have not yet fixed where to direct our march."

"Let Margery and you direct your march to the village where I live," ſaid Mrs. Barnet; "I know of a more convenient houſe for you there than that you are now in; and ſhall enſure you of conſtant work as a gardener; ſo you may leave this as ſoon as you pleaſe."—She then gave him directions where to come, and having ſlipt a guinea into his hand, which ſhe told him was for himſelf, ſhe gave him half-a-guinea more for his gueſt, ſaying, "I did not know that a poor ſoldier had both ſtockings and ſhoes to provide out of his pay." She then bid him farewell, in the midſt of the ſoldier's bleſſings, who, while he poured them in abundance on Mrs. Barnet, did not forget little Edward.

A ſhort time after this, the ſoldier and his wife, having diſpoſed of the moveables they did not think proper to take with them, removed to the village near which Mrs. Barnet lived, where they found a ſnug habitation ready, into which they were conducted by Mr. Barnet's footman and Edward, who met them as they entered the village.

CHAP. XVIII.

Do not as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilſt, like a puſt and reckleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHILE Mrs. Barnet cheriſhed and cultivated the ſeeds of candour and benevolence, which ſeemed ſpontaneouſly to germinate in the breaſt of this boy, ſhe was at pains to impreſs upon his mind the neceſſity of diligence and cloſe application, for the acquiſition of thoſe accompliſhments which would render him uſeful and reſpectable. She made him ſenſible, even at that early age, of his very peculiar ſituation, and explained in gentle terms, that he had nothing to depend upon to recommend him to favour in the world, but his perſonal talents and accompliſhments; giving him to underſtand at the ſame time, that with a perſevering and vigorous exertion of theſe, he

he would be more eſteemed and more eſtimable than thoſe who, ſtarting in life with greater advantages, were leſs attentive to the means of improvement.—This doctrine ſunk deep into the boy's mind, young as he was; and the rapid progreſs he afterwards made in various attainments was probably owing to its influence.—Above all, Mrs. Barnet was aſſiduous to inculcate every principle of religion and virtue of which ſhe thought his underſtanding ſuſceptible, and without which, ſhe aſſured him, all other attainments would fail to render him happy, either in this world or the next.

After ſome inſtructions of this nature, ſhe ſaid one day, "Well, my dear, I may rely on your promiſe, that you will be very diligent at ſchool?"

Edward. Yes, indeed you may.

Mrs. B. If you ſhould deceive me, the loſs will fall on yourſelf.

Ed. I don't care what falls on myſelf, but I will never deceive you.

Mrs. B. You are ſenſible how ſhameful it is to break a promiſe? (The boy was ſilent.)

Mrs. B. I am perſuaded *you* never tell lies? (No anſwer.)

Mrs. B. What does this mean? Don't you know that it is a great fault to tell what is not true?

Ed. Yes, I have been told ſo.

Mrs. B. Surely then you would not be guilty of it? (He made no anſwer.)

Mrs. B. What! Do you ever tell lies?

Ed. Ye—Yes, (replied he ſobbing,) I do ſometimes.

Mrs. B. I am very ſorry for it.

Ed. I am very ſorry for it too.

Mrs. B. How came you to be guilty of it then?

Ed. I never was guilty of it, till I was ſeverely whipt for acknowledging the truth.

Mrs. B. But have you not been told that liars go to hell?

Ed. Yes, the ſchool-maſter of the work-houſe told me ſo.

Mrs. B. Well, was you not much more afraid of going to hell than of being whipt?

Ed. No, I was more afraid of being whipt than of going to hell.

Mrs. B. How came that; for you muſt ſurely know that hell is an infinitely greater puniſhment?

Ed. Yes, but hell is a long while after this, and the maſter was prepared to whip me inſtantly.

However weak ſuch a manner of thinking may ſeem, Mrs. Barnet could not be ſurpriſed to find it in a child of his age, particularly as ſo many men and women of every age ſeem to be influenced by the ſame kind of reaſoning.

Reſuming the converſation, after a ſhort pauſe, "Indeed, my dear," ſaid ſhe, "you have acted with great folly and weakneſs: Would you agree to be hanged to-morrow rather than bear a pinch of the ear to-night?

Ed. No, I would not.

Mrs. B. But you did ſomething like this, when rather than bear the pain of being whipt, you preferred the riſk of going to hell.

The boy ſeemed a little embarraſſed by this—at length, he ſaid, "At firſt, when the maſter told me I ſhould go to hell if I told

lies, I believed what he ſaid, but afterward I began to doubt it."

"How could you have any doubts regarding what your maſter aſſured you?" rejoined ſhe.

"Becauſe I afterwards diſcovered," anſwered Edward, "that the maſter told lies himſelf; which I thought he would hardly have done, if he had really believed that liars were ſent to hell."

"That maſter is a very bad man, and has ſet you an ill example," ſaid Mrs. Barnet; "but now that you are ſorry for having been guilty of ſuch a mean thing as lying, I hope you will avoid it in future—I could not love a liar."

"I never will tell another lie in all my life," replied he, with vehemence; "no, not although I were to be whipt a dozen times for telling the truth."

"That is a brave boy," ſaid Mrs. Barnet; "and the way to be loved and reſpected."

The candour he had diſplayed in acknowledging what he could have ſo eaſily concealed, increaſed the good opinion ſhe had of his character, and the affectionate in-

tereſt

tereſt ſhe took in him; while the wholeſome nouriſhment with which he was ſupplied, and the encouragement he received at Mrs. Barnet's houſe, had the happieſt effect on his conſtitution and looks, and he gained freſh vigour and beauty every day. The natural indolence and indifference of Mr. Barnet himſelf was gradually overcome by the charms of his countenance and the amuſement of his prattle. To allow the growing partiality to take root in the heart of her huſband, Mrs. Barnet found pretexts for poſtponing the boy's being ſent to ſchool: in a ſhort time however ſhe perceived that it would require as much addreſs to prevail on her huſband to allow him to be boarded out of the houſe, as it had been to induce him to admit the boy into it. Mr. Barnet however agreed, at laſt, to let him go; and ſhe informed Edward that he was to leave them the following day. At this news his chearfulneſs forſook him, and he ſeemed dejected.

"Nay," ſaid Mrs. Barnet; "you muſt not look ſo ſorrowful at the thought of going to ſchool."

"It is not for that," ſaid he, ready to cry.

"If going to ſchool makes you look ſorrowful, I ſhall not love you," continued ſhe.

"I do not look ſorrowful," cried he; bruſhing the tears haſtily from his eyes with the back of his hand, and attempting to ſmile in her face.

"You ought not to be ſorry to do what is for your good," added ſhe.

"I will never be ſorry to do what you chooſe," replied he, "whether it is for my good or not."

CHAP. XIX.

Et genus, et formam regina pecunia donat;
Ac benè nummatum decorat Suadela Venúſque.

HORAT.

THE ſchool to which Edward was ſent had once enjoyed a good reputation, through the merits of the maſter by whom it was eſtabliſhed: at his death, the widow endeavoured to keep it up by the means of the uſhers; but ſhe ſoon after married a man groſsly ignorant, and in all reſpects unfit for the office of a ſchool-maſter. The ſchool however continued to thrive through the ſtrength of its former reputation.

Seminaries of learning, as well as particular ſhops, are ſometimes frequented more on account of what they have been, than what they are: ſo many inſtances of this might be produced, that it ſeems to be a prevailing opinion in this Iſland, that talents and genius, like cats, are more attached to particular

particular walls and houſes, than to the perſons who reſide within them.

Mrs. Barnet was induced to board the boy at this ſchool, by the advice of thoſe whom ſhe conſidered as better judges than herſelf.

Although the head maſter, or rather the undertaker of this ſchool, was devoid of ſenſe and knowledge, one of the uſhers poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſhare of both. Edward fortunately was put under his particular care, and was ſoon diſtinguiſhed by the quickneſs of his apprehenſion and his aſſiduity in ſtudy. Mrs. Barnet was happy to hear accounts of this nature, and ſtill more, when ſhe underſtood that he was eſteemed and loved by his ſchool-fellows.

After remaining here two or three years, he made a diſtinguiſhed figure at the public examinations, and never failed to obtain one or two of the prizes diſtributed on ſuch occaſions; but he had the misfortune at laſt to incur the diſpleaſure of a perſon of ſuch importance, as entirely altered his ſituation.

Lady Lofty, at this time, lived at a villa at no great diſtance from this ſchool; which

tempted

tempted her to ſend her nephew, Lord Fillagree, a boy about two years older than Edward, as a boarder there. The reſpectful attention paid to this young nobleman by the maſter and miſtreſs, his being ſent for every Friday evening, and carried back every Monday morning, in his aunt's chariot, added to his title, gave him an importance among his ſchool-fellows, which his diſpoſition and acquirements would not have produced.

It had been an eſtabliſhed cuſtom with the former maſter of this ſchool, to give the boys ſome general inſtructions every Sunday, regarding their religious duties and moral conduct.—This was thought to have a good effect, and was conſidered as one cauſe of the proſperity of the ſchool. The preſent maſter was willing therefore to keep up ſuch a profitable inſtitution; and although utterly diſqualified for aſſiſting the boys in their other ſtudies, he undertook the Sunday lectures himſelf. His method was to make the boys read portions of the Bible; there he ought to have ſtopped, or at leaſt have borrowed the explanation of ſome abler commentator

mentator than himſelf; but, with a ſelf-conceit, which often attends ignorance, he proceeded to aſk fooliſh queſtions, and to make ridiculous remarks on the ſacred text.

As when, by the ſenſation of hunger, a man in a weakly ſtate becomes ſenſible that his ſtomach is empty, it forms a favourable preſumption; ſo it is much in favour of him, who labours under a deficiency of knowledge, to be ſenſible of his ignorance. But when a man's ſtomach is empty, if he has the ſenſation of its being full, he is certainly a good deal out of order: our ſchool-maſter laboured under this miſtake, reſpecting his head; although uncommonly empty, he, poor man! imagined it remarkably full, which prompted him, as it has done ſome others, to comment on the Bible, without making any thing clearer or better underſtood than it was before, except the ſtate of their own underſtanding.

Lord Fillagree, contrary to cuſtom, had been left one particular Friday at ſchool, owing to his aunt's being on a viſit; ſhe was to return however on the Sunday morning, and the ſchool being on her way, ſhe called

at

at the time when the maſter was employed in the pious taſk above mentioned. Deſirous of being witneſs to the ſuperiority of her young kinſman over plebeian boys, ſhe deſired that her preſence might make no interruption, but that the examination might be continued. The maſter, proud of an opportunity of diſplaying his ſagacity in commenting on the ſcriptures, gladly aſſented.

Her ladyſhip being ſeated, the maſter called up the young Lord, and being ſenſible that he was apt to blunder, to avoid the probability of leading him aſtray, the maſter determined to take no new path, but to keep to that which they had frequently trodden already: in conformity with this reſolution, he began with the very firſt chapter of the Bible.

"Pray, my Lord," ſaid the maſter, "does your Lordſhip recollect how long time God took to create the world?"

"Six days," replied his Lordſhip.

"Admirably anſwered," ſaid the maſter; "and does your Lordſhip recollect what he did on the ſeventh?"

"He

"He reſted from his work," ſaid Lord Fillagree.

"Right, my Lord," cried the maſter; "from which, as I have often informed you, men are inſtructed to reſt when their work is finiſhed, which otherwiſe they might neglect to do; for it is a melancholy truth, that mankind in general are too apt to neglect their moſt important duties. Now, my Lord, pray be pleaſed to inform me, who was the firſt man in the world?"

"Adam," replied the youth with quickneſs, and looking with exultation to his aunt, who ſmiled and nodded, by way of confirmation, as if ſhe had ſaid, You have hit on the very perſon.

"Very well anſwered indeed, my Lord!" ſaid the maſter; "Adam certainly was the very firſt man in the whole world; and what puts this beyond all contraverſy is, that he was created before any other man, woman, or child; therefore none but an Atheiſt can deny that Adam was the firſt man in the world.—And pray, my Lord, who was the *wiſeſt* man in the world?"

"Eve," replied his Lordſhip, with a triumphant air.—At which all the boys burſt into a loud fit of laughter, which neither the preſence of the counteſs, nor the authority of the maſter, bawling ſilence, could ſuppreſs for ſome minutes; unfortunately Eward's laugh continued a ſecond longer than the reſt.

"Your Lordſhip miſtook the queſtion," ſaid the maſter, eager to relieve him; "You imagined, no doubt, that I aſked who was the wiſeſt *woman* in the world. And to that queſtion your anſwer is very accurate, for as Eve was the *firſt* woman in the world, ſhe muſt have been alſo the *wiſeſt*, at that time."

But the young Lord was too much diſturbed by the laughing, to avail himſelf of this very ingenious hint.

"No," cried he; "it was all owing to you yourſelf, for you put the wrong queſtion, and aſked queſtion fifth before queſtion fourth, ſo you did, for here it is," ſhewing a paper, with which he had previouſly been ſupplied, to aſſiſt his memory:

mory: "Look there, queſtion fourth, 'Who was the firſt woman in the world?' anſwer, 'Eve;' but inſtead of that, when I expected queſtion fourth, you aſked queſtion fifth, that you did."

"Do not cry, my dear," ſaid Lady Lofty, wiping the tears from his eyes:—"You anſwered in the right order, and your miſtake was all owing to the diſorder of others, and the impertinent laugh of theſe boys, particularly of that pert jackanapes there," pointing to Edward,—"whom, let me tell you, Sir," added ſhe, turning to the maſter, "you ought to teach better manners."

She then withdrew, taking the young Lord with her, and the maſter attended them to the carriage with many apologies and aſſurances that his Lordſhip ſhould have ample ſatisfaction.

CHAP. XX.

Non vultus inſtantis tyranni
Mente quatit ſolida. HOR.

THE next day, as ſoon as his Lordſhip returned, the maſter, in a formal harangue, endeavoured to convince the boys of the indecency of their behaviour; he then puniſhed Edward ſeverely, becauſe of the peculiar enormity of his, and inſiſted that each of them ſhould aſk his Lordſhip's pardon;—a ceremony with which all complied, except Edward; when it came to his turn, he ſaid that having already ſuffered one puniſhment, he thought it unjuſt that he ſhould be ſubjected to another for the ſame crime.

The maſter told him, that what was now required was not a puniſhment, but a reparation due to his Lordſhip.

Edward ſaid, he conſidered it as more ſevere than the former, and refuſed to comply.

With an intemperance of manner, natural to the abject-minded when poſſeſſed of power, the maſter inſiſted on his directly begging pardon of the young Lord, under pain of being more ſeverely whipt than he had been already. Edward ſteadily refuſed.

The maſter then put his threats in execution; and as he poſſeſſed in hardneſs of heart what he wanted in underſtanding, he continued the puniſhment with unprecedented cruelty.—Fatigued himſelf, and almoſt out of breath, "Now, Sir," ſaid he to Edward, who had not allowed a groan to eſcape him, "what is your determination now?"

"Juſt what it was," anſwered the boy with firmneſs.

This anſwer was followed by a burſt of applauſe from ſome of the boys;—and the maſter perceiving rage and the ſpirit of mutiny in their countenances, thought it moſt prudent not to puſh any farther a conteſt which filled the ſpectators with admiration of Edward, and might be attended with diſagreeable conſequences to himſelf.

It was impoſſible for this young Nobleman, not to perceive that from this time

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the generality of the boys behaved to him with a degree of coldneſs and neglect, which all the pains he took to conciliate their minds, and all the ſplendor of his rank, could not entirely overcome, whilſt the marks of regard and affection they manifeſted to Edward, were too ſtrong and too genuine, not to mortify his Lordſhip exceedingly;—but what gave him more uneaſineſs than all the reſt, was to obſerve, that a boy of the name of Cliſton, diſtinguiſhed for his ſpirit and vivacity ſtill more than by the noble family from which he was a deſcendant, and the great fortune to which he was heir, had formed a friendſhip with Edward, which he cultivated with redoubled earneſtneſs ever ſince his puniſhment.

In the view of ingratiating himſelf with his ſchool-fellows, and mortifying Edward, whom he hated, becauſe he was conſcious that Edward had ſome reaſon to hate him, the young Lord deſired his aunt to requeſt a holiday to the boys, for the purpoſe of giving a collation in a Summer Houſe at the end of her garden neareſt the

ſchool; to which they were all invited, except Edward.

Clifton, who was a favourite of her Ladyſhip, received a particular invitation; but he refuſed to go, notwithſtanding the repeated advice of the maſter. Clifton, who was about the ſame age with Edward, had been accidentally abſent from the Sunday examination, but was witneſs to the ſcene on the Monday following; which had excited in his mind, admiration of Edward, hatred of the maſter, and contempt for his Lordſhip.

When Lady Lofty underſtood that Clifton was not come with the other boys, ſhe ſent a freſh meſſage. He returned for anſwer, that he could not accept of her invitation, being engaged to paſs the day with his friend Edward.

Her Ladyſhip was exceedingly exaſperated by this anſwer, which converted all her partiality for Clifton into hatred, and doubled her indignation againſt his friend.

The growing friendſhip between Clifton and Edward gave great ſatisfaction to Mrs. Barnet; for ſhe thought the former a ſenſible and

and ſpirited boy, and hoped that, from his connections and perſonal influence, he might be of ſervice to her ward in his progreſs through life. Clifton had often viſited her, in company with his friend, and happening to call one day in his abſence, he ſpoke of him with all the enthuſiaſtic warmth of youthful friendſhip; and in the heat of his eulogium, he alluded to the memorable Sunday's examination.

As Edward himſelf had never mentioned it, Mrs. Barnet did not underſtand what he pointed at, which when Clifton perceived, he gave a circumſtantial account of the whole, in the preſence of her huſband, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, and Mr. Wormwood. They were all ſhocked at the narrative; the two ladies ſaid, that Edward ſhould be immediately removed from the ſchool. Mr. Temple obſerved, that it would be right to hear what the maſter had to ſay for himſelf, before any other ſtep were taken. Mr. Wormwood ſaid, that ſuch a tyrannical blockhead ought to be expoſed to public ridicule; and Mr. Barnet, whoſe indignation

was at the higheſt, declared that he deſerved to be ſtarved.

Mr. Temple went next day, and ſtated what he had heard to the maſter. The man was for ſome time unable to make any anſwer; he at length endeavoured to defend himſelf; ſaying, "that Edward had been juſtly puniſhed, becauſe it was owing to his indecent laughter that the young Lord had been put into confuſion, and had made a ridiculous anſwer."

"Pray, Sir," ſaid Mr. Temple, "did Edward laugh at your queſtion, or at his Lordſhip's anſwer?"

"At the anſwer, to be ſure," replied the maſter, with more quickneſs than forethought.

"Really, Sir," reſumed Temple, "you ſeem as incapable of reaſoning, as of acting reaſonably. Since it was the young Lord's anſwer he laughed at, how could his laughter be the cauſe of the anſwer?"

"How could it?" repeated the maſter in confuſion.

"Unleſs,

"Unleſs," continued Temple, "you mean to aſſert that the effect precedes the cauſe."

"I do not poſitively aſſert that it does," ſaid the maſter,—hardly knowing what he was ſaying.

"O! you do not?" continued Temple.

"No, Sir, not always," ſaid the maſter.

"Only on extraordinary occaſions, I ſuppoſe," added Temple.

"Yes," rejoined the maſter, "only on very extraordinary occaſions, ſuch a thing might perhaps happen."

"What might happen?" ſaid Temple.

"That which you juſt now remarked, about the effect of the cauſe," replied the ſchoolmaſter.

Mr. Temple, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, demanded Edward's account; which having paid, he conducted the boy directly to Mr. Barnet's.

CHAP. XXI.

Le caprice de notre humeur eſt encore plus bizarre que celui de la fortune. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

EDWARD was received affectionately by Mrs. Barnet, and with kindneſs by her huſband; who, during his confinement to the houſe, found ſome amuſement in the boy's company;—for although Barnet never could undergo the fatigue of reading himſelf, yet he could ſometimes bear to hear a few pages read by another,—and he liſtened with more patience to the little ſtories which Edward ſelected for his entertainment, than he had ever ſhewed on like occaſions before; ſo that the boy was not only a ſource of amuſement to Mr. Barnet, but a powerful auxiliary to his wife, in the very difficult taſk of diverting his caprices, and rendering time leſs burdenſome to him. Mr. Barnet's fondneſs for Edward was attended with one circumſtance which might have ruined the boy entirely;

entirely; he could not refrain from preſſing him ſometimes after dinner, to drink port wine. One day after Mrs. Barnet left the room, Mr. Wormwood interpoſed, when the child was deſired to take another glaſs, ſaying it would injure his health.

"Port wine," replied Barnet, "provided it be genuine, can injure the health of no mortal; but, on the contrary, as I myſelf am a proof, it has a great tendency to promote health—"

"And vivacity," added Wormwood.

"Very true, couſin Wormwood," ſaid Barnet, not remarking the irony; "for I am never in ſo good ſpirits as after a certain quantity of port, and I have never been troubled with any complaint ſince I took to port, except the gout, and now and then a fit of indigeſtion."

Wormwood. Do you not think thoſe ſufficient?

Barnet. Certainly, Mr. Wormwood; and more than ſufficient: yet they are not owing to port, but to the curſed claret and burgundy, which I drank in my youth; and the reaſon is plain.

Wormwood.

Wormwood. I will thank you for the reaſon; for, plain as it is, I cannot ſee it.

Barnet. The reaſon is, becauſe they are weaker, and colder on the ſtomach.

Wormwood. Thoſe then who have confined themſelves all their lives to water, ſhould have the gout oftener and more ſeverely than others.

Barnet. I know nothing about water-drinkers, Mr. Wormood; I keep no ſuch company: but this I do know by experience, that genuine port wine never injured the health of man, woman, or child.

Wormwood. Your experience can only be derived from two of thoſe claſſes; you can have none as a woman.

Barnet. True, nor as a child.

Wormwood. That is not quite ſo clear.

Barnet. It is as clear as day-light; for I never taſted port until I was twenty-five years of age.

Wormwood. Many people continue to be children beyond that period, couſin; and I know one who is a very great child even at your age.

Mrs.

Mrs. Barnet happening to return to the room, her huſband ſaid, "Mr. Wormwood pretends that claret is as wholeſome as port; now as you, my dear, are fond of neither, I appeal to you, as an impartial judge, whether you have not obſerved that port wine keeps my gout fixed to my feet, and has never allowed it to mount to my head."

Mrs. Barnet acknowledged that port wine ſeemed to agree with her huſband better than claret, and ſhe thanked Heaven that the gout had never attacked his head.

"And can you prove to me," ſaid Mr. Barnet, turning with a triumphant air to Wormwood, "that I ſhould not have had the gout in my head long ago, if I had drank as much of your d——d waſhy claret, as I have done of port?"

"I confeſs," replied Wormwood, "that I cannot."

"Then I would be glad to know," reſumed Mr. Barnet, "why poor Ned here ſhould be prevented from drinking a few glaſſes of port wine?"

Mrs. Barnet now perceiving what had given riſe to the diſpute, ſaid to her huſband, "That although port was unqueſtionably the propereſt wine for people ſubject to the gout, it might diſagree with thoſe who were not; if you pleaſe therefore, my dear," added ſhe, "let Edward abſtain from it, until he ſhall have had one fit; after which he may drink it as you do, to keep the diſeaſe from his head."

After muſing a little, Mr. Barnet anſwered, "what you ſay, my dear, ſtands to reaſon."

About this time, Mr. Temple, who thought very highly of Edward's abilities, recommended a ſchool of eminence to Mrs. Barnet, ſaying, "It would be a great pity if ſuch promiſing talents were loſt for want of proper cultivation."

Mrs. Barnet was of the ſame way of thinking, but as her huſband had ſhewn ill-humour when the former ſchool accounts were paid, and as ſhe knew this new ſchool would be much more expenſive, ſhe was cautious of propoſing that the boy ſhould be put to it.

Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple ſaw her delicacy, and agreed to ſeize the firſt opportunity of bringing about what ſhe wiſhed, without her needing to interfere.

They were both at breakfaſt one day with Mr. and Mrs. Barnet; Edward was likewiſe preſent; he had made an obſervation or two, which delighted the whole company, but in a particular manner Mrs. Barnet, who, addreſſing her huſband after Edward had left the room, ſaid, "I am ſure, my dear, that no action of your life ever gave you more pleaſure, or indeed does you more credit, than your generous conduct to that fine boy."

Mr. Temple. Every body praiſes you for it.

Mr. Barnet. Yes, yes, many will praiſe, for praiſe coſts nothing; but I fancy very few will imitate me.

Mrs. Barnet. So much the more honourable for you, my dear.

Mr. Temple. I am convinced that the boy will make a moſt reſpectable figure in life, and do great credit to my brother, provided he be thoroughly well educated.

Mr. Barnet. He is pretty well educated already.

Mr. Temple. Ay, too well in the opinion of ſome people.

Mr. Barnet. What people are thoſe?

Mr. Temple. The people who run about proclaiming that it is folly in you to ſend a boy to ſchool, to be taught languages for which he can never have any uſe.

Mr. Barnet. How do they know what uſe he may have for the languages?

Mr. Temple. They aſſert that you ought to make him a tradeſman.

Mr. Barnet. I do not regard what they aſſert.

Mr. Temple. You muſt have ſome regard to the world's opinion.

Mr. Barnet. I do not care ſixpence for the world's opinion; I'll judge for myſelf in this as in every thing elſe.

Mr. Temple. You cannot prevent the world from judging alſo; and the world laugh at the folly of giving a boy an education that would fit him for one of the learned

learned profeſſions, when you intend to breed him a tradeſman.

Barnet. Perhaps neither you nor the world, for as wiſe as you think yourſelves, know what I intend to breed him.

Mr. Temple. I hope at leaſt you will not think of the law.

Mr. Barnet. Why not the law, if I chooſe it?

Mr. Temple. Becauſe the world would blame you very much.

Mr. Barnet. The world may go and be d——'d. Am I to mind its fancies? It may think I ought to breed the boy a cobler, for aught I know.

Mr. Temple. Why truly, brother, I am convinced that many people would not cenſure you ſo much as they do, if you were to breed him a cobler.

Mr. Barnet. Oh, they would not! They are very obliging, and I ſuppoſe you alſo; you would no doubt approve mightily of Edward's being bred a cobler?

Mr. Temple. Why not? I have known ſeveral coblers who were very honeſt men.

Mr. Barnet was now wrought up to a violent

violent paſſion, and when this was the caſe he did not mind what he aſſerted. And "I," exclaimed he, "have known ſeveral lawyers who were as honeſt men as your coblers."

Mr. Temple. Have you, indeed!

Mr. Barnet. Ay, indeed; and honeſter than your coblers, or your ſhoemakers, or even your parſons; what do you ſay to that?

Mr. Temple. All I ſhall ſay, brother, is, that you have been remarkably fortunate in your law acquaintance.

Mr. Barnet. Fortunate! why there is no act of parliament I hope againſt a lawyer's being an honeſt man.

Mr. Temple. No, there are ſuperfluous acts enough without that.

Here Mrs. Barnet thought it right to interpoſe, ſaying, "there is no need to determine as yet what profeſſion the boy is to be bred to, he has hitherto——"

"You had beſt not interfere, my dear," cried Barnet; "for you know that I will be led or influenced by no mortal, man, woman, or child; and I am already determined, in ſpite of thoſe wiſe judges who blame my having the boy taught Latin, that he ſhall

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be ſent to one of the beſt ſchools in England, there to learn as much Latin as I pleaſe, and neither more nor leſs."

"More Latin ſtill!" cried Mr. Temple.

"Ay, and Greek too if I think proper; and you may make my compliments to your friend the World," ſaid Mr. Barnet, "and tell him ſo."

"I have heard," Mrs. Temple obſerved, that a man may be a tolerable lawyer without much Greek."

"That may be, ſiſter," rejoined Mr. Barnet; "but if I chooſe that Edward ſhould be taught Greek, it is not the world's chattering that ſhall prevent it."

"Drop the ſubject, my dear," ſaid Mr. Temple, addreſſing his wife, "leſt you ſhould provoke your brother to have the poor boy taught Hebrew."

Mrs. Temple happening to laugh at her huſband's remark, Barnet's wrath was wound a peg higher.

"And if I have a mind that he ſhould be taught Hebrew, I would be glad to know who will hinder it?" ſaid he.

"Not I, for one," cried Mr. Temple; "on the contrary, if you are reſolved

on it, I believe I can recommend a Jew for his inſtructor, who underſtands Hebrew very well."

"There is nothing wonderful in that," ſaid Barnet peeviſhly; "ſince Hebrew is the mother-tongue of the Jews."

"But this Jew will teach it him on reaſonable terms," replied Mr. Temple; "for he is an honeſt man."

"You muſt allow," ſaid Mrs. Temple, addreſſing her brother, "that there is ſomething *wonderful in that.*"

"What is moſt wonderful of all," ſaid Mr. Temple, "is, that your brother ſhould dream of the boy's being taught a language which will be ſo uſeleſs to him, and one in which there are ſo few books written."

"It does not become a man of your cloth," replied Barnet, "to ſay any thing in diſparagement of Hebrew; you muſt allow that there is, at leaſt, one good book in that language; although you, like many other of your brethren perhaps, may not underſtand it in the original."

"I beg, my dear brother," anſwered Temple, with a ſmile, "that you will not

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be ſo very ſevere; I only mean to hint that it is impoſſible to paſs through life without the world's cenſure."

"Damn the world and its cenſure both," cried Barnet; "Edward ſhall have as complete an education as any boy in England, coſt what it will, and there is an end of the matter."

It was no doubt painful to ſuch a woman as Mrs. Barnet, to perceive that even in thoſe parts of her huſband's conduct which did him moſt credit, he always acted from paſſion, caprice, or ſome childiſh motive;—but ſuch was the character of the man. She was content, therefore, to adopt ſuch a behaviour as led him to benevolent actions, without regarding his motives.

A ſhort time after this converſation, it was determined that Edward ſhould be ſent to the very ſchool that Mr. Temple had recommended; and he then told Mr. Barnet that, to prove that he would not join with the world in blaming his brother-in-law, he intended to accompany the boy to the ſchool, which he accordingly did; recommending him to the maſter, who was his friend, as

a boy of promiſing talents and an excellent diſpoſition. This character from Mr. Temple gave an impreſſion in favour of Edward, whoſe ſituation became ſtill more agreeable ſoon after, by his friend Clifton coming to the ſame ſchool.

The character which Mr. Temple gave him was fully ſupported by Edward at this ſchool: yet the advantages he reaped, when he returned to Mr. Barnet's in the vacations, were of more value, perhaps, than all he acquired during the reſt of the year; for Mrs. Barnet neglected no opportunity of inſtilling honourable principles into his mind. Edward liſtened with delight to her inſtructions, not only on account of their being conſonant to every idea of virtue which he could form, but likewiſe on account of the love and veneration in which he held his inſtructreſs.

While ſo many things contributed to make Edward's ſituation in Mr. Barnet's family pleaſant, one circumſtance tended to render it diſagreeable. Mention has been made of Mr. Barnet's daughter: it was this girl's misfortune to be the darling of her

father; next to ſtewed carp, there was nothing on earth he loved ſo much as her. She was a brunette like her mother, and had the fineſt black eyes and moſt lively look that can be imagined,—of courſe, nothing could be more unlike the vacancy of Mr. Barnet's face, than the ſprightly looks of his daughter.

Yet he was often told, by thoſe who were inclined to flatter him, that ſhe was very like him, which he believed, and believed at the ſame time, what he often told her, that ſhe was the prettieſt girl in the world.

Mr. Barnet's extreme indulgence to his daughter, and the compliments he paid to her beauty, gave much vexation to the mother, who dreaded their effects on the temper and diſpoſition of the girl. Mrs. Barnet had earneſtly tried to prevail on her huſband to abſtain from praiſing the girl's looks, and from gratifying her in whatever ſhe ſhewed any inclination for;—but all Mrs. Barnet's endeavours were fruitleſs; for in praiſing and gratifying his daughter, he gratified himſelf, which had more weight with Barnet, than all the remonſtrances of his

wife, or than any other conſideration. Mrs. Barnet therefore thought herſelf obliged to ſacrifice the pleaſure ſhe had propoſed to herſelf, of entirely educating and forming the mind of her daughter, and placed her in a boarding ſchool in the capital.—Although Barnet did not quite reliſh this plan, he did not long oppoſe it; for, on reflection, he ſaid, *that it ſtood to reaſon* that mothers could not be ſuppoſed to be able to educate their daughters ſo well as thoſe women who made a trade of it.

The ſame motive which prompted Mrs. Barnet to ſend her daughter to the boarding ſchool, determined her in keeping the girl there ſeveral years: ſhe returned however to her father's houſe at certain periods every year, which were alſo the periods in which Edward returned from ſchool. He always behaved to her with the reſpect due to the child of his benefactors; and endeavoured, by every honourable means that his young imagination could ſuggeſt, to deſerve her regard and acquire her good will. But perceiving the cold manner in which ſhe received his attentions, and ſhocked at

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the haughty ſtile in which ſhe ſpoke, when ſhe deigned to ſpeak to him at all, he ſhrunk into a reſerve and diſtance of deportment, very different from what he aſſumed to either of her parents.

Mrs. Barnet obſerved ſomething of her daughter's haughty manner, and the effect it had on him, although both the young Lady and the boy endeavoured to conceal them from her.

Being concerned at this, on her daughter's account, ſhe ſpoke to her on the ſubject, and ended her remonſtrance by obſerving, that ſhe would give an ill impreſſion of her own diſpoſition, by behaving in ſuch a manner to anybody, but particularly to one of ſo amiable a character as Edward.

This reproof ſeemed to increaſe the girl's ill will towards him, which broke out in the manner that will appear in the next Chapter.

CHAP. XXII.

Diſcourage cunning in a child; cunning is the ape of wiſdom. LOCKE.

MRS. Barnet had received a preſent of a beautiful piece of china, which ſhe valued above its real worth on account of the perſon who gave it.

It was placed with other pieces of china on a chimney piece in the drawing room; and Mrs. Barnet often gave directions, particularly to her daughter, that it ſhould not be removed from its place.

One forenoon during the Summer vacation, Edward ſat in this room reading, when Miſs Barnet entered with Miſs Fuller, another young Lady, to whom ſhe wiſhed to ſhew this fine piece of china.

Unmindful of her mother's injunction, "I will bring it to the window," ſaid Miſs Barnet to her companion, "and then you will ſee it better."

"Pray,

"Pray, Miſs Louiſa, be careful not to let it fall," ſaid Edward; "for you know it would make your mamma ſo uneaſy."

"That is no buſineſs of yours," ſaid Miſs Barnet, tartly; and at the ſame inſtant ſhe ſeized the china with ſuch quickneſs and ſo little caution, that it ſlipt from her fingers and was broken to pieces on the hearth.

They all ſtood for ſome time in ſilent aſtoniſhment; but ſhe who had occaſioned the misfortune was the firſt who recovered her preſence of mind.

"Were we all to cry our eyes out," ſaid Miſs Barnet, "it would not mend the vaſe; but I have thought of what will ſave us from blame."

She immediately ran out of the room, and returning a few minutes after with a cat in her arms; "Be gone into the garden," ſaid ſhe to the young Lady and Edward; then throwing the cat on the floor, ſhe ſhut the door of the room, and followed them into the garden.—"Now," cried Miſs Barnet, ready to burſt with laughter, "my mother will think her favourite cat has broken

broken the vaſe—and, if ſhe ſhould make any farther inquiry, you have only to declare, as I ſhall do," added ſhe, looking at Edward, "that you know nothing at all of the matter."

"I hope," ſaid he, "that your mother will aſk no queſtions of me on the ſubject."

"But in caſe ſhe ſhould, you will tell her plainly, that you know nothing about it?"

Edward made no anſwer.

"You will tell her that you know nothing of the matter?" repeated Miſs Barnet, with a raiſed voice.

"I will tell her no ſuch thing," ſaid Edward calmly.

"Why not?" cried ſhe.

"Becauſe, I will not tell a lie," anſwered he.

"Do you mean to ſay that *I* would?"

"I meant to ſay what I repeat, Miſs Louiſa," replied Edward; "that for my own part I will not."

"Did you ever ſee ſuch a ſaucy companion?" ſaid Miſs Barnet to Miſs Fuller, as he withdrew.

"O!

"O! yes, very often, my dear," replied the other, ſmiling.

"Well, you may laugh as you pleaſe," rejoined Miſs Barnet, "but what he ſaid implied that he thought me a liar."

"What he thinks, my dear Louiſa, is of little importance," replied Miſs Fuller; "provided we are ourſelves conſcious that we are incapable of falſehood."

At this remark, Miſs Barnet's face became of the deepeſt ſcarlet.

When Mrs. Barnet returned to the drawing room, ſhe ſaw her favourite vaſe lying in pieces on the hearth. The cat ruſhed out as ſoon as the door was opened; but as Mrs. Barnet had left Edward reading in the room, and was certain that no cat was there when ſhe left it, ſhe could not avoid ſuſpecting that he had accidentally broken the vaſe, and had afterwards ſhut up the cat in the room to prevent the ſuſpicion from falling on himſelf.—This betrayed a degree of cunning which ſhe did not like, and of which ſhe had never before ſeen any inſtance in him. She was ſenſible that to ſome people a trick of that kind would appear only a

proof of cleverneſs in a boy of his age; but ſhe had hitherto conſidered him as ſuperior to a device of this nature; and ſhe felt, that if it were clear that he had ſtooped to uſe it, ſhe never would be able to eſteem and love him as ſhe had done. And ſo painful is it to a benevolent mind, to have favourable impreſſions of any one removed, and to receive unfavourable ones in their place, that Mrs. Barnet would much rather have loſt the value of a hundred ſuch vaſes, than have had her good opinion of this poor boy thus diminiſhed. She gathered up the fragments of the vaſe, and locked them in her cupboard, without making any inquiry. At dinner ſhe remarked that Edward was graver and more penſive than uſual, which increaſed her ſuſpicions.

She ſaid nothing all that day, in the hopes that he would ſpontaneouſly acknowledge what he had done.—She contrived opportunities of being alone with him, and behaved in the moſt affectionate manner; addreſſing him even with more frankneſs and affability than uſual, on purpoſe to ſmooth the way to the avowal which ſhe ſo much

much deſired; and at night ſhe retired to her bed-chamber chagrined becauſe he had not made it, and vexed at thinking this poor friendleſs boy leſs worthy of her eſteem than ſhe had formerly imagined.

Next day being alone with him, ſhe ſaid a little unexpectedly, "Pray, Ned, do you know any thing of the breaking of the vaſe which ſtood on the drawing room chimney?"

Unwilling to tell what he knew, and confuſed with the queſtion, he made no anſwer.

His uneaſineſs and confuſion confirmed her ſuſpicions.

"When I left you reading in the room the vaſe was whole, was it not?" ſaid ſhe.

"Yes it was," anſwered he.

"You were alone," reſumed ſhe; "there was *not ſo much as a cat* in the room with you when I left it," added ſhe.

Greatly diſtreſſed at this remark, the boy ſeemed more and more confuſed.

"Accidentally breaking a piece of china," continued Mrs. Barnet, "is a trifle; the means which ſeem to have been uſed to conceal it, I view in a different light, and it gives

gives me pain to think that thoſe I love are capable of artifices which betray cunning at the expence of candour."

Edward wiped the tears from his eyes, but ſaid nothing.

"I thought you too wiſe and manly to be cunning," continued Mrs. Barnet.

The boy ſeemed much diſtreſſed.

"Perhaps," reſumed Mrs. Barnet; "you wiſh to give ſome explanation of this matter."

"I can give no explanation," ſaid he, in a voice half ſuppreſſed with anguiſh;—"but —but—Oh! I am very unhappy."

"Nay, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, moved by the diſtreſs in which ſhe ſaw the boy; "there is no need to be *very* unhappy; it was natural for you to imagine I ſhould be uneaſy at the loſs of the vaſe, and you could not bear, I ſuppoſe, to be thought the cauſe of my uneaſineſs.—I am ſure ſuch a thought would give you pain."

"Indeed it would," ſaid he, in a voice hardly articulate.

"When ſuch an accident happens again, believe me, my dear, your beſt courſe will

be

be to avow it honeſtly, without racking your invention for devices to conceal it."

Having ſaid this, Mrs. Barnet left him in more uneaſineſs of mind than he had ever felt before.

Notwithſtanding the palliating terms ſhe had made uſe of, Edward ſaw that Mrs. Barnet was much diſpleaſed; and it coſt him a ſevere ſtruggle to bear the idea of her diſpleaſure; but when he reflected that he could not do himſelf juſtice without accuſing the daughter of his benefactreſs, and conveying to the mother's breaſt more vexation than ſhe felt in thinking him blame-worthy, he determined to remain ſilent, and actually returned to ſchool without giving the leaſt hint on the ſubject.

CHAP. XXIII.

Virtue itſelf 'ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes;
The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
Too oft before their buttons be diſcloſed,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.

SHAKESPEARE.

MISS Barnet remained a month with her parents after Edward left them; her reſentment againſt him increaſed, he had made her look mean in her own eyes. She felt therefore a diſagreeable ſenſation as often as his name was mentioned. When this is the caſe, few have the candour to conſider whether it originates in any fault of their own, or of the perſon at the mention of whoſe name the diſagreeable feeling recurs—perhaps Miſs Barnet was incapable, coolly and conſiderately, of doing an eſſential injury to this boy; but the painful ſenſation which ſhe felt when ſhe thought of him, made her without deſign

ſpeak

ſpeak of him ſometimes in an injurious ſtile, and at one time in the hearing of her mother.

Mrs. Barnet hinted at the unfairneſs of taking advantage of his abſence to inſinuate any thing to his prejudice; adding, that Edward was incapable of ſpeaking againſt people in their abſence.

"What is nearly as bad, however," replied the daughter; "he is capable of ſpeaking with inſolence and injuſtice to people *in their preſence.*"

"Edward is as incapable of the one as the other," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"He told me the other day, in pretty plain terms, that I was a liar," ſaid the daughter.

Miſs Barnet gueſſing by her mother's look that ſhe did not believe her, ſaid, "Miſs Fuller was preſent when he did ſo."

Some viſitors being at the inſtant announced, the dialogue between the mother and daughter ended.

Although Mrs. Barnet did not immediately reſume the ſubject of this converſation with

her daughter, ſhe reſolved to inveſtigate the truth of the accuſation; and for that purpoſe, after making a viſit to a family in the neighbourhood, ſhe called one forenoon on Miſs Fuller, who had returned to her father's houſe, and aſked whether ſhe had ever heard Edward ſay any thing unbecoming to Louiſa. The young lady declared ſhe never had. "He may have been provoked to it," reſumed Mrs. Barnet, "but I have reaſon to think he behaved with ſome degree of inſolence in your preſence." Miſs Fuller now recollected what had paſſed when the vaſe was broken, and related the whole candidly as it had paſſed.

Mrs. Barnet's mind was now divided between admiration of Edward's conduct and uneaſineſs on account of her daughter's; but, eager to remove from the heart of Edward that pain which her miſtaken notion of his conduct had produced, ſhe gave way, in the firſt place, to the moſt pleaſing emotion of the two, and immediately after arriving at her own houſe, ſhe wrote to him as follows:

"My

" My dear Edward,

" You have reaſon to be hurt at the ſtyle in which I ſpoke to you a little before you left us, and perhaps it ſtill gives you pain to think that I diſapprove of any part of your conduct, even while you are conſcious that my diſapprobation proceeds from miſtake; I haſten therefore to inform you, that the miſtake, which, from the moſt honourable and delicate motives, you left me in, exiſts no longer. I am fully acquainted with every particular of the affair to which you muſt know I now allude; the whole of your behaviour, on that occaſion, and your motives for not explaining it to me, are now evident, and render you dearer to me than ever.

" From the pleaſure you now feel you will be confirmed in the truth of what I have often told you, that the approbation of a perſon's own mind is the firſt reward for acting honourably; and future experience will convince you, that ſuch conduct, to uſe the words of a man of great wit and great good ſenſe,

——— leaves behind
A laſting pleaſure in the mind,
Which, by remembrance, will aſſuage
Grief, ſickneſs, poverty, and age;
And ſtrongly ſhoot a radiant dart
To ſhine through life's declining part.

That you may perſevere in that virtuous courſe which alone leads to happineſs here, and ſecures it hereafter, is the prayer of, dear Edward, your aſſured friend,

"JANE BARNET."

This letter operated like a cordial on the drooping ſpirits of Edward, who had begun ſeveral letters containing general aſſurances of his not being ſo much to blame as ſhe might believe; but ſtill dreading that they might lead to a diſcovery of Miſs Barnet's behaviour, which he knew would give vexation to her mother, he ended by throwing each letter in the fire.

After Mrs. Barnet had gratified her natural diſpoſition to redreſs an injury, and communicate pleaſure by writing to Edward, ſhe remembered that the painful duty of remonſtrating with her daughter remained

mained unfulfilled. Afraid, however, of the effect which ſtating her conduct in the heinous light which it appeared to herſelf might have on the young lady's mind, ſhe ſpoke to her in the following terms:

"I find, my dear, that you entirely miſtook what Edward ſaid, when you deſired him to conceal from me the accident by which the vaſe was broken. It was not unnatural, however, in you, to be provoked with any expreſſion that could poſſibly be conſtrued into ſo foul a reproach as that of lying—the miſapprehenſion of a ſentence has often led people of the beſt diſpoſitions and intentions into error; for, on a very narrow baſis of miſtake, a vaſt ſtructure of falſehood may be raiſed to the ruin of the moſt meritorious character. The quickneſs of your temper, my dear Louiſa, led you into an error, in repeating to me what Edward ſaid, which might have made an impreſſion highly injurious to his character, had it not been prevented by my obtaining a real ſtate of what paſſed from your friend Miſs Fuller, who is ſo partial to you as to take the whole

blame of breaking the vaſe on herſelf, declaring that it proceeded from her impatient curioſity to ſee it, and your eagerneſs to gratify her. The loſs of the vaſe, however, gives me little or no uneaſineſs; but had it given me a great deal, it would have been entirely diſperſed by the ſatisfaction of finding that Edward has not behaved in the manner that ſtruck you, and that you are incapable of *wilful* miſrepreſentation."

Had Mrs. Barnet ſtated her daughter's conduct in the worſt light, the young lady was of a temper to have attempted a juſtification; and what we once are led, or provoked to juſtify, we are apt to repeat: whereas, inſtead of attempting any defence or apology, Miſs Barnet was ſo much affected with the delicacy of her mother's remonſtrance, that ſhe ſtood ſpeechleſs, with her eyes fixed on the ground, which Mrs. Barnet obſerving, gently ſqueezed her hand and left the room. Miſs Barnet was no ſooner alone than ſhe burſt into tears, and continued weeping for a conſiderable time.

Her

Her heart informed her, that her conduct did not deſerve the palliations it had received; and although nothing pleaſed her ſo much, in general, as her mother's praiſe, yet, on the preſent occaſion, it rather diſtreſſed her, becauſe ſhe was conſcious ſhe did not deſerve it.

CHAP. XXIV.

A ſmile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wiſe and worthleſs ſhares.
In gay fatigues, this moſt undaunted chief,
Patient of idleneſs beyond belief,
Moſt charitably lends the town his face,
For ornament in every public place;
As ſure as cards, he to th' aſſembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawing-rooms.

YOUNG.

EDWARD continued to purſue his ſtudies with the approbation of his maſters, and with equal ſucceſs and tranquillity, till his old enemy Fillagree was placed at the ſame ſchool.

This youth had remained at the former for a conſiderable time after Clifton and Edward had left it; and, by the abject connivance of the maſter, had domineered over the other boys without control, to the great augmentation of his native ſtock of arrogance, which, indeed, was the only acquiſition he made. He was now ſent by Lady Lofty to this new ſeminary.

As

As Earl Torpid, father to Lord Fillagree, was ſtill in exiſtence, it is incumbent on us to account for the youth being ſo much at the diſpoſal of his aunt, at a period of his life when the character is ſuppoſed to receive its deepeſt and moſt permanent impreſſions; and in performing this taſk, it will be neceſſary to give a few anecdotes reſpecting other branches of this illuſtrious family.

Lord Torpid was thought as polite a nobleman as any about court; there was a bowing, ſmiling attentiveneſs in his manner, which thoſe, who were ignorant that it was the effect of mere habit, miſtook for an indication of good will. Lord Torpid was incapable of doing a rude thing; but a corn on his own toe gave him more concern than the greateſt misfortune that could befal any of his acquaintance, including thoſe he called his friends. He paſſed his time at court, at the opera, at concerts, in lounging, and at his toilet. He was viſited twice a week by a dentiſt, who had the ſuperintendence of his teeth; an operator for the nails regularly inſpected thoſe of his Lordſhip's fingers and toes as often. It was obſerved, that

that on the remaining three days of the week the noble Lord was much at a loſs what to do with himſelf, when the hour arrived which thoſe different artiſts were in uſe to occupy.

It was obſerved above, that he was in exiſtence at the period of which we have been treating. This, indeed, is the utmoſt that could be ſaid at any period of his life, and more than a cautious perſon would have ventured to affirm at ſome particular times, when he ſeemed to have as little feeling as a corpſe. This was peculiarly obſervable at the playhouſe, for, although he never went till the play was ended from taſte, he was ſometimes obliged to attend before it began from duty; and there he contemplated Mrs. Siddons in Belvidera and Lady Randolph with the ſame compoſure that he heard the lullaby of Lord ——— in the Houſe of Peers. His friends endeavoured to explain this, by ſaying that his Lordſhip, like many other reſpectable people, had no reliſh for tragedy. And when it afterwards appeared that he was equally unmoved with the genuine nature and exquiſite pleaſantry of Mrs. Jordan, they

they were forced to add, that his Lordſhip alſo reſembled thoſe reſpectable people who have no reliſh for comedy.

At an early period of his life he was greatly influenced by what was called Ton; ſo much indeed as in the important ſtep of marriage, to overpower his love of money, which afterwards became his ſtrongeſt paſſion. As every Engliſhman, with the title of Lord, communicates that of Lady to his wife, he of courſe has it in his power to acquire fortune by marriage if he pleaſes. The greater number of Engliſh Lords, including the Scotch and Iriſh, certainly avail themſelves of this advantage. Lord Torpid, however, did not; which remains to be accounted for.

A handſome young lady, the daughter of a gentleman of moderate fortune and a numerous family, was preſented at court. As ſhe was genteelly connected, ſhe was ſoon introduced into all the faſhionable circles; her gaiety and good humour were ſuperior to her beauty; her manners were peculiarly pleaſing, and ſhe was more admired by the men, and imitated by the women, than any woman

woman in England. Lord Torpid, who was acquainted with the family, had often ſeen her at her father's houſe, before ſhe appeared at court, without taking any particular notice of her; indeed his Lordſhip never admired any thing till it became the admiration of others. The torrent of praiſe which flowed on this young lady directed his Lordſhip's peculiar attention to her. One day, at the drawing-room, he heard a very great Perſonage declare, that ſhe was one of the prettieſt girls in England. He ſaw the ſurrounding circle, by their bows, nods, and ſmiles, announce that they were all of the ſame opinion. That very evening, Lord Torpid fell aſleep in the conviction, that he was deſperately in love with her; and the next day he informed her father of his paſſion, and made the daughter an offer of his hand.

Of all this young lady's male acquaintance Lord Torpid was preciſely the perſon who intereſted her the leaſt; but ſhe was of an eaſy and complying temper. All her relations aſſured her, that Lord Torpid's propoſal was the moſt fortunate thing that could have

have happened to her family, and that ſhe herſelf would be perfectly happy, becauſe ſhe would have all that the world can afford. Her father left her entirely to follow her own inclination; and as ſhe had a great inclination to be a Counteſs, ſhe followed the advice of her relations, and accepted his Lordſhip's offer. A little after his marriage, Lord Torpid began to ſuſpect that he had laboured under a miſtake in thinking himſelf in love, and he was fully convinced, that however deeply he had been in it, he was now completely out of it; and his lady was equally convinced, that her relations had been miſtaken in thinking that this marriage would make her happy; and however fond ſhe herſelf had been of the title of Counteſs, ſhe now thought ſhe had bought it at a price far above its value. When ſhe married, her huſband was an object of indifference to her. This ſtate, which laſted about a month, might have been called the honey-moon, when compared with what followed. The young lady had paſſed her life, before ſhe became a Counteſs,

Counteſs, in gaiety and good humour, moſtly in the country, at the houſe of her father, or at the houſes of his friends, fond of her companions, and greatly beloved by them all, on account of her eaſy, gay, and accommodating diſpoſition. The inſipid ſolemnity of her huſband damped the natural chearfulneſs of her heart. The languid monotony of his converſation; the repetition of the ſame frigid phraſes benumbed her deſire of pleaſing, and her power of attention. Her vivacity forſook her; ſhe fell into low ſpirits; they increaſed towards the end of her pregnancy, and ſhe died eight days after ſhe had been delivered of Lord Fillagree. Although Lord Torpid, was certainly not a paſſionate lover of women, he loved children ſtill leſs; he often ſaid, that all children were bores, and that a man's own children were greater bores than any other. Lord Torpid, beſides one brother conſiderably younger than himſelf, had two ſiſters. One of the latter had made an imprudent marriage in point of circumſtances; and his Lordſhip, who had taken little notice of her before her marriage, took none after it. He ſeemed as little intereſted

reſted about his other ſiſter, until he underſtood that ſhe was courted by Lord Lofty, a peer of great fortune, and ſeventy years of age. Lord Torpid then waited on her, and perceiving that ſhe was rather averſe to the match, he obſerved, that it was natural for her to feel repugnant on ſuch an occaſion; but that ſhe ought to conſider that what was diſagreeable in the buſineſs would be ſhort-lived, and what was advantageous would be permanent; for he was convinced Lord Lofty could not live above one year.

This overcame his ſiſter's repugnancy; ſhe gave her hand to Lord Lofty; he declared himſelf the happieſt of men, and ſurvived his happineſs three months and one night. His fortune and title deſcended to a ſon by a former marriage. Lady Lofty was left an ample jointure, and a conſiderable ſum in ready money. As her huſband's relations had little or no connection with her after his death, ſhe was inclined to renew her intimacy with her brother, which had been interrupted for ſome time. Meeting him one evening at a concert, ſhe enquired after his ſon; my Lord

informed her, that he had not ſeen him for a week paſt, becauſe the child had been ill of a fever, which ſtill continued, but he underſtood that the phyſician thought him better; he therefore took it for granted that he would recover.

Lady Lofty was proceeding to make farther enquiries concerning the child, but his Lordſhip begged ſhe would ſuſpend her curioſity till another opportunity, as the muſicians were juſt about to begin.

Her ladyſhip called the following day to ſee her nephew. She found him not entirely out of danger. She earneſtly recommended a tea-ſpoonful of the ſyrup of violets to be given to the child every four hours, ſhaking the phial, which ſhe ſaid had ſaved her own life. The phyſician made no objection to this preſcription. The child was ſomewhat better the next day, and gradually recovered. The phyſician did not diſpute the merit of this cure with her Ladyſhip, and from that time ſhe ſeemed every day fonder of her nephew. Some imagined that her partiality proceeded wholly from the pleaſing reflection that ſhe

had ſaved his life; others imagined that it was partly owing to his hair being of a fiery red, which was alſo the colour of her Ladyſhip's; ſhe herſelf indeed called it auburn; and ſhe turned off a favourite maid, whom ſhe overheard ſaying, that the hair of both her lady and the child was juſt as auburn as a carrot. But whatever this partiality of Lady Lofty proceeded from, it was ſo great that ſhe propoſed to take the boy home to her own houſe, and to be at the entire expence of his education—a propoſal that was joyfully agreed to by Lord Torpid.

One of Lady Lofty's favourite topics of converſation, after ſhe took young Fillagree under her peculiar care, was the reſemblance ſhe found between the character and diſpoſition of the young Lord, and what was recorded of ſome of the moſt celebrated of his anceſtors; for her Ladyſhip was deeply read in the hiſtory of her own family, and particularly well acquainted with the marriages of all the different branches, which indeed was the moſt memorable of their exploits for the laſt century.

Although young Fillagree had not all the penetration that his aunt imagined, he had enough to diſcover the power he had over her affections, which he exerted to procure whatever he took a fancy for. She, on her part, took pleaſure in gratifying his deſires; but they became ſo unreaſonable, that ſhe ſometimes heſitated. Whenever this was the caſe, the young Lord fell into ſuch violent fits of crying and ſobbing, as terrified her into compliance, leſt he ſhould fall into convulſions, or burſt a blood veſſel. On theſe occaſions Lady Lofty informed her confidential friends, that in this her nephew followed the example of his grandfather, who, ſhe underſtood, had been ſubject to crying and ſobbing all his lifetime, and yet had made a diſtinguiſhed figure, as one of the Lords of the Bedchamber, in the reign of George the Firſt.

Young Lord Fillagree was alſo apt to take fancy for every tame animal, bird, or beaſt, that he threw his eyes on, and oblige his aunt to purchaſe them, much contrary to her own inclination; ſo that her houſe in the country was made a kind of menagerie.

Her

Her only conſolation was, that in this he united the taſtes of his great-uncle the Gonernor, who was ſo fond of dogs, that he always ſlept with two or three in the room with him; and of her own grandmother, who had the ſame predilection for cats.

When crying and ſobbing had been ſo often uſed, that they began to fail in their effects, the boy tried other ways and means of extorting what he wiſhed for: having ſeen a repeating watch of peculiar conſtruction and high price in the poſſeſſion of a gentleman who dined one day with his aunt, he extorted one of the ſame kind from her, by threatening to go out in a froſty morning without a great coat. He obliged her to purchaſe a horſe for him at an extravagant price, as the only condition on which he would abſtain from going a fiſhing in rainy weather. The capricious tyranny of the boy's temper augmented, as is uſual, by being indulged; and while he refuſed to make the leaſt ſacrifice of his own taſtes or humour on any conſideration, he ſeemed to expect that all around him ſhould accommodate to his. A few days

before Fillagree went to the new ſchool, his father, who had not ſeen him above two or three times ſince Lady Lofty had taken him under her management, happened to call at her houſe in the country; he had a gentleman who was related to the family in the carriage with him; they ſtaid to dine with her Ladyſhip, and were rather inclined to remain till next day; but ſeveral pretty ſtrong inſtances of the diſpoſition above mentioned were exhibited by young Fillagree during dinner. In Lord Torpid they occaſioned no emotion; but the gentleman ſeemed ſomewhat ſurpriſed at the boy's petulance. Lady Lofty, remarking this, ſaid, "I have always made it a rule not to check any thing that indicated ſpirit in my nephew; our's has always been diſtinguiſhed as a high-minded family, and your ſon, my Lord, at different times, exhibits ſtrokes of character, which are ſometimes miſtaken for caprices, but are in reality indications of his poſſeſſing the diſtinguiſhing virtues of many of his anceſtors. To go no farther back *than our* great great grandfather, who ——————"

The

The Earl, who had before begun to wiſh to be gone, and now dreaded that he would be entangled in the thread of the large clew of family anecdote, which he ſaw his ſiſter ready to unwind, ſuppreſſing a yawn, ſaid, "I vow to God, my dear ſiſter, I am already convinced of all you were going to ſay——"

"*You* may be convinced, brother," ſaid Lady Lofty, "but I queſtion whether this gentleman is."

"Upon my honour," ſaid the gentleman, "I am every bit as much convinced as his Lordſhip."

"If you are both convinced," replied Lady Lofty, greatly diſappointed, "no more need be ſaid."

"Not a word more, my dear ſiſter," rejoined Lord Torpid, ringing the bell; after which he ordered his carriage, and ſet out with his companion for London.

When they had proceeded a little way, the gentleman hinted the effect which her Ladyſhip's indulgence might have on the character of Lord Fillagree.

"I have little doubt," ſaid Lord Torpid, "of her making him one of the moſt capricious whelps in England."

"How then can you permit him to remain with her another hour?"

"For this good reaſon," replied his Lordſhip; "that it ſaves me a great deal of trouble and a good deal of expence; and ſhe, on the contrary, is fond of working on the rough materials of which Fillagree's character is compoſed."

"And ſo," rejoined the gentleman, "your Lordſhip has conſigned your ſon into her hands,

——to develope, if ſhe can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man."

"Exactly ſo," ſaid his Lordſhip yawning, and then falling aſleep.

CHAP. XXV.

Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you and lawleſs want;
But laviſh fed, in nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy in anguiſh, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid boſom never knew.

THOMSON.

HAD Lord Fillagree's ill habits been leſs confirmed, or had he remained longer than he did at the ſchool where he was now placed, he might have reaped conſiderable benefit from being among a ſet of boys who would not bear his arrogance, and under maſters who gave it no protection.

The petulance of his malice was frequently pointed againſt Edward; but moſt of his attempts to mortify him ended in the mortification of the aggreſſor. On one occaſion, when a number of the boys were playing at cricket in a field near the ſchool, and in the preſence of one of the uſhers, a perſon, who was looking on, being ſtruck with the ſymmetry, vigour, and ad-

dreſs of Edward, aſked a boy, who had come to ſchool only the preceding day, who Edward was?

The boy anſwered, "He did not know."

Lord Fillagree, overhearing the queſtion and anſwer, burſt into laughter, and ſaid, "You have aſked a queſtion, Sir, very difficult to be anſwered; nobody knows who the devil he is."

Edward heard the laugh, and ſuſpecting, by the looks of the byſtanders being all directed to him, that Fillagree had ſaid ſomething inſulting, he walked coolly up to him, "May I requeſt of your Lordſhip to repeat what you have juſt ſaid?"

"All I have ſaid," replied Fillagree in a ſcoffing manner, "is, that nobody knows what you are; you have the misfortune, Sir, not to be known."

"And all I ſay in return," replied Edward, "is, that every body knows what *you* are; you have the misfortune, my Lord, to *be* known."

The laugh was now turned againſt Fillagree; but Edward returned to cricket without joining in it.

This

This tended to augment Lord Fillagree's hatred againſt Edward, which a freſh incident exalted to the higheſt point. The young Lord was fond of a diverſion, which, to the diſgrace of human nature, was formerly practiſed, at a particular ſeaſon of the year, in the ſtreets of London and in many villages of Great Britain; it conſiſted of tying a cock to a ſtake, and throwing ſticks at the poor animal till he was killed or unable to ſtand.

This horrid diverſion was revived, through his Lordſhip's patronage, by a fellow who lived near the ſchool. The young Lord himſelf, by dint of practice, had acquired ſuch ſuperior dexterity, that while other boys paid but a ſmall pittance for a throw, the man declared he would not afford one to his Lordſhip much under the full price of the cock. This diſtinction was ſo flattering to the groveling ambition of the young Lord, that he conſidered it as an ample compenſation for the wretched figure he made as a ſcholar. Although nobody liked better to ſleep in a ſound ſkin, yet nothing delighted him ſo much as be-

holding others, whether men or beaſts, bruiſing and mangling each other; indeed, no kind of amuſement ſeemed to intereſt him, unleſs ſome circumſtances of cruelty belonged to it. When he walked in the fields, his great pleaſure conſiſted in throwing ſtones at all the birds, or other unreſiſting animals, that he could reach. Sauntering alone, immediately behind the ſchool, one morning, he ſaw a tame pigeon, a favourite of the maſter's, feeding a few yards from him; after attentively looking around, and believing that nobody ſaw him, he threw a ſtone, and killed the pigeon on the ſpot.

Whatever pleaſure could be derived from the conſciouſneſs of ſuch an exploit, his Lordſhip, no doubt, enjoyed it; but he could have none from the applauſe of others. The bird being uncommonly beautiful and familiar with all the boys, was not only the maſter's favourite, but, what ſeldom happens to favourites, was generally beloved. The young Lord therefore durſt not truſt his greateſt intimate with the knowledge of this act, but retired with all

ſpeed to a diſtance, that he might not be ſuſpected.

Cliſton, Edward, and another boy, however, had, from a back window of the ſchool, ſeen the whole tranſaction.

"Let us go directly," ſaid the boy, "and acquaint the maſter."

"*I* ſhall not," ſaid Edward, "and I hope neither of you will."

"To my knowledge," ſaid the other, "he hates *you*, and would do you every miſchief in his power."

"I know it," replied Edward; "and if he ſhould continue to hate me, I am determined that it ſhall be without cauſe."

"I don't like to be a tale-bearer more than you," ſaid the boy; "but it is a pity that he ſhould eſcape unpuniſhed for ſuch an action."

"He ſhall not eſcape," cried Cliſton.

Edward earneſtly begged that they would not mention what they had ſeen; repreſenting, that although the deed deſerved puniſhment, it was beneath them to appear as informers; that as they were known to be on bad terms with his Lordſhip, it would

appear

appear as if they were actuated by revenge.

"I own that I *am* actuated by revenge," cried Clifton; "I will avenge the poor pigeon's death; for although I ſcorn to inform, I will pick a quarrel with him, and fight him."

"You had not beſt pick a quarrel with him on this ſcore," ſaid Edward; "ſince that would certainly lead to the maſter's knowledge of the whole affair, which would be doing in a ſecret and indirect manner what you ſcorn to do openly."

"Well, perhaps you are right," ſaid Clifton; "I ſhall therefore ſay nothing about this buſineſs, either to the maſter or himſelf."

This was agreed to; but an incident of a ſingular nature brought the whole to light a ſhort time after.

Lord Fillagree had found it difficult to introduce the amuſement of throwing at cocks among the boys; many of them, however, were fond of cock-fighting; and although interdicted by the maſter, ſome of them ſecretly kept cocks for that purpoſe.

Lord

Lord Fillagree was particularly fond of this amuſement, and was preſent, as often as he poſſibly could, at all the cock matches that were fought in the neighbourhood. The moſt eminent cock-fighter in theſe parts was a butcher. This man had one very fine cock, which had won ſeveral battles, and gained him a good deal of money; but one day, being tempted by what he thought an advantageous bet, when the bird was almoſt exhauſted with repeated victories, this wretch, with the unfeeling coldneſs of a covetous heart, matched him with a freſh cock. The generous animal began this laſt combat with unabated ſpirit; but it ſoon appeared, from his feeble attacks and tottering ſteps, that although his courage was intire, his ſtrength was waſted; his opponent ſtruck him a blow which was deemed mortal; he lay without motion on the ground, and the victory was declared in favour of the freſh cock.

The wounded veteran, however, did not expire on the ſpot, as was expected; but after ſome time ſhewed ſigns of recovery. Nevertheleſs, the loſs of his money threw

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the man, if ſuch a brute may be called a man, into ſo violent a rage, that, unmindful of the paſt merit, and unmoved at the mangled condition of the panting animal, "Damn him," cried the wretch, "he will never gain me another ſhilling by fighting; but he is ſtill worth throwing at, and ſo, my Lord," continued he, addreſſing Lord Fillagree, "for half a crown, you may have a throw at him at the uſual diſtance."

The young Lord accepted the offer; and the helpleſs animal would have fallen a ſacrifice to the rage and wanton cruelty of two creatures, in many reſpects his inferiors, had not Edward accidentally paſſed that way. After being informed of the circumſtances, he pulled out ſeven or eight ſhillings, all the money he had in his pocket, and offered them to the butcher for the cock, that he might ſave ſo fine an animal, from a fate ſo cruel and unmerited.

"No, curſe him," cried the butcher, "he has loſt me a damnation ſum of money; and I ſhall at leaſt have the pleaſure of ſeeing his brains beat out."

Edward threw down the money, ſnatched up the cock, and declared he would not ſuffer him to be thrown at.

Fillagree ſaid, "the cock was the man's property; that he had a right to do with him what he pleaſed."

A boy, of the name of Wormly, an obſequious companion of the young Lord, ſupported his opinion, which encouraged Fillagree to lay hold of Edward, and endeavour to take the cock from him by violence. After being requeſted in vain to deſiſt, he was checked by a blow from Edward, which brought blood from the young Lord's noſe.

The butcher, on making the ſame attempt, met with the ſame kind of rebuke from Clifton; who, with another boy, had juſt come up. The butcher returned Clifton's blow with ſuch a force as brought that youth to the ground, where he received a ſecond from Fillagree. The butcher, Wormly, and Fillagree, were now fiercely attacked by Edward and the other boy; and on Clifton's recovering and joining them,

them, Fillagree took to flight, Wormly followed him; and the butcher bellowed for mercy.

"You ought to be aſhamed to pronounce the word, villain," ſaid Edward; "but what you would not ſhew to this poor bird, which merited ſo much, we will ſhew to you, though you deſerve none." So ſaying, he begged his friends to ſpare the fellow; and deſiring him again to take up the money he had thrown down, as the price of the cock, he and his companions walked away; Edward carrying the cock with him, which indeed he had never quitted, having fought all the time with his right hand only.

CHAP. XXVI.

They that on glorious anceſtors enlarge
Produce their debt, inſtead of their diſcharge.
YOUNG.

THE following day the butcher had the impudence to make a formal complaint to the head maſter of the ſchool, that Edward had firſt robbed him of his cock, and then, in conjunction with Clifton and another boy, had beaten him unmercifully —adducing Fillagree and Wormly as witneſſes; who not only ſupported the butcher's accuſation in every point, but added freſh matter of charge on their own account; but in the courſe of the examination the true ſtate of the caſe was made manifeſt; the boy, who with Clifton and Edward had been witneſs to the killing of the pigeon, felt ſo much indignation at Fillagree's accuſation of Edward, who had acted ſo different a part reſpecting him, that he informed the maſter of that incident alſo.

"Why did you not inform me of this immediately after it happened?" ſaid the maſter.

"So I would," replied the boy, "had I not been prevented by Edward himſelf, who ſcorned to appear as an evidence againſt one whom he knew to be his enemy." He then told the maſter all that paſſed between Clifton, Edward, and himſelf, at the time. Lord Fillagree was ſo confounded at this teſtimony, with the applauſe it procured to Edward, and the diſgrace it threw on himſelf, that he was unable to offer a word in his own defence, and ſeemed overwhelmed with conſcious guilt.

The maſter then turning to the butcher, ſaid, "If there is no law to puniſh ſuch unprovoked and deteſtable wickedneſs as you have manifeſted, it is owing to its not having entered into the mind of the legiſlature that ever there could exiſt a wretch capable of it. Your horrid conduct has proved what could not before be imagined, and you muſt henceforth be held in abhorrence by every perſon endowed with a ſingle ſpark of humanity. As for the young man of whom

you

you have had the effrontery to complain, all the world muſt approve of his conduct, as much as they muſt deteſt yours. Go, vile wretch, hide yourſelf from the eyes of humanity, to which you are a diſgrace."

The butcher ſlunk away amidſt the hiſſes of the boys. The maſter then addreſſed himſelf to Fillagree in theſe words: "You deſerve to be ſeverely puniſhed, both for killing the pigeon, and alſo for offering to abet, in any way, the odious rage of that vile fellow. I am content, however, to paſs over your behaviour without farther notice, becauſe the pigeon was mine, and alſo in conſideration of what you now ſuffer, from the wretched figure you make in the eyes of your ſchool-fellows, which I am willing to hope will be ſufficient to work a favourable change in your behaviour."

Having ſaid this, the maſter diſmiſſed the boys; they attended Edward with the moſt genuine marks of applauſe, while Fillagree ſneaked off to his chamber, abaſhed and confounded at the iſſue of an affair,

from which he had flattered himſelf with the gratification of his revenge.

It was not in the maſter's power entirely to aboliſh cock-fighting, although he took great pains to make the boys relinquiſh a diverſion, the tendency of which is to harden the heart, and to infuſe a reliſh for ſights of cruelty and bloodſhed. There ſeems to be ſome principle in nature which renders the ſight of fighting highly intereſting to the generality of mankind. In this country, the only mortal combats which are permitted, and prevail as a public amuſement, are thoſe of cocks; but the ſhocking ſcenes which were acted on the Roman amphitheatres prove to what a height this taſte for bloody ſpectacles may be brought in a whole nation. To behold men cut and mangle each other; to expoſe them to be torn in pieces fighting with wild beaſts, became the favourite entertainment of that people, and increaſed to ſuch a degree, that all other amuſements became comparatively inſipid; they remained

mained whole days in the amphitheatres, feaſting their eyes on theſe horrid ſcenes, from which the calls of buſineſs or duty were often too feeble to draw them. Were the Romans of a different nature from the reſt of mankind? or, Were the hearts of that people gradually hardened by the horrid policy of permitting ſuch ſpectacles? Is it clear that thoſe who take delight in viewing cocks mangle and kill each other, but think with horror of what paſſed on the Roman amphitheatres, would not gradually come to reliſh the combats of gladiators and of wild beaſts, if ſuch combats were permitted by the government and laws of the country? Mankind are eſſentially the ſame in all climates; the points in which they differ are few and trifling when compared with thoſe in which they agree. Britons are more humane than the Romans, becauſe their government is better, their laws milder, and becauſe the ſame ſcenes of cruelty are not exhibited before their eyes. The poet's obſervation reſpecting vice in general is peculiarly true when applied to ſcenes of cruelty:

Which to be hated need but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt *endure*, then *pity*, then *embrace*.

If then a good government is one of the moſt powerful engines for precluding national vice and promoting national virtue, is it not the duty of every Engliſhman to do what is in his power for the preſervation, not of the forms only, but the ſpirit of that free Conſtitution which was eſtabliſhed in Great Britain and Ireland in the year 1688?

A few hours after the ſcuffle about the cock took place, Lord Fillagree had written a very partial account of it to his aunt, Lady Lofty, imagining that ſhe would write to the maſter on the ſubject, and expecting that her Ladyſhip's letter would make him declare againſt Edward, and in his own favour. In conſequence of this manœuvre, Lady Lofty ſent by expreſs a letter to the maſter, in the following terms:

"SIR,

"I have heard with aſtoniſhment that my nephew, the Right Honourable Lord Fillagree,

gree, was inſulted in the groſſeſt manner by a low boy, who by ſome overſight has been admitted into your ſchool; this creature, I underſtand, is ſupported by charity, and came originally from an hoſpital.

"I take it for granted that you have already puniſhed the villain; but I muſt farther inſiſt, that he ſhall be without delay expelled; this is neceſſary for your own character, and without it you cannot expect that I, or others of the firſt rank, will permit their relations to remain at your ſchool.

"I am, &c. &c. &c."

How much both the young Lord and her Ladyſhip had miſtaken the character of the maſter, will appear by his anſwer, which was as follows:

"MADAM,

"I have the honour of your Ladyſhip's letter, and muſt ſuppoſe that the affair between your nephew and young Edward has been very much miſrepreſented to you; for after a very full examination into all the

circumſtances, I can aſſure your Ladyſhip that there is inconteſtible proof of the latter's having behaved through the whole with equal ſpirit and humanity, which indeed is conformable to the character I received of him when he firſt came to the ſchool, and which he has ſupported ever ſince he has been in it. With regard to the unfortunate circumſtance in this youth's ſituation, to which you allude, I have only to obſerve, that whatever his birth may be, his diſpoſition, talents, and conduct, are ſuch as would do credit to the moſt illuſtrious.

"Your Ladyſhip muſt therefore perceive, that if expulſion were a meaſure neceſſary to be adopted on the preſent occaſion, he is not the perſon on whom it would be exerciſed; and even had his behaviour been as blameable as it is praiſeworthy, it is my duty to inform your Ladyſhip, that his puniſhment would neither have been increaſed nor diminiſhed by what you might *inſiſt* upon, nor by the opinion of perſons of any other rank, except that of maſter of this

ſchool,

ſchool. As your Ladyſhip has been pleaſed to hint at what you think neceſſary for my own character, that being a point which touches me only, it would be unreaſonable to expect that you ſhould give yourſelf farther trouble about it.

"I am, with all due reſpect, your Ladyſhip's moſt obedient humble ſervant,

JOSEPH GEORGICS."

The immediate conſequence of this letter, as the maſter expected, was Lord Fillagree's removal from the ſchool. From this time the Counteſs often ſpoke againſt this particular ſeminary, and public ſchools in general, which ſhe deſcribed as the nurſeries of licentiouſneſs and hot-beds of ſedition, where ranks were too much confounded, and where drudging aſſiduity and vulgar acuteneſs were ſometimes permitted to triumph over the higheſt diſtinctions of birth; and ſhe expreſſed her ſurpriſe that the ſons of the nobility were not kept diſtinct from thoſe of commoners, by being placed

placed in ſeparate chambers when at ſchool, as the peers and commoners are in parliament, by which means the ſuperiority of the nobility over commoners, in all praiſeworthy endowments, would be as evident in the public ſchools as it is in parliament.

CHAP. XXVII.

—— We might have ſpared our coming hither,
Fruitleſs to me, though fruit be here to exceſs.
MILTON.

CLIFTON and Edward remained a conſiderable time at this ſchool, which proved advantageous to both, not only on account of the progreſs they made in claſſical literature, but alſo from the ſervices they reciprocally rendered each other. Clifton's attachment to Edward drew the attention of ſeveral perſons of rank on the latter, by whom otherwiſe he probably never would have been noticed; and the high eſteem in which Clifton was held by Edward, gave the former an importance in the eyes of a few diſcerning men, which he would not have derived from his fortune and birth.

The period at laſt arrived when Clifton's relations thought proper that he ſhould go to the Univerſity; and when the two youths ſeparated at the ſummer vacation, they expreſſed

preſſed mutual hopes of meeting there. Mrs. Barnet's inclination was, that Edward ſhould have a complete education in the firſt place; and that he ſhould then be left to his own choice, with reſpect to his profeſſion. With this view, ſhe wiſhed that he ſhould paſs ſome time at one of the Univerſities; but while ſhe was conſidering how to render this meaſure agreeable to her huſband, an incident took place which ſaved her all farther thought on that head.

An old acquaintance of Mr. Barnet's happened to call upon him one day, when his brother-in-law, Mr. Temple, and his couſin Wormwood were with him. In the courſe of converſation, the gentleman mentioned his intention of ſending his ſon, a youth of eighteen, to one of the Univerſities.

"I preſume," ſaid Mr. Wormwood; "your ſon is intended for the church."

"No, Sir," replied the gentleman; "he has always ſhewed an averſion to the church."

"He is intended, perhaps, for the ſtudy of phyſic," reſumed Wormwood.

"So

"So far from it," ſaid the gentleman, "that he loaths phyſick more, if poſſible, than divinity."

"Your ſon may make a very reſpectable figure in life, for all that," ſaid Mr. Barnet; "for I muſt own I was very much of his taſte at his age."

"Well, but what advantage," reſumed Wormwood, "do you propoſe to your ſon from ſpending two or three years at the Univerſity?"

"In the firſt place," replied the gentleman, "he will be removed for two or three years from the ſeductions of London, which I think a very great advantage."

"A very great advantage, indeed!" added Mr. Barnet.

"It is an advantage, however," ſaid Mr. Wormwood, "that he might reap in paſſing his time in any county of England, Middleſex excepted."

"That is very true likewiſe," rejoined Barnet, after a little muſing—"Yes, to be ſure, he is as clear of the ſeductions of Lon-

don in Cornwall or Cumberland, as at Oxford."

"The greateſt inducement to ſtudy is the pleaſure it affords," reſumed Wormwood; "if your ſon has a taſte for ſtudy, he will indulge it wherever he goes."

"I cannot ſay, that hitherto he has ſhewn any taſte for it," anſwered the gentleman.

"You had beſt wait till he does ſhew a little," ſaid Wormwood, "before you ſend him to the Univerſity; for although ſuch a taſte may be ſtrengthened and improved, it ſeldom is created there."

"It is preciſely, becauſe he has betrayed a diſtaſte for ſtudy every where elſe, that I have taken the reſolution of obliging him, much againſt his own inclination, to paſs a couple of years at the Univerſity, in the hopes that he may acquire a fondneſs for it there," ſaid the gentleman.

"Why, Sir, you may juſt as well ſhut a man up in a cathedral for a couple of years,

on

on purpoſe to give him a taſte for the church," rejoined Wormwood.

"You muſt allow," ſaid the gentleman, "that it is impoſſible for a young man to be ſo diſſipated at a ſeminary of learning as in the capital."

"I will allow that it is impoſſible to be diſſipated in the ſame manner," ſaid Wormwood; "but lounging all the morning, and drinking port all the evening, are as unlikely to create a taſte for ſtudy, as paſſing the ſame time at Hyde Park and the Theatres."

"The acceſs which ſtudents have to the public libraries is ſurely a great advantage," reſumed the gentleman.

"I am told," anſwered Mr. Wormwood, "that your own library in the country is an excellent one."

"Not equal to thoſe in the Univerſities," ſaid the gentleman; "and if ſtudents do not profit by them there, it is their own fault."

"If my ſon were to miſpend the time allotted for ſtudy, it would afford me no conſolation," replied Mr. Wormwood, "that

it was his own fault; neither would it make much difference, whether this happened at the Univerſity or at my own houſe; only, at the latter I ſhould probably be ſooner acquainted with it."

"He may attend the public lectures at the Univerſity," added the gentleman.

"Whether it is owing to their being ill-attended to, or from ſome other cauſe, I cannot ſay," anſwered Mr. Wormwood; "but I believe theſe are pretty much laid aſide."

"If they are," ſaid the gentleman, "ſtill there are many perſons to be found at our Univerſities exceedingly well qualified to aſſiſt young gentlemen in their ſtudies."

"There certainly are," reſumed Wormwood; "but as your ſon will need but *one*, he will reap no additional advantage by going where there are many."

"He may be privately inſtructed at either Univerſity," ſaid the gentleman.

"Not more privately," anſwered Wormwood, "than at your houſe in the country.

"One

"One perſon cannot teach another every thing," ſaid the gentleman; "particularly one of my ſon's age."

"My dear Sir," rejoined Mr. Wormwood, "I am ſo far from thinking that one man can teach another every thing, that I have long had a notion that no man can teach another any thing."

"How do people acquire learning, then?" ſaid the gentleman.

"They teach themſelves," anſwered Wormwood.

"But what becomes of thoſe who cannot take that trouble?" the other aſked.

"They learn little or nothing," anſwered Wormwood; "for although a little Latin and Greek may be whipt into a boy at ſchool, whether he will or will not, all is ſoon forgot, if they do not afterwards cultivate thoſe languages from taſte. Believe me, therefore, Sir, that until your ſon has acquired a real fondneſs for ſtudy, until he finds it one of the enjoyments of his life, to which he is led by the pleaſure it produces, it will be of little importance to ſend him to the Univerſity. Indeed, if he is ſent

contrary to his own inclination, the probability is, that his diſlike to ſtudy and literary ſociety will increaſe there; whereas, if he had already ſome taſte for ſuch purſuits and ſuch ſociety, he would himſelf be impatient to go there; his taſte would be improved, and he might acquire more literary knowledge than, perhaps, he could in the ſame time, and with equal application any where elſe. All depends on his own turn of mind; without a ſtrong deſire, nothing can be learnt at your ſon's age. Where many maſters are employed, it generally happens that the leaſt is learnt; but he that is fond of ſtudy will ſoon find thoſe who can aſſiſt him."

The gentleman, after a conſiderable pauſe, reſumed. "Moſt of the young men of rank, in this country, paſs two or three years at one or other of the Univerſities; an early acquaintance and friendſhip with ſome of them may be highly advantageous to my ſon, as it has been to many others."

"I have heard that argument ſo often uſed," ſaid Wormwood, "as a reaſon for ſending young men to the Univerſities, that I begin

begin to think it has more extenſive weight than any other; it operates on the mind like the great prizes in the lottery; people are ſo much tempted by them as to forget that it is a loſing game on the whole; and that the acquaintance and example of thoſe high-born youths may lead others into habits and purſuits which will more than counterbalance all the advantages to be derived from their friendſhips, although there were a certainty of retaining them. Beſides," continued he, "if your greateſt inducement in ſending your ſon to an Univerſity is his forming an acquaintance with men of quality, I imagine I could put you on a plan which would give him a ſtill better chance of ſucceeding."

"Pray what is that?" cried Barnet.

"Send him to Newmarket and the gaming-houſes," anſwered Wormwood.

"I believe there is ſomething in that," cried Mr. Barnet; "for there is Tom Sweepſtakes, whoſe father was a cook, and who never ſtudied any thing but hazard and horſe-racing; yet he is hand and glove with a greater number of Lords and Dukes than any fellow of any Univerſity."

Mr. Temple, who hitherto had liſtened to the converſation without taking any part, now addreſſed himſelf to Wormwood in the following terms:—

"After all you have ſaid, it is evident, that the utmoſt which can be done to render a ſeminary of education uſeful, is to unite in it as many inducements to ſtudy as we can, and exclude whatever corrupts the morals, and tends to promote diſſipation. Thoſe objects are, in ſome degree, accompliſhed at our Univerſities; where the taſte of the ſtudent may be formed to literature by the ſociety and converſation of men of letters, where he has a command of the beſt books in every branch of learning, is ſtimulated by emulation and by literary rewards, while he is ſequeſtered from the ſplendid luxuries of life, the diſſipating amuſements of the capital, from aſſemblies, operas, plays, and has nothing preſented to his view but ſuch objects as favour contemplation, and excite the deſire of intellectual improvement. There is not, indeed, an abſolute obligation on the young men to ſtudy; they

are

are not compelled to their taſks, nor terrified to exertion by the ſame means that are uſed at inferior ſeminaries—and you yourſelf, Mr. Wormwood, have admitted, that after a certain age whatever a perſon learns effectually, he acquires by his own voluntary efforts; and that thoſe who rely on the labour of teachers learn little or nothing. At our Univerſities, no doubt, as every where elſe, many young men are averſe to ſtudy, fond of pleaſure, and incapable of ſteady application. The ableſt inſtructors, and the beſt inſtructions, will be of little uſe to youths of ſuch diſpoſitions, and they will receive as little literary improvement at the Univerſity as they would have done had they paſſed the ſame time in the country or in the capital. The fair queſtion is, Whether a young man, with a taſte for letters, and a deſire for knowledge, has it, or has it not in his power to improve himſelf more at the Univerſity, than he could in the ſame time any where elſe in this kingdom? Now, that the inducements to ſtudy, and the means of literary improvement, are united there as ſucceſsfully as in any other part of

this Iſland, or in Europe, ſeems probable, from this obſervation, that no country, or ſeminary of learning in Europe, has produced a greater number of eminently learned men than England, the moſt diſtinguiſhed of whom were educated at its Univerſities."

Mr. Wormwood, finding himſelf unprepared to make a ſerious anſwer to Mr. Temple's obſervation, was driven to the ſubterfuge of attempting a jeſt, inſtead of an argument; he ſaid, with a careleſs air, "This fertility of learning is, no doubt, owing, in a great meaſure, to the quantities of port wine which is drank at the Univerſities."

Mr. Temple not deigning to make any return to this, the converſation took a different turn.

The ſame evening Mr. Barnet, who never underſtood irony, however obvious, being alone with his couſin Wormwood, ſaid to him, "I never knew that port wine was ſo much reliſhed at the Univerſities."

"Reliſhed!" cried Wormwood, whom the claret he had drank after dinner had put

put him in a gayer mood than uſual; "that *it* is, (continued he,) moſt of the ſtudents, over and above all their other improvements, acquire at the Univerſities a decided taſte for port wine."

"It is the beſt taſte they can acquire," ſaid Mr. Barnet; "for it is not only the cheapeſt, but alſo the wholeſomeſt wine they can drink—I have always found it ſo."

"It does not inſpire thoſe light airy fancies," ſaid Wormwood, "which your thin ſparkling French wines produce, but ſolid, ſubſtantial, and weighty converſation."

"I have always found it ſo," repeated Mr. Barnet.

"Port wine inſpires politics as copiouſly as the ſtreams of Caſtalia did poetry," continued Wormwood.

"As for my part," ſaid Mr. Barnet, "I never taſte any ſtream whatever; but I have been told that the greateſt politician in the kingdom drinks nothing but port wine."

"How could he otherwiſe have ſtood ſo long againſt oppoſition?" rejoined Wormwood."

"I ſuſpect," ſaid Mr. Barnet, "that the leading Members of Oppoſition deal too much in your friſky French wines, and in that ſame ſtream you mentioned."

"You think, perhaps, they had better apply to the great politician *you* mentioned, for a portion of his port," ſaid Wormwood.

"That is my real opinion," anſwered Barnet.

"It muſt be owned," ſaid Wormwood, "that a very great many people in this country are of the ſame opinion."

Here the dialogue was interrupted by Mrs. Barnet's joining them.

Perhaps it would be too much to aſſert that Mr. Barnet was determined to ſend Edward to the Univerſity, entirely by the hopes of his acquiring a taſte for port wine, and ſo becoming a more agreeable companion to Barnet himſelf; but he certainly often regretted that the boy did not reliſh it, and was ſometimes a little out of humour with his wife for encouraging him in his abſtinence; and it is alſo certain that the day after this converſation with Wormwood,

wood, he told Mrs. Barnet that he was reſolved to ſend Edward to the Univerſity, on purpoſe to finiſh his education. Mrs. Barnet approved highly of this meaſure, which was put in execution a fortnight after.

The friendſhip which had ſo long ſubſiſted between Edward and Clifton continued with undiminiſhed fervour at the Univerſity, notwithſtanding a conſiderable difference in their characters.

The latter diſplaying a fire and impetuoſity of temper which often overleaped the bounds of prudence or propriety, while the paſſions of the other were more under the control of reflection.

This difference ſeemed to have ariſen from their oppoſite ſituations in life, more than from any original difference in their diſpoſitions or natural powers. One being nobly deſcended, the heir of a conſiderable fortune, ſplendidly connected, ſurrounded by thoſe who admired his vivacity and encouraged his diſſipation. The dependent ſtate in which the other was placed ſtimulated exertion and awakened circumſpection. The firſt ſtate often pro-

duces an arrogant and unfeeling character. This was prevented in Clifton by early hints from his mother, who, notwithſtanding her life of faſhionable diſſipation, was a woman of good underſtanding and great benevolence. The ſecond ſtate ſometimes ſinks the mind into deſpondency; or, which is a ſtill greater misfortune, by ſuggeſting flattery and fawning, produces an abject character; this was prevented in Edward by a native fund of firmneſs and manly pride.

CHAP. XXVIII.

As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itſelf can fly,
And pond'rous ſlugs cut ſwiftly through the ſky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urged by the load below;
Him emptineſs and dulneſs could inſpire,
And were his elaſticity and fire. POPE.

AT the Univerſity Edward became acquainted with all the companions of his friend Clifton, the natural careleſsneſs and gaiety of whoſe temper rendered him leſs delicate in his choice than he ought to have been in ſo important an article; the reliſh he had for whatever was ſingular and ridiculous in character led him ſometimes to prefer the company of thoſe who were ſo diſtinguiſhed to more eſtimable ſociety; from this, more than from being his kinſman, proceeded that degree of intimacy which ſubſiſted between him and Mr. Carnaby Shadow. This young man was the ſon by a former marriage of Lady Maukiſh,

who was nearly related to Clifton's mother; he was of courſe ſon-in-law to Sir Mathew Maukiſh, whoſe behaviour to the lame ſailor on the heath it is hoped the reader has not forgot. As Sir Mathew is about to appear again on the ſcene, it will be proper to give ſome account of his birth and parentage.

It was fortunate for Sir Mathew, who valued himſelf for being much of a gentleman, that he was born in the city of London; for had he been born elſewhere, there is a chance that he never would have paſſed for a gentleman at all; for it is only in London that people of the ſphere of life in which his progenitors moved could have accumulated ſuch a quantity of riches, as, by the courteſy of England, procures the title of gentleman to the meaneſt of mankind.

Yet as often as Sir Mathew had occaſion to mention his *family*, he pronounced the word rotundo ore, and with as ſtrong emphaſis as if it had been emblazoned with the proudeſt hieroglyphics of heraldry.

All

All we could ever learn, however, either from written annals or oral tradition, concerning the houſe of Maukiſh, is, that the grand-father of the preſent Sir Matthew was renowned for one of the beſt furniſhed ſlop-ſhops in Wapping; and that his father was for many years an eminent oilman in the environs of Drury-lane. His mother likewiſe diſtinguiſhed herſelf by various improvements in the myſteries of ſmoaking and pickling, ſo that the very beſt ſmoaked tongues and niceſt pickles in London were thought to be prepared and ſold by her.

By the joint efforts of this reſpectable couple they accumulated a conſiderable fortune, with part of which they purchaſed a moderate eſtate at no great diſtance from London, to which, in the wane of life, they retired with their family, conſiſting of a ſon and daughter. The latter died young; the ſon had an Univerſity education, and on the death of his father came into the poſſeſſion of a very conſiderable fortune, which it was the ruling paſſion of his mind to increaſe; he diſdained however to enter

into

into any of thoſe lines of life which are called commercial, but determined to purſue riches with all the aſſiduity of a trader in a different path. His plan was to get into parliament, where he thought his genius could not fail to conduct him to greater wealth and importance. One conſideration afflicted him; he thought he obſerved in the miniſter rather a prejudice againſt men of genius; that he choſe to place in ſome of the moſt lucrative offices and neareſt to himſelf, perſons of acknowledged dulneſs and devoid of eloquence: he regretted this, but expected that he ſhould have addreſs ſufficient to create an exception in his own favour. It was generally allowed that Sir Mathew poſſeſſed a very large ſhare of vanity; yet it was ſometimes a ſubject of diſpute whether he was not more avaricious than vain. In forming his acquaintance, his rule was to connect himſelf with thoſe who might aſſiſt him in his advancement in life, and never require his aſſiſtance in return: he aſſiduouſly cultivated the acquaintance of the opulent and powerful, literally obſerving a maxim which had been often

often repeated to him by his father—

> Such a man as you would be,
> Draw unto ſuch company.

By a few years conſtantly employed in making this collection, he formed at laſt, what he thought, a brilliant aſſortment of friends; it muſt be confeſſed, however, that it conſiſted of a few fortunate knaves, a conſiderable number of wealthy fools, and ſome noble Lords, mightily inclined to be of the firſt claſs, but really belonging to the ſecond.

Sir Mathew's views enlarged with his ſucceſs; as he roſe in the ſcale of importance, his ambition augmented in force, *vires acquirit eundo*. He had no ſooner purchaſed a ſeat in parliament, than he looked with the eyes of confidence to ſome lucrative and diſtinguiſhed office. Such a mark of the miniſter's attention he thought he had a claim to on various accounts, particularly on that of his eloquence; a talent, which, in his own opinion, he poſſeſſed in an eminent degree, and which he was fond of diſplaying even in private company. He uſually

ſpoke,

ſpoke, on the moſt frivolous ſubjects, in ſuch a declamatory ſtile, and delivered the moſt common-place ſentiments with ſuch force of emphaſis and geſticulation, that an inattentive hearer might have miſtaken his verboſity for the dictates of wiſdom and profound reflection.

He attempted to impoſe, in the ſame manner, on the Houſe of Commons, and for this purpoſe he ſtudied a few ſpeeches, and pronounced them with all the pomp of an actor, and all the emphaſis of geſticulation; but the energy of his delivery could not give weight to matter ſo ſpecifically light; it was like firing looſe feathers from the mouth of a cannon—much noiſe but to no effect. For, however the Members may be divided by the ſpirit of party, yet neither the influence of Adminiſtration, in that houſe, nor the partiality of Oppoſition, can ſave dullneſs from ridicule, nor prevent wit and eloquence from open applauſe. So that Mr. Mackiſh's orations (for he was not then a Knight) were reduced to their real value, and heard with that contempt which was their due.

When

When Mr. Maukiſh found that his parliamentary talents did not puſh him up the ladder of fortune ſo quickly as he expected, he thought of aſſiſting them by an advantageous marriage. He had as high an opinion of the charms of his countenance as of his oratory:—in the judgment of many, they were much on a footing, and equally inſipid.

He paid his addreſſes to Lady Bab Shadow, by birth a woman of quality, and widow of a gentleman of that name. It was generally ſaid that her Ladyſhip had married Mr. Shadow from pure love; but there was no reaſon for this aſſertion, except that nobody could diſcover in Mr. Shadow's character and ſituation in life any rational inducement for a woman in her's to marry him. Lady Bab, however, after his death, called him the beſt of men, and declared that although ſhe were to live a thouſand years ſhe never would marry again, ſo great was her reſpect for his memory. Mr. Maukiſh paid his addreſſes notwithſtanding; his eloquence was more ſucceſsful with Lady Bab than it had been in the

Houſe of Commons; ſhe conſented to marry him a year and one day after the death of Mr. Shadow, and conſigned to her ſecond huſband all the perſonal charms ſhe had formerly devoted to the firſt: it muſt be confeſſed the cargo was not ſplendid; Mr. Maukiſh himſelf uſed to ſay, that it was not a *ſet of features or complexion that he admired.*

His aſpiring mind was touched by contemplating her connections and her favour at court, which he thought much greater than it was in reality. While ſuch contemplations afforded him pleaſure, he was ſecure from one ſource of mortification that humbles the pride of ſome huſbands—the luſtre of his own underſtanding could not be obſcured by the brilliancy of his Lady's.

Lady Bab Maukiſh was unqueſtionably a very weak woman; ſome people have aſſerted that ſhe was, without exception, the ſilleſt woman of quality about court. This was going too far, and could be believed only by thoſe who were better acquainted with Lady Bab than with ſome other Ladies of quality about court.

Soon

Soon after the marriage, a relation of her Ladyſhip having been created a Knight of the Bath while he was abroad, that gentleman, at Lady Bab's ſolicitation, appointed Mr. Maukiſh to repreſent him at the inſtalment, by which proxy he obtained the honour of knighthood, and became Sir Mathew Maukiſh. This trophy, which generally terminates the viſta of ambition to phyſicians, ſurgeons, painters, and aldermen, did not ſatisfy that of Sir Mathew Maukiſh: he ardently looked towards ſome important office, and had even hopes of obtaining a peerage at no very diſtant period. Flattering himſelf that he ſhould have his two predominant paſſions, avarice and ambition, fully ſatisfied. He was diſappointed in both; the firſt *cannot* be ſatisfied, and he was not created a Peer.

Yet Sir Mathew and his Lady were the two moſt aſſiduous attenders of the levee and drawing-room within the bills of mortality. Beſides other motives, Sir Mathew delighted in ſeeing his own name in the liſt, which, for the edification of the public, the compilers of newſpapers exhibit of thoſe

who were preſent at the laſt levee: it was a great mortification to him for a conſiderable time to find himſelf neglected; but at length he fell on means to have the name of Sir Mathew Maukiſh always inſerted among *the diſtinguiſhed characters* who had been at court the preceding day, and Lady Maukiſh had every article of her dreſs mentioned after every birth-day.

But finding that all this perſonal aſſiduity, joined to the influence of his wife's relations and his own parliamentary talents, produced not the deſired effect; perceiving that one batch of Peers was created after another, without any notice being taken of him; he loſt all patience; ſwore that the peerage was proſtituted in ſuch a manner, that it was a diſgrace for a gentleman to be of the order; and that, for his own part, "by God, he was determined never to be a Peer; —his Majeſty might take it as he pleaſed."

Sir Mathew had obſerved pretty ſtrong ſymptoms of weakneſs in the Adminiſtration, which, joined to his ill-humour, determined him to vote with Oppoſition—and before the end of that very ſeſſion, he had

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the pleaſure of ſeeing the party he had joined, eſtabliſhed in power; of courſe, all his hopes revived, and his averſion to a peerage abated every moment. But when he thought himſelf in a fair way of obtaining the object of his wiſhes, a new Adminiſtration was ſuddenly formed; the party he had joined was turned out; and he himſelf again ranked among the opponents of Adminiſtration; a ſituation very unſuitable to the mind of a ſervile worſhipper of power, devoted to any government or any miniſter, while the one exiſted, or the other kept his place. Thus, by a moſt unexpected jumble in politics, Sir Mathew Maukiſh, with ſome other unfortunate gentleman, whoſe political creed was the ſame with his, found himſelf at once ſhuffled into Oppoſition, and obliged to act contrary to his determination and principles. Without one ſentiment in common with the leaders of the party he had joined, and incapable of taſting the ſpirit of their converſation, or putting a juſt value on their talents, he was under the neceſſity of voting with them.

No man ever more heartily repented any act of his life than Sir Mathew Maukiſh did that unfortunate fit of anger which made him deſert the miniſterial banners, and inliſt with thoſe who had ſo little chance of ever having the power to promote his intereſt, the only motive which, in his opinion, a man of ſound judgment could have for being of either party, or, indeed, for being in Parliament at all. And when inſtances were quoted of men who are actuated by no diſcernible motive but a regard for the intereſt of their country, he conſidered them, to whichever party they belonged, and whatever their reputation for good ſenſe might be, as nearly approaching to ideots.

Sir Mathew had all poſſible inclination to make another wheel, and return to the miniſterial party; but he dreaded the reſentment of his new friends, and the ridicule with which he well knew they would overwhelm him; and therefore, although he was determined to quit them, he waited for ſome pretext, and in the meanwhile he attended the Houſe leſs punctually than formerly. But on his hinting an intention

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of ſtaying away when a debate very intereſting to the party was expected; it ſtruck even Lady Bab ſo much, that ſhe ſaid, "Do you not riſk forfeiting the friendſhip of the leaders of Oppoſition, if you do not aſſiſt in promoting their meaſures?" To which Sir Mathew replied, "Of what value, my dear, is the friendſhip of thoſe who have nothing to beſtow? As for their meaſures—though, no doubt, they think them calculated to bring themſelves into power; yet, what is to be expected from men who never accompliſh the object they have in view, or having accompliſhed it, allow it to eſcape immediately after? They are the moſt unlucky crew that ever ventured on the ſame bottom; they are conſtantly in ſtorms, or with the wind blowing directly in their teeth; and if, for a wonder, a gale ſhould ſpring up in their favour, when they ſeem ready to reach their long wiſhed-for harbour, the wind veers about in an inſtant, and puff—they are blown back into the bleak and boiſterous ocean of Oppoſition."

Sir Mathew's diſpleaſure at both parties gained on his mind daily, until at length deteſting politics, and out of humour with himſelf, he retired with his Lady to the country in diſguſt. Few of the fair ſex could be leſs calculated than Lady Bab Maukiſh to cure a man of diſguſt; the ſtate of mind, therefore, in which he left town gained ſtrength in the country; he endeavoured, indeed, to confine his ill-humour to his own family; but, like the buſineſs of a tallow-chandler, although its effects were ſtrongeſt at home, yet it became alſo a nuiſance to all the neighbourhood.

CHAP. XXIX.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They ſit, they loll, turn o'er ſome idle rhyme;
Then riſing ſudden to the glaſs they go,
Or ſaunter forth, with tottering ſtep and ſlow;
This ſoon too rude an exerciſe they find;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they ſighingly reclin'd,
And court the vapoury God ſoft breathing in the wind.

THOMSON.

MR. Carnaby Shadow was educated at Weſtminſter ſchool, from which he was in due time ſent to Oxford; he ſoon forgot at the latter all that he had been forced to learn at the former. After continuing three years at the Univerſity, he paſſed two years in the capital, without once thinking of any ſettled plan of life, or any body ſuggeſting to him that any ſuch plan was expedient; for although his fortune was originally conſiderable, he had already contrived to diſſipate all that was left by his father in ready

money; his mother's jointure abſorbed a great part of his eſtate, and he was reduced to a very limited income. It was, therefore, ſuggeſted to Lady Bab, by a relation of her late huſband, that it would be highly expedient for her ſon to adopt ſome profeſſion. Her Ladyſhip, being ſtrongly impreſſed with the propriety of this, wrote to her ſon to come immediately to Sir Mathew's houſe in the country, as ſhe had buſineſs of *great importance* to communicate to him.

Nothing could be more unfortunately expreſſed than this letter, becauſe Carnaby had a kind of horror for the very name of buſineſs, particularly if it was of importance; and beſides, he was not very fond of his mother's company, and had a complete abhorrence of Sir Mathew's.

He therefore made one excuſe after another for not leaving the town, being determined not to go near them until this buſineſs of importance ſhould be terminated. Lady Bab, however, became ſo impatient that ſhe wrote to inform him, that ſince he could not come to the country, ſhe had re-

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ſolved to go to town, and would expect that he would meet her on a particular day, which ſhe mentioned, to ſettle the important buſineſs. This terrified Mr. Shadow ſo much, that he ſet out directly for Bath, deſiring the people at his lodgings to ſay, that he had gone the day before, and had not received her Ladyſhip's letter.

Diſappointed of ſeeing her ſon, Lady Bab ſent for that relation of her huſband who had firſt ſuggeſted the propriety of Carnaby's applying to ſome profeſſion. She informed him of her errand to town, and at the ſame time aſked his opinion reſpecting the profeſſion which it would be moſt proper for her ſon to adopt. The gentleman mentioned the army as the moſt honourable; adding, that he imagined her Ladyſhip ſhould purchaſe an Enſigncy in the guards without delay. To this Lady Bab anſwered, that the ſame idea had ſtruck herſelf; but ſhe underſtood that the King was a little too apt of late to ſend the guards abroad in time of war, which had obliged ſeveral valuable officers to ſell out of the army.

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The gentleman ſeemed a little ſurpriſed at her Ladyſhip's objection, and hinted, that without ſeeing ſome ſervice in the time of war it would be impoſſible to acquire the knowledge neceſſary for a general officer, which was a rank, no doubt, that ſhe expected her ſon would attain in due time.

"I muſt aſk your pardon," ſaid Lady Bab; "I myſelf am acquainted with ſome excellent general officers, who never ſerved abroad, or in the time of war; but my ſon's going into the army is out of the queſtion, ſince the original uſe of the guards ſeems to be quite altered."

"Pray what does your Ladyſhip think was the original uſe of the guards?" ſaid the gentleman.

"To defend the King and Royal Family at home," replied Lady Bab; "and, therefore, it was natural to expect that he in return would prevent them from being expoſed to dangers abroad; but his Majeſty, it ſeems, thinks otherwiſe, and we muſt ſubmit. But as the law is the next honourable profeſſion to the army, I hope my ſon will chooſe it for his profeſſion. Having had

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an Univerſity education, he is, in all reſpects, fitted for that line of life, in which his family connections can help his promotion, as effectually as they could had he choſen the army."

The gentleman perceiving that her Ladyſhip aſked his advice, as is uſual, on a point which ſhe had already decided, did not take the trouble to ſtate the objections which occurred to him againſt her project; and, in compliance with her requeſt, he propoſed it to Carnaby on his return to town.

Although this gentleman put the propoſal in the moſt favourable light, to render it agreeable to Carnaby, yet, as he could not avoid hinting the neceſſity of *ſtudying* the law before it could be turned to any account, the youth was ſomewhat alarmed; he had been forced to ſtudy ſo greatly againſt his appetite at Weſtminſter, that he retained an averſion to it all the time he was at Oxford, and ſtill felt a little ſqueamiſh when the word ſtudy was mentioned.

But on being afterwards aſſured by an old chum, that to give him a right to practiſe

tiſe law, it was not ſtudying, but eating, that was requiſite; that the former was entirely optional, and often omitted by thoſe who are called ſtudents of the law. What was indiſpenſably neceſſary was, that he ſhould eat commons twelve times; that this muſt take up five years to all who have not been educated in one or other of the Engliſh Univerſities; whereas if they have had that advantage, two years would be deducted, of courſe he might be called to the bar within three years, provided that he paid his quarterly dues for twelve terms.

Carnaby was a good deal relieved by this account of the matter, and as he was a little in want of money and expected a ſupply from his mother, he wiſhed to conciliate her as much as poſſible, and gave her to underſtand that he had no objection to the ſtudy of law, and was ready to begin when ſhe pleaſed.

Lady Bab was delighted with this inſtance of compliance in her ſon: ſhe immediately cauſed the genteeleſt chambers that could be had to be taken for him.

Carnaby mentioned a conſiderable ſum that would be neceſſary to purchaſe law books. But Lady Bab had already taken care of that, having procured from an eminent lawyer of her acquaintance an ample liſt of books, which ſhe informed her ſon were already ordered, and would be ſent to his chambers as ſoon as they could be got ready. This was ſomewhat of a diſappointment to Carnaby, who had no intention to expend on books the whole ſum he expected to be advanced for his library. It was ſome conſolation however when he ſaw them brought home, and arranged according to their various ranks on the ſhelves; for his mother had ordered them to be all bound in red morocco and magnificently guilt, ſo that they had more the appearance of a gay aſſembly of officers of the guards, all glittering in their full uniforms, than being related in the ſmalleſt degree to the ſable brotherhood of Weſtminſter-hall.

When Carnaby did not know what to do with himſelf, which was often the caſe, he ſometimes made a journey to Oxford to

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ſee his young couſin Cliſton, and became acquainted with all his companions. Being conſiderably older than any of them, and looked on as a man of faſhion, thoſe youths were highly flattered by being of the party when he came to paſs a day or two with Clifton, who was too apt to be enticed to return the viſit, and ſometimes perſuaded Edward to accompany them to the capital, where Carnaby made them acquainted with companions far more dangerous than himſelf.

At the Univerſity, Carnaby had been conſidered as one of the beſt-natured fellows in the world; he ſeemed to have no object nor will of his own, but continually agreed to whatever was propoſed by others; and when no one was at hand to ſuggeſt what ſhould be done, he lounged from one place to another, ſo entirely devoid of thought, that when he returned home he could no more give any account of where he had been than if his legs had walked away with his head and body, without conſulting the former in the leaſt on the ſubject. This indolence and indifference extended even to

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his dreſs which alarmed Lady Bab with the apprehenſion that he would degenerate into a ſloven. Her Ladyſhip, however, was not allowed to remain long under this dread; for ſoon after he came to town, he took a new turn, and from a ſloven became a fop.

Although Carnaby had frequently found time a great load at the Univerſity, yet on his firſt coming to London he thought it equally oppreſſive; for it had been repreſented to him, that eating and keeping terms were not all that was neceſſary to give the reputation of knowledge in the law; that it was alſo incumbent on him, at certain ſeaſons of the year, to remain ſeveral hours every day in his chambers; and, as often as any body called for him, to be found with two or three large law folios open on the table before him. This Carnaby thought ſo intolerable a ſlavery, that although he was aſſured of its being the univerſal practice, he never ſubmitted to it, except when he knew that Lady Maukiſh was in town, becauſe ſhe was apt to carry her acquaintance to admire the library and learning of her ſon. But as ſoon

as he knew that ſhe had ſet out for the country, he neglected his folios, and turned his attention to dreſs.

A bias to this kind of foppery is a misfortune to a mind of any vigour, which is capable of being turned to objects of importance; but to a mind entirely relaxed by indolence it may rather be an advantage, by warding off wearineſs, and precluding a taſte for drinking or other pernicious reſources.—It certainly helped Carnaby to get over many an hour which hung heavy on his hands; for the accuracy and minuteneſs with which he attended to all the variations of dreſs, as they appeared on the great leaders of faſhion, were aſtoniſhing to thoſe who were acquainted with his former indifference and inattention. And as ſoon as he made any new diſcovery, whether in the height of the cape of the frock, the cut of its ſleeve, or in the length of the breeches, he communicated it to his own taylor, by whoſe rapid induſtry, although Carnaby was merely a copier, he ſometimes paſſed for the original inventor. And as

boots

boots and buckſkin breeches are eſſential articles in a Britiſh coxcomb's wardrobe, he was profuſely provided with both; indeed none of the moſt eminent collectors of the age, a few perſons of high rank and fortune excepted, ſurpaſſed him in the variety of ſwitches, horſe-whips, ſhoe-buckles, ſhirt-pins, ſeals, and watch chains, which adorned his muſeum. The hair-dreſſer, with the help of the ſportſman's calender and Harris's liſt, cleared him without a great deal of yawning of two hours immediately before dinner; after which he was ſeldom at a loſs, having the play-houſe or opera till eleven at night, and Ranelagh or the tavern until three in the morning, when he was not engaged to ſome ball or private dance, to which and to dinner he received frequent invitations; which, with the cards of his viſitors, were attentively placed on his chimney, ſuch as were graced with titles being conſpicuouſly muſtered in the front, while the lower order occupied the center and rear ranks.

CHAP. XXX.

Creatures of every kind but ours
Will comprehend their natural powers;
While we, whom reaſon ought to ſway,
Miſtake our talents every day. SWIFT.

CLIFTON and Edward happened to be at Carnaby's chamber one day, when Lady Bab Maukiſh entered. Clifton had always been a great favourite with her Ladyſhip; but ſhe had heard, with indignation, that he had formed an intimacy with a youth of low birth, and had intended to take the firſt opportunity of remonſtrating with him on the impropriety of ſuch an improper connection; but when Clifton preſented Edward to her, ſhe was ſo ſtruck with the beauty and ſymmetry of his face and perſon, that ſhe changed her reſolution, and engaged all the three to dine with her the day following; and afterwards made Clifton promiſe to viſit her in the country, and

and bring his friend with him, as ſoon as they could leave the Univerſity for a week or two.

The two youths went ſoon after, and were accompanied by Carnaby; they were received with kindneſs by Lady Bab, and with the appearance of it by Sir Mathew, who thought it his intereſt to pay reſpect to one of Clifton's family, and on his account was alſo civil to Edward. Although Sir Mathew lived at no great diſtance from Mr. Barnet's family, they were little acquainted; he deſpiſed Barnet as a mere cit, unconnected with people of quality—but at preſent Sir Mathew had a point to carry in the country, in which he had no hopes of ſucceeding, if Barnet, whoſe intereſt was more affected by it than that of any other, ſhould oppoſe him. This circumſtance Sir Mathew communicated to his Lady, and they directly began to cultivate an acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, which grew to ſome degree of intimacy.

Sir Mathew invited them to dinner, while Clifton and Edward were with him. Miſs Barnet had left her boarding-ſchool ſome

time before, but ſhe was at this period at Brighton with Mrs. Temple, who had gone there on account of her health. Carnaby alſo happened to be abſent from this dinner, which gave Lady Maukiſh more freedom to expatiate on the promiſing talents and high expectations of her ſon, and the figure he was likely to make as a lawyer and ſtateſman;—this was a favourite topic with her Ladyſhip.

Mr. Barnet happened to obſerve, "that if he ſhould turn out to be a good lawyer, there was no need of his being a ſtateſman alſo."

"It is of importance, however," ſaid Sir Mathew, "to a man who is in Parliament to be at the ſame time of a *profeſſion*, becauſe that circumſtance can do him no harm while his friends are in power, and may be of great uſe," added he, with a ſigh, "in caſe they ſhould, by any curſed accident, be turned out."

"What is the beſt profeſſion, do you think, for a ſtateſman to be of?" ſaid Mr. Barnet.

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"No profeſſion is ſo lucrative as the law," anſwered Sir Mathew.

"I beg your pardon," rejoined Mr. Barnet; "the mercantile is as lucrative at leaſt."

"The mercantile leads to riches, but not to honours," ſaid Lady Maukiſh.

"It is a great honour to be rich, an pleaſe your Ladyſhip," ſaid Mr. Barnet.

"I was juſt going to ſay ſo," added Sir Mathew.

"But it is ſtill greater honour," rejoined Lady Maukiſh, "both to be rich, and Lord Chancellor of England."

"I do not fully perceive," ſaid Mr. Barnet, after ruminating a little, "how the Lord Chancellor (begging your Ladyſhip's pardon) comes to be introduced at preſent."

"I made the obſervation, Mr. Barnet," replied Lady Maukiſh, "becauſe my ſon is to be immediately called to the bar; and conſidering his connections and abilities, there can be little doubt, ſooner or later, of his arriving at that dignity; which proves

that the profeſſion of law is preferable for him."

"Puſh round the bottle, Mr. Wormwood," ſaid Sir Mathew, a little out of countenance, and wiſhing to change the ſubject of diſcourſe.

"I beg leave to drink the health of my Lord Chancellor Carnaby Shadow," ſaid Mr. Wormwood filling a bumper.

Obſerving that ſome relations of Carnaby's who were preſent, ſeemed ſtill more uneaſy than Sir Mathew; and that Mr. Wormwood was ſharpening all the weapons of his ridicule, Mrs. Barnet put her huſband in mind that they had a good way to drive, and had beſt order the carriage."

They ſet out a little after, and were accompanied, in the coach by Mr. Wormwood.

What Lady Maukiſh had ſaid reſpecting the profeſſion of the law had made a ſtrong impreſſion on the mind of Mr. Barnet; after a pretty long ſilence, he aſked his wife abruptly, "If ſhe did not think that the buſineſs of a lawyer was one of the beſt that a young man could be bred to?"

It ſtruck Mrs. Barnet at the inſtant, that her huſband's queſtion regarded Edward, as Mr. Barnet had, on former occaſions, ſpoken to her reſpecting the profeſſion he ought to be bred to; but ſhe had, with her uſual addreſs, procraſtinated any deciſion on that head, until he ſhould have remained a ſufficient time at the Univerſity, which being now accompliſhed, ſhe anſwered, "that the buſineſs of a lawyer was one of the beſt that a young man could follow, provided that he was thoroughly well educated, of quick parts, and capable of ſtrong application."

"I am preciſely of the ſame way of thinking," reſumed Mr. Barnet; "which makes me very much repent my not having followed that profeſſion myſelf, according to my grandmother's advice."

Mrs. Barnet was ſo much ſtunned with this obſervation, that ſhe could hardly draw her breath. Her huſband continued:—

"If I had entered at the Temple when my grandmother firſt propoſed it, I ſhould have certainly been at this moment Chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas, inſtead of the preſent Chief Juſtice."

"Without

"Without diſputing the *probability* of the thing," ſaid Mr. Wormwood, "I do not ſee the abſolute *certainty* of it, even although you had taken your grandmother's advice."

Mr. Wormwood had no ſooner finiſhed his obſervation, than Mrs. Barnet threw him ſuch a look of diſapprobation as determined him to ſuppreſs his ſarcaſms and irony for the reſt of the journey; for he had the higheſt reſpect for her, and was unwilling to diſoblige her.

But Mr. Barnet directly anſwered, "I muſt of courſe have been Chief Juſtice before him, becauſe he did not enter as a ſtudent at any of the Inns of Court until a full year after my grandmother propoſed that I ſhould."

Perceiving ſigns of diſtreſs in his wife's countenance, "I ſee, my dear," continued Mr. Barnet, "that this makes you uneaſy, and therefore I am ſorry I mentioned it, and will endeavour never to mention or put you in mind of it again; although I muſt confeſs that it is curſedly provoking to reflect that I have loſt ſo good a place, merely

merely by a little childiſh obſtinacy; for I am told that an exceeding good ſalary is annexed to the office of Chief Juſtice; and every body knows that a Judge has nothing to do but to ſit on a cuſhion and deliver his opinion, which, be it right or wrong, nobody dares contradict; beſides, no ſet of men live better than your Judges, as I myſelf can atteſt, having ſometimes dined with them at the aſſizes."

Mrs. Barnet being unable, and Wormwood afraid to ſpeak, a conſiderable ſilence enſued; at length Barnet reſumed.

"Pray, my dear, was it not for a public oration that Edward obtained one of the gold medals, when he was at ſchool?"

"The laſt he got," replied Mrs. Barnet, "was for a Latin oration, which was much admired."

"Well," reſumed Mr. Barnet, "*it ſtands to reaſon* that he could make Engliſh orations fully as well, and for them, inſtead of two or three gold medals, he may get two or three thouſand golden guineas, perhaps, in one year."

"I do

"I do not know what you mean, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"I mean," replied her huſband, "that Edward had beſt become a lawyer, and make orations in Weſtminſter-Hall. I am convinced he will ſucceed every bit as well as Mr. Carnaby Shadow, for all Lady Bab's boaſting."

"I am convinced of that alſo, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"Then it does not ſignify talking," rejoined her huſband, "Edward ſhall begin to ſtudy the law without more delay; for who knows, my dear, but that he may obtain the promotion I miſſed, and thereby be enabled to reimburſe me for all the expence I have been at on his account."

Barnet had a ſincere regard for Edward; nobody's company gave him more ſatisfaction, and Mrs. Barnet found little difficulty in making him advance all the money neceſſary for the youth's education and expences; yet the native meanneſs of Barnet's mind was ever apt to diſcover itſelf, in ſpite of all the pains his wife took to give him a more generous way of thinking.

Perceiving

Perceiving that ſhe bluſhed at what he had laſt ſaid, he immediately added, "Do not imagine that I grudge the expence I have been at on Edward's account; I only ſay, my dear, that it would be a *ſatisfaction* if he were in a ſituation to enable him to ſhew his gratitude."

"It is impoſſible to be more grateful than he is," ſaid Mrs. Barnet.

"*That* I would riſk my life upon," added Wormwood.

"I do not diſpute it," rejoined Barnet; "though I muſt confeſs that I have known people who profeſſed a vaſt deal of gratitude as long as they were unable to make any return for the benefits they had received, and yet ſeemed to have very little when they had it in their power to repay them."

"I am certain that our Edward is not of that diſpoſition," ſaid Mrs. Barnet, with earneſtneſs.

"I hope not," replied her huſband, "and I do not think he is; all that I ſay is, that it will be a *ſatisfaction* to me, and alſo to you, I dare to ſay, to ſee him repay the whole expence we have been at on his account, including

cluding the lawful intereſt, becauſe that would put his gratitude out of doubt; and after all, it would detract nothing from my generoſity, ſince I could not be poſitively certain when I advanced the money on his account, whether he ever would have the power and inclination to repay me or not."

I will anſwer for the inclination," cried Mrs. Barnet.

"Truly, my dear," replied her huſband, "if he has not the power, the inclination is a mere matter of moonſhine; for which reaſon, if he never has the one, I ſhall not trouble you, nor any body elſe, to become reſponſible for the other."

When they came home, Mrs. Barnet went directly to her own apartment, and left the two gentlemen ſeated in the parlour.

"I ſhould be glad to know, my good friend," ſaid Wormwood, "whether you do not feel very *comfortable*, when you reflect on the ſervices you have rendered to ſo fine a young man as Edward?"

"To be ſure I do," anſwered Barnet; "I have felt ſomething of that nature almoſt

every day ſince my wife firſt brought him to the houſe."

"Perhaps you have had nearly as much ſatisfaction in ſuch reflections, as in the recollection of the moſt magnificent dinner you ever gave?"

"A great deal more," replied Barnet; "for I recollect having given magnificent dinners to people I hate."

"Poſſibly," continued Wormwood, "the reflections I allude to have been as comfortable to you as even the beſt dinner you ever eat yourſelf."

"I cannot ſay quite ſo much as that," replied Barnet; "becauſe nothing can be ſo comfortableas a good dinner while one is eating it; though it ſometimes lies a little heavy on the ſtomach after it is over; whereas the reflections you mention make one's heart the eaſier and lighter the longer they continue."

"The wiſeſt thing we can do then, my friend," ſaid Wormwood, "is, to lay in ſtore that kind of nouriſhment which is the moſt pleaſant of digeſtion."

Edward

Edward himſelf had, like moſt youths at a certain age, an inclination for the army, and had given Mrs. Barnet ſome hints to that purpoſe; but ſhe being averſe to that plan, did not encourage it, and he loſt hopes of it ſo much, that when the ſcheme of his ſtudying law was propoſed to him, as the moſt agreeable to Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, he expreſſed no reluctance, although he was by no means fond of the profeſſion.

CHAP. XXXI.

Virtue may be aſſail'd, but never hurt;
Surpriz'd by unjuſt force, but not enthrall'd;
Yea even that which miſchief meant moſt harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove moſt glory;
But evil on itſelf ſhall back recoil.
——————— If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenneſs,
And earth's baſe built on ſtubble. MILTON.

AN occurrence took place a little before this period, which did much honour to Edward.

He had been long fond of the exerciſe of ſkating, in which, as in moſt others, he diſplayed uncommon addreſs. While he was indulging himſelf in this amuſement, with many others, the ice broke under one young man at a place where the water was deep enough to have drowned him; all who were near him fled immediately to the ſhore. Edward, at ſome diſtance, and with the graceful rapidity of *the feathered mer-*

cury, was gliding over the ſurface when he ſaw the confuſion, and heard an exclamation, that young Lord Fillagree would certainly be drowned. He immediately checked his courſe, and then moved towards the youth, whom he beheld holding by the edge of the ice, and ſtruggling to extricate himſelf; but as often as he made an effort to get out of the water, the ice broke, and he again fell in.—Several who obſerved Edward's intention called to him not to proceed, for if he did, he could only loſe his own life, without ſaving the other's. Notwithſtanding this prudent advice, he perſiſted in advancing towards the young man, who deſpairing of the ſucceſs of his own efforts, kept his hands and arms above the ſound part of the ice, and cried loudly and inceſſantly for aſſiſtance. As Edward approached, he begged him to be ſilent, and then holding his handkerchief by one corner, he threw the other to Fillagree, at the ſame time extending his arm to the utmoſt, that he might keep the weight of his own body as far as poſſible from the broken part of the ice, and that the ſound

might

might have the better chance of ſuſtaining the youth when he ſhould get upon it.—At that inſtant a ſailor, who had not before been on the ice, but viewed the ſcene from the ſhore, ran towards Edward, calling "avaſt, avaſt, brother; the ſliders on which you ſtand have no hold; that ſqualling lubber is more likely to drag you to the bottom than you to heave him above board, or tow him aſhore; catch faſt hold of this here with your larboard hand." So ſaying, he jerked the end of a piece of rope to Edward, while he himſelf ſtood firm on the ice, holding the other end. "Now, boys, bear a hand," cried he; "hilloa, pull away." It now appeared that the weakeſt parts of the ice had been already broken by the repeated exertions of the young Lord; for when by a new effort he got above the ice it did not give way; and holding by the end of the handkerchief, he was pulled to a ſafe part of the ice by Evilen and the ſailor.—The latter, after contemplating the young Lord with a look of contempt, ſaid, "Zounds, what a ſqualling you did make, friend; d—n me if I have

not ſeen a whole ſhip's crew go to the bottom with leſs noiſe than came from your ſingle jaw-port."

Edward could not help laughing at this ſpeech of the ſailor. Whether it was the ſhivering condition in which Lord Fillagree was that deprived him of recollection, or his being offended at the ſailor's ſpeech and Edward's laughing, cannot be known, but he certainly went away with all the expedition he could, and without ſaying a word to either.

Edward then, ſhaking the ſailor by the hand, offered him a guinea for his aſſiſtance in ſaving the young Lord from being drowned.

"He is not worth the money, by G—d," ſaid the ſailor.

Edward begged him to take it.

"Well, ſince you inſiſt upon it, maſter, I'll accept of your guinea," reſumed the ſailor; "but on my conſcience you have a hard bargain."

Lord Fillagree went abroad ſoon after, without waiting on Edward, or ever expreſſing any ſenſe of obligation.

At

At that time Edward was involved in a ſpecies of diſtreſs which he had hitherto been unacquainted with. A young man happened to be preſent when he received a remittance from Mrs. Barnet to clear off his year's accounts, and ſupply him with money for the immediate exigencies of the preſent term. This youth earneſtly applied to Edward for the uſe of the whole, on a plauſible pretext, and with the ſtrongeſt aſſurances of repaying it within a certain time. Edward relying upon this, entruſted him with the whole; but two days before the term of repayment, the borrower left the Univerſity in many people's debt. This event afflicted Edward very much. Several tradeſmen had given in their accounts, with intimation, that they were in great need of the money. When he reflected on the generoſity which Mrs. Barnet had always ſhewn in regulating his allowance, it augmented his diſtreſs; he felt the greateſt reluctance from communicating this affair to her; he would have applied with leſs uneaſineſs to Clifton, but

on his firſt going to the Univerſity, ſhe had adviſed him never to borrow money from his fellow-ſtudents. Beſides, Clifton had been for ſome time at the houſe of the Earl of Frankvil, to whom he was related. As Oxford was on the road between this nobleman's houſe and the capital, he always ſent for Clifton as he paſſed, and the youth had preſented Edward to him; in conſequence of which, and of the ſtile in which Clifton ſpoke of his companion, Edward had been invited with Clifton to Frankvil-houſe. This invitation he had declined.

When Clifton returned, he aſſured Edward that he was a prodigious favourite with the Earl, who had heard of his adventure with Lord Fillagree. "Notwithſtanding his regret that the puppy was not drowned," added Clifton, "the Earl admires your conduct exceedingly, and he told me in expreſs terms that I ſhould not be a welcome gueſt at Frankvil-houſe, unleſs I took you with me; and repeatedly in the hearing of a pretty numerous company expreſſed a ſtrong inclination to ſerve you; and what he

he expreſſed I am ſure he ſincerely wiſhes to have an opportunity of performing, for he is in all reſpects a man of honour."

While the two friends were talking on this ſubject, a letter was delivered to Edward. He ſhewed marks of indignation while he read it.

"That epiſtle does not ſeem of an agreeable tenor," ſaid Clifton.

"Yet it relates to Lord Frankvil and you," replied Edward, handing him the letter—which Clifton read as follows:

"SIR,

"This will inform you that the living of ——— is juſt become vacant; it is in the gift of the Earl of Frankvil. The writer hereof is willing to pay into your hands the ſum of 500l. provided you will uſe all your influence with his Lordſhip to beſtow that living on a certain clergyman of great piety and learning, who will be mentioned to you. You ſhall have ſecurity, I ſay, that 500l. will be paid to you upon the above clergyman being appointed to the living; and 200l. ſhall be advanced to you immediately, provided you make an earneſt ap-

plication for this purpoſe, and engage his Lordſhip's relation, the Honourable Mr. Clifton, to join in the ſame.

"If you approve of this, direct a line to A. B. at the —— coffee-houſe, to be left till called for. Mention where and when you can be ſpoken with by a friend of the writer of this. Secrecy and honour may be relied on."

"I am ſure that I have ſeen this man's writing before," ſaid Clifton, when he had finiſhed; and I have a very ſtrong ſuſpicion that this pious epiſtle is the production of a certain obſequious gentleman who only left this Univerſity laſt year. I forget his name; he who made up ſo much to me, and whom you may remember I could never endure. On ſome pretence or other, however, he called on Lord Frankvil, and was kept to dinner on the very day when his Lordſhip expreſſed ſo much regard for you. He ought to be expoſed."

"The real writer of this letter deſerves to be expoſed," replied Edward; "but as by making any noiſe on this ſubject we riſk

riſk throwing a ſuſpicion on a man who perhaps is incapable of ſuch baſeneſs, this is the beſt way of diſpoſing of it." So ſaying, he took up the letter and threw it in the fire.

"Well," ſaid Clifton; "but might not ſome good be extracted from this information? Have you no friend whom you might recommend to his Lordſhip on this occaſion?"

"I have no right to think that his Lordſhip would mind my recommendation; but I have a friend to whom I lie under the ſtrongeſt of all obligations. I would go to the Indies to ſerve him; he is a man who would do honour to any patronage."

"You mean Mr. Temple," ſaid Clifton.

"I certainly do," replied Edward; "and you cannot conceive what a pleaſure you would do me by applying to my Lord for——"

"I will do what you pleaſe," replied Clifton; "but can tell you beforehand, that his Lordſhip will not have the ſmalleſt ſcruple or ceremony in refuſing me; where-

as,

as, if you make the application, in the humour he is in, I do believe you have a great chance of ſucceeding."

Edward, however, ſtill thought he could not with propriety addreſs my Lord on ſuch a ſubject; but he at laſt agreed, on condition that Clifton would join him in the application. No anſwer came from his Lordſhip for three weeks, and Edward was uneaſy in the thoughts of having yielded to his friend's importunity. At length Clifton received a letter from Lord Frankvil in the following terms:

"There are many things in which your opinion, my dear Jack, would have great weight with me; but I confeſs that in chooſing a clergyman I ſhould not have thought of aſking it. When I expreſſed a deſire of ſerving your friend Edward, I literally meant himſelf, and not another at his recommendation; however, in conſequence of your conjunct letter, I have made inquiry reſpecting Mr. Temple, of whom I have received ſo excellent a character, that I ſhall write to him in a few days to inform him

him of his appointment. As I now conſider the recommending of ſuch a man as a ſervice done to myſelf, you will inform Edward that my inclination to be of ſervice to him is increaſed by this appointment.

"Yours, very ſincerely,

"FRANKVIL."

A very ſhort time after this letter had been read to Edward, he took poſt for Frankvil-houſe, to thank the Earl for ſo great a mark of regard; and at the ſame time to beg of his Lordſhip to conceal from Mr. Temple whatever part Edward himſelf had taken in the buſineſs.

"Why ſhould you preclude him from the pleaſure of knowing who are his friends?" ſaid the noble Lord.

"He knows very well," replied Edward, "that it is the pride of my life to be conſidered as his friend; but I have a ſtrong reaſon for wiſhing that he ſhould not know that I ever preſumed to mention him to your Lordſhip."

The

The noble Lord then aſſured him that it ſhould be as he deſired.

Edward's reaſon was founded on an idea that Mr. Temple might be a little hurt in having it believed that he was indebted for this piece of good fortune to the recommendation of an obſcure youth; and that it would afford him ſatisfaction to think he derived it from the influence of his own reputation on the mind of the Earl.

CHAP. XXXII.

Dullneſs with tranſport eyes the lively dunce
Rememb'ring ſhe herſelf was pertneſs once.

POPE.

SIR Mathew Maukiſh and his Lady continued to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Barnet with the greateſt aſſiduity; it was more difficult for her Ladyſhip to ſucceed with Mrs. Barnet than for Sir Mathew to gain on the mind of her huſband. What rendered Lady Maukiſh's company more agreeable, however, than it otherwiſe would have been to Mrs. Barnet, was the favourable manner ſhe always ſpoke of Edward, who had now left the Univerſity, and had chambers in the Temple. He paſſed moſt of the receſs at Mr. Barnet's houſe in the country, and Lady Maukiſh's viſits were more frequent while he was there than at other times. Her Ladyſhip often recommended to the youth to cultivate the acquaintance of her ſon, who,

from his ſuperior knowledge and experience, ſhe obeſerved, would be an uſeful adviſer to a young man juſt beginning the ſtudy of law; and to Mr. Barnet ſhe hinted, that Carnaby's talents and connections would ſpeedily raiſe him to ſituations in which he might be of great uſe to Edward. She expreſſed, however, ſome regret that her ſon had unfortunately neglected being called to the bar, which he was entitled to have been at the preceding term, and enjoined Edward to put him in mind, when he returned to town, to take the neceſſary ſteps for that purpoſe at the enſuing one.

When Edward returned to London, he called one day on his friend Clifton, with whom he found Mr. Carnaby Shadow, who immediately propoſed that they ſhould dine together at a tavern; Clifton readily aſſented; and Carnaby ſaid, that as he was on his way to Hyde-Park, he ſhould order dinner at the tavern as he paſſed. He then left them, and mounted his horſe, which was at the door, and which being a new

purchaſe, he was impatient to exhibit in the ſtreets and in the Park.

"What an eaſy tempered good-natured fellow he is," ſaid Edward.

"But wonderfully inſipid in a morning," ſaid Clifton.

"I obſerve that you are more apt to puſh the bottle when he is in company, than at other times," ſaid Edward; "you are never at reſt till you get him half tipſy."

"Certainly," replied Clifton; "and don't you know the reaſon?"

"I cannot ſay I do," anſwered Edward.

"Becauſe," ſaid Clifton, "ſmall-beer, when briſk and frothy, is ſometimes agreeable enough; but when flat, there is no ſwallowing it."

When they met at dinner, and when Mr. Shadow had attained what Clifton thought his moſt amuſing point, Edward, recollecting Lady Bab's injunction, told him, that his mother was impatient for his appearance at the bar as a Counſellor.

"To tell you a ſecret," ſaid Carnaby, "I would juſt as ſoon appear at the bar as a priſoner."

"That

"That is a ſecret, which I confeſs I ſhould not have expected from one of the profeſſion you have choſen."

"D—n the profeſſion!" cried Carnaby; "it was none of my chooſing; I hate it mortally."

"What reaſon can you have for ſo ſtrong an averſion?"

"What reaſon! What reaſon!" repeated Carnaby; "a very good, a very ſolid reaſon."

"That I ſhould expect, of courſe," ſaid Edward.

"Clearly," added Clifton, "as it has ſo much weight with you! but, after all, on what is it founded?"

"On what is it founded!" exclaimed Carnaby; "why on thoſe curſed eternal periwigs which Counſellors are obliged to wear in all weathers, when they appear at the bar; no conſideration on earth could prevail on me to make myſelf look ſo like a gigg; and if I were willing, I don't believe my head could ſupport one of thoſe hideous periwigs for an hour together."

"You

"You think then," ſaid Clifton, "that to be a lawyer it is neceſſary to have a very ſtrong head."

"Whatever is neceſſary, my averſion to thoſe d—d periwigs is unſurmountable."

"That is unlucky," ſaid Edward, "conſidering what Lady Maukiſh has in view for you."

"True," cried Clifton; "for if you boggle ſo much at the tie-wig of a ſimple counſellor, how could you ſupport that enormous weight of periwig which the head of every Chancellor of Great Britain is doomed to bear?"

"They ſhall doom my head to the block ſooner," replied Carnaby.

"Only imagine," rejoined Clifton, "to be awfully ſeated on a wool-pack, during a whole ſeſſion of parliament."

"Dreadful!" cried Carnaby.

"Seſſions after ſeſſions," added Clifton.

"Shocking! ſhocking!" exclaimed Carnaby.

"Not to mention the chance of a trial by impeachment at Weſtminſter-Hall," ſaid Edward.

"Name it not," cried Carnaby.

"There obliged to remain," continued Edward, "from winter to midſummer, in ſight of *all manner of perſons*, hearing examinations and croſs-examinations, ſpeeches and replies, ſufficient to confound the cleareſt head in Chriſtendom, even although it were not buried in a voluminous maſs of horſe-hair."

"Fogh! Fogh!" cried Carnaby.

"He is almoſt choaked with the bare idea," ſaid Clifton.

"Eh gad, and ſo I am!" reſumed Carnaby; "and rather than be ſuffocated in that lingering manner, I would chooſe to be buried at once in my cool grave."

"This, however, is ſuppoſing the worſt that could happen," reſumed Edward; "for even if you were to proceed in the profeſſion of a lawyer, you might poſſibly eſcape being buried alive in a Chancellor's wig; at all events I think you ought to make *an effort* to pleaſe your mother, by appearing, for once at leaſt, in the wig of a Counſellor."

"Curſe

"Curſe efforts," cried Carnaby; "I always deteſted them, and never could make one in my life."

"Forgive me," ſaid Edward; "I think I could put you in mind of a very vigorous effort, which Mr. Clifton and I were witneſſes to your making of your own accord."

"I do not know what you mean," ſaid Carnaby.

"Nor I," added Clifton.

"Do you not remember," reſumed Edward, "our calling one morning at your chambers, when we found you ſtruggling, with all your might, to ſqueeze yourſelf into a new pair of buckſkin breeches? I am ſure I ſhall never forget the ſtrenuous efforts you made on that occaſion."

"Ay, on that occaſion, you ſhewed yourſelf capable of the moſt laudable exertions," rejoined Clifton.

"The moſt pains-taking man on earth could not have puſhed more earneſtly to gain a livelihood for himſelf and family," added Edward, "than you did to carry your point on that occaſion."

"Yes," replied Carnaby; "but that was a different affair."

"It muſt be confeſſed," added Clifton, "that ſtudying law is one thing, and pulling on a pair of breeches is another."

"Aſſuredly," reſumed Edward; "for many people drop the one, who wiſh to wear the other all their lives."

"What I meant to ſay," replied Carnaby, "was, that ſtudying the law is a bore, and diſturbs ones head; whereas—

"Tight breeches," ſaid Cliſton, "pinch elſewhere."

"I remember, however," rejoined Carnaby, "that on the occaſion you allude to, I was very much puzzled whether to proceed or draw back."

"Like Macbeth, you recollected," ſaid Edward, "that

——ſhould you wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

CHAP. XXXIII.

Dangerous Connections.

FROM the time that Edward left the University he had been principally intent on the ſtudy of hiſtory, the nature of government, the ſpirit of laws in general, and other kinds of knowledge which are rather preparatory to, than forming a part of the buſineſs of a lawyer.

His mind being delighted with theſe ſtudies, he purſued them with eagerneſs and ſucceſs.

But when he came to apply himſelf to the ſtudy of the municipal law, and the forms of the Courts, he found it more laborious, becauſe leſs entertaining, and he was the more readily led into diſſipation. No young man could have more natural eaſe and leſs affected wiſdom; his diſlike of formality and reſerve was ſometimes made uſe of by his young companions, as a means

to ſeduce him to be of their parties. In general, his good ſenſe and ſteadineſs enabled him to reject their propoſals, except when they were ſupported by his friend Clifton, whoſe fondneſs for humour made him find entertainment in the ridicule as well as the talents of thoſe with whom he kept company. As Edward ſeldom could reſiſt the importunities of Clifton, he ſometimes had cauſe to repent the exceſſes into which he was led, the effects of which generally extended a day or two beyond that in which they were committed; ſo that one night, diſagreeably ſpent with Carnaby and his companions, generally loſt two days ſtudy to Edward.

Among Carnaby's moſt intimate companions, one was devoted to the bottle, another to play; the firſt, whoſe name was Myrtle, had early in life lived two years with a relation in the country, who being an habitual drunkard, had gradually ſeduced him into frequent intoxication. This young man had once promiſed better things. At the time on which he firſt went to reſide with this unfortunate relation, he was of an active

active temper, of a moſt obliging diſpoſition, a lover of ſincerity, with great natural quickneſs, ſome deſire of fame,—the moſt bleſſed of all diſpoſitions for a man of fortune; becauſe it is the ſource of improvement, and the beſt preſervative againſt that miſerable bane of men of fortune, *ennui*. Of all the contrivances to exclude this intruding demon from the mind of man, the moſt debaſing and deſtructive is, the uſe of intoxicating liquors; that pernicious habit blunts all deſire of improvement, deadens emulation, obſcures the underſtanding, ſinks the ſoul into ſluggiſhneſs, renders men inſenſible to the love of reputation, familiarizes them with the idea of contempt, and extinguiſhes every enjoyment but that maudlin delirium excited by ſpirituous liquors, which ſoon hurries them to their graves.

Poor Myrtle was advancing to this deplorable ſtate; he roſe every morning with a confuſed head and heart, filled with remorſe; his nerves unſtrung, and his temper unſupportable. For thoſe complaints he ſought a cure in the very ſource of his diſ-

eaſe; and did not recover any degree of eaſe and good humour until he had lodged a conſiderable quantity of ſtrong liquor in his ſtomach: this proved a moſt treacherous palliative; all his ailments recurring with augmented force the ſucceeding day, and requiring an increaſed doſe to alleviate them. The only comfortable part of his life, therefore, (if any part of ſuch a life could be called comfortable,) began ſome time *after* dinner; as for the dinner itſelf it afforded him none, ſo completely was his appetite deſtroyed; but after a certain number of glaſſes, his ill-humour gradually diminiſhed, and as the bottle continued to circulate, he advanced in cheerfulneſs to a certain point, at which his ideas from gay became confuſed, acquiring every moment more and more obſcurity, until he was carried, in a ſtate of ſtupor, to bed.

Having thus perverted the faculties of the youth's mind, and blunted all his powers of enjoyment, his obliging relation died, and left him a large eſtate to enjoy; and the young man was often quoted as one of the moſt fortunate men in the kingdom.

Mr.

Mr. Shuffle was Carnaby's other companion. He in reality hated wine, although he ſometimes affected a great diſpoſition for jolity; he then promoted drinking, while, with all the addreſs he was maſter of, he paſſed the bottle, and often aſſumed the appearance of being fluſtered when his ſenſes were quite clear, which appeared as ſoon as the cards or dice were introduced; but if by any accident, in ſpite of his caution and addreſs, he felt his memory or preſence of mind diſturbed, no intreaty could prevail on him to play.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

JUVEN.

MR. Carnaby Shadow was a loſer by both his companions; one injured his health, the other his purſe. Although he had no taſte for wine, and diſliked gaming, he was in danger of falling a ſacrifice to both, from a weakneſs he had in common with many better men; namely, an inability of reſiſting ſolicitation. Had Mr. Myrtle and Mr. Shuffle been men of rank, or greatly diſtinguiſhed as men of faſhion, Carnaby would infallibly have become a drunkard or a gameſter; but as they were neither, he never thought of them when they were out of his ſight, and never fell into their peculiar vices but from their importunity. Carnaby had another weakneſs of a leſs dangerous, but a more ridiculous nature;

nature; that of imitating the dreſs and peculiarities of every faſhionable man with whom he was acquainted. If he happened to paſs a ſhort time with a perſon of this deſcription who ſpoke quick, Carnaby's words were obſerved ſoon after to flow more rapidly than uſual; and this increaſed velocity continued until he met with a more diſtinguiſhed perſon who ſpoke ſlow; but if that perſon was abſolutely a ſtutterer, Carnaby was obſerved to take as much pains to check certain words, as his noble model did to pronounce them. He was at one time ſeized with a convulſive ſhake of his head, which laſted near two months; at another he ſeemed to be almoſt deaf, and was not cured of the affectation till a certain noble Lord had quite recovered his hearing. Carnaby had always ſhewn a partiality for red wines; but on hearing a noble Duke declare that he preferred white, Mr. Shadow, for a conſiderable ſpace of time, confined himſelf to Sherry and Champagne. Theſe ridicules, joined to his exceſſive good nature, rendered his company highly amuſing to Mr. Clifton, whoſe enjoyment

joyment was greatly increaſed when he could perſuade Edward to partake in it. On one occaſion, Carnaby having engaged Mr. Clifton to accompany him to certain races, the latter prevailed on Edward to be of the party. The day after the three young gentlemen had ſet out, Mr. Shuffle called at Carnaby's lodgings, and underſtanding from the ſervant that on their return from the races they intended to dine at a particular inn on the road, at no great diſtance from town, he formed the deſign of meeting them there. Without explaining his intentions to Mr. Myrtle, he perſuaded him to accompany him in a viſit to an acquaintance of both, who had a houſe near the ſame road, but ſeveral miles farther from town than the inn in queſtion. Mr. Shuffle's ſcheme was to meet the three youths at the inn, and to engage them in play after dinner, when Myrtle ſhould have warmed them with wine.

When Mr. Shuffle and Myrtle arrived at the inn, they ſaw Edward and Carnaby ſtanding in the court. The latter told them they had juſt arrived; that Clifton had left them

them immediately after the races to viſit a relation, but they expected two other gentlemen, for whom they had ordered dinner, and that he hoped Meſſrs. Shuffle and Myrtle would be of the party. Although Shuffle was diſappointed when he heard that Clifton was not to come, he expreſſed much joy at this accidental rencontre, as he called it, and accepted the invitation. Myrtle went directly to inquire about the wines, and took a glaſs of Madeira by way of trial.

In paying the laſt poſt, Shuffle finding there was an overplus of nine ſhillings, gave it to the two poſtillions who had driven Myrtle and him.

As he ordered this ample recompence with a loud and boaſting voice, he was heard by another poſtillion who at that inſtant drove a chaiſe and pair into the court. A decent looking woman, but whoſe features bore the marks of ſorrow and adverſity, ſtepped out of the chaiſe; ſhe immediately inquired if any ſtage coach for London was expected to paſs ſoon; and being

being told that one would paſs within half an hour, ſhe ſaid that provided there was room ſhe would proceed by that conveyance. She then paid the poſtillion his fare, and gave him a ſhilling for himſelf. The fellow looking at it ſcornfully, ſaid, with an inſolent tone to the lady, "What is this for, miſtreſs." To which ſhe mildly replied, "I am ſorry, friend, I cannot afford to give you any more at preſent; for to ſay the truth, I have ſcarcely money ſufficient to clear my expences to London."

"If I had known as much," retorted the fellow, "damn me if I ſhould have driven ſo faſt. Ay, Jack," continued he, addreſſing one of the poſtillions who had driven Shuffle and Myrtle, "you have met with two generous gentlemen, but I have picked up a ſhilling b—ch, by God."

"You don't expect always to have the beſt luck, do you?" ſaid the other. "Don't you remember the laſt time we met that I received only eighteen pence for driving two officers ſixteen miles, and I ſaw you get half a crown for bringing one man ten."

"What the devil could you expect from two beggarly officers in the army?" reſumed the firſt poſtillion; "whereas the gentleman that I drove that day was a maſter butcher in Clare market."

At the commencement of this dialogue, the lady had walked into the inn. The grooms and footmen who filled the court applauded the poſtillion's wit with loud laughter, in which they were joined by Shuffle and Carnaby. Edward was otherwiſe affected.

Having followed the lady into a parlour, he found her wiping her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Pray, Madam," ſaid he, "do not allow the brutality of that fellow to affect you too much; he is really not worth your notice."

"I know it, Sir," ſaid the lady; "and it is not his rudeneſs that affects me; but the reflection on my own irreparable miſfortune, in the loſs of him, who uſed to protect me from ſuch inſults." Here ſhe burſt anew into tears, and continued

for

for ſome minutes to ſob as if her heart were breaking.

When ſhe ſeemed to have recovered herſelf a little, "I hope you will forgive me, Madam," ſaid Edward, in the moſt reſpectful manner; "but I heard you hint that your finances were ſlender at preſent; may I beg therefore that you will oblige me by accepting of this trifle, till you are in eaſier circumſtances."

The lady, looking with ſurprize at him, ſaid, "You are extremely good, Sir; but I believe I have money enough to carry me to town, where I am not without hopes of getting a ſupply e'er it be long."

"Why ſhould you run any riſk, Madam?" replied he with earneſtneſs; "you may not find your friends directly on your arrival; what I offer is a trifle—only five guineas—for which I have no immediate uſe, and you ſhall repay them when you pleaſe. I earneſtly beg your acceptance of them. Pray do, Madam, you will indeed oblige me very much."

The lady deſiring to know to whom ſhe was obliged, and taking his addreſs, at length

yielded to his intreaties, and accepted the five guineas.

When Edward withdrew, to his pleaſure and ſurpriſe he met Mr. Temple in the paſſage. That gentleman had arrived ſome hours before on his way to London, and had been detained at the inn by an incident that ſhall be explained in due time.

While he ſat in an upper room, he had heard the laughter of the grooms and footmen, and on one of the waiters entering, he aſked what was the occaſion of all that mirth? "They are laughing," anſwered the fellow, "at a kind of a gentlewoman who is juſt arrived in a poſt chaiſe. Scarcely having money enough to hold out the remaining poſts, ſhe could give the poſtillion only a ſhilling, which to be ſure is a little upon the ſhabby order in ſuch rainy weather; and ſhe now ſits moping by herſelf, until the arrival of the ſtage coach, which to be ſure is more fitter, an' pleaſe your honour, for ſuch ſecond-hand gentry, than a poſt chaiſe."

Mr. Temple deſired to be ſhewn where the Lady was, in a manner that indicated diſpleaſure.

"I meant no offence, pleaſe your honour," ſaid the waiter. "I always reſpects the cloth, becauſe they orders the beſt of whatever is in the houſe, and ſometimes allows to waiters genteelly."

Mr. Temple having again deſired to be ſhewn to the Lady, was informed that a gentleman was with her. Waiting until he could ſpeak to her alone, he met Edward, and being at the ſame inſtant told that the Lady was diſengaged, he deſired Edward to wait a few minutes for him in another room. Mr. Temple himſelf then went to the parlour in which the Lady was, and in the moſt delicate terms made her an offer of the ſame nature with that which he had prevailed on her to accept.

"This is very ſurpriſing," exclaimed the Lady, "that two propoſals of this nature ſhould be made to me in one day." She then aſſured him that he had been anticipated in his generous intention, and that

ſhe

ſhe no longer ſtood in need of the aſſiſtance he ſeemed ſo willing to lend.

Mr. Temple had no notion that Edward was the perſon who had been with the Lady when he met him in the paſſage; but he ſhewed great ſatisfaction as ſoon as he diſcovered from her deſcription that it was ſo.

"I preſume, Sir," ſaid the Lady, "that charming youth is a near relation of yours; ſure I am, your ſouls are akin."

Mr. Temple bowed without farther explanation, and then hinted a deſire that ſhe would place the ſame confidence in him that ſhe had in Edward, and oblige him by accepting his offer alſo. To this the Lady replied, "that ſhe was not quite ſatisfied with herſelf for having yielded to the intreaties of his friend. "It is poſſible," continued ſhe, "that I may not have need of the money he has lent me; but there was ſo much goodneſs in his motive for making me the offer, ſo much candour and benevolence in his countenance, and ſuch delicate earneſtneſs in his manner, that I found them irreſiſtible; and when I accepted, it was really

in ſome degree to oblige him. The ſame motives would have made the ſame impreſſion, continued ſhe, had your humane propoſal preceded his; but you ſee, my good Sir, there is no longer the ſame neceſſity."

Mr. Temple ſeeming uneaſy at her perſiſting in her refuſal, the Lady added, "I am exceedingly ſenſible, Sir, of your goodneſs; and although your young friend was in too much hurry to hear my ſtory, perhaps you will have patience to learn ſomething of the perſon you are ſo ready to oblige."

She then informed Mr. Temple, that ſhe was the widow of an officer of the artillery, who had died in the Weſt Indies; that ſhe had one ſon, a youth of about thirteen, who was at ſchool in London; that ſhe had hardly any thing to maintain herſelf and this boy, except the penſion of a ſubaltern officer's widow; that ſhe had been living with a relation in the country for a conſiderable time, on purpoſe to enable her to pay her ſon's expences at ſchool, and was now on her way to town to ſee her ſon, and make

make intereſt to get him received as a cadet on the eſtabliſhment at Woolwich.

Mr. Temple ſaid, he was happy ſhe had informed him of her errand to London, becauſe he had hopes that it would be in his power to promote her views, as he had the honour of being known to the Maſter-General of the Ordnance, and would certainly ſpeak to him in favour of her ſon; adding, that from the known attention he paid to the duties of his office, and the patronage he willingly beſtowed on the ſons of officers, there was little room to doubt of ſucceſs.

The Lady poured forth a profuſion of grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Temple, while he wrote in his pocket-book the name and ſituation of the ſchool where her ſon was, with her own addreſs, that he might know where to find them in London.

The waiter entered to inform her that the ſtage-coach was arrived; that he had ſecured her a place, as one of the paſſengers was to go no farther in the coach; and that it would not proceed for near an hour, by

which time he hoped that the rain, which was very violent, would abate.

On leaving the Lady, Mr. Temple found Edward in the paſſage. The coachman having aſſiſted a young woman with an infant in her arms, from the coach-box, was leading her, drenched with rain, and the water pouring from her clothes, into the kitchen. Edward and Mr. Temple followed them. Sir George Royſton, who has been already mentioned, and Colonel Snug, of whom the reader will know more hereafter, ſtood before the fire; they waited for freſh horſes to their chaiſe.

"If that creature comes hither," cried the Colonel; "by G—d we ſhall be all afloat!"

Edward drew a large chair near the fire, and expreſſing ſympathy at the ſtate ſhe was in, deſired the woman to ſit down.

"I do not mind myſelf," ſaid the poor woman; "but I fear for my child."

Her apprehenſions were without foundation; for when the rain began ſhe had pulled off her cloak, and ſtript herſelf of

ſome

ſome other parts of her dreſs, to ſcreen the infant; and although ſhe herſelf had been ſoon wet to the ſkin, when the cloak and other wrappings were removed, the child's uſual clothes were found quite dry.

While the mother, ſtill apprehenſive that her child might have ſuffered, examined him with affectionate ſolicitude, the infant ſeemed alarmed at the number of ſtrange faces that were gazing on him, which Edward remarking, gently preſſed the woman's head nearer the child, and at the ſame inſtant tickling the cheek of the latter, repeated from Virgil's eclogue—

Incipe, parve puer; riſu cognoſcere matrem.

The infant, as if it had underſtood the words, diſſipated the mother's fears, and repaid her care by immediately ſmiling in her face.

Edward then whiſpered the Landlady to take the poor woman into a bed-chamber, and give her a dry gown and cloak, for which he would indemnify her.

The Landlady did as ſhe was deſired.

"Poor young woman," ſaid the coachman, as ſhe left the room, "I am ſorry there was not room for her within the coach; ſhe has been expoſed to the rain above two hours; and I am ſure ſhe is drenched to the ſkin, and is much to be pitied."

"She looks like a new-ducked w—re," ſaid Sir George Royſton, with a laugh.

"She is not handſome enough to be of that profeſſion," ſaid Colonel Snug.

"A woman under misfortunes has a right to be pitied, pleaſe your honours," ſaid the coachman, "whether ſhe is handſome or not."

"She may have a right to what ſhe pleaſes; but nobody ever troubles their heads with thoſe who are not handſome," rejoined Sir George.

"Handſome *is* who handſome *does*, pleaſe your honours," ſaid the coachman;—"this poor woman pulled the clothes from her own back, and expoſed herſelf to the ſtorm to protect her child—that is what I calls handſome."

"Ay, my good fellow," ſaid Mr. Temple, clapping the coachman's ſhoulder; "and what

what every humane and feeling man will call handſome."

"Parſons, to be ſure, are in general men of feeling," ſaid Colonel Snug, ſneeringly.

"Brave men are generally humane," replied Mr. Temple, fixing the Colonel; "and when a ſoldier is otherwiſe, he diſhonours his profeſſion."

"The rain was ſo violent, and continued ſo long," reſumed the coachman, "that I fear the poor woman will ſuffer in her health."

"Thoſe creatures never ſuffer in their health," ſaid Snug; "I have ſeen ſoldiers wives, with children on their backs, keep pace with the men on a march in the midſt of froſt and ſnow, and I never heard of their being the worſe for it."

"It is nothing to thoſe who are uſed to it," added Sir George Royſton.

Mr. Temple, ſuppreſſing his indignation at this diſcourſe, and addreſſing the coachman, ſaid, "Friend, you ſeem to take ſome intereſt in this poor woman; pray what do you know of her?"

"All

"All that I know, pleaſe your honour, about this here young woman juſt gone out is, that her huſband is a ſea-faring man; who was taken by a preſs-gang in the ſtreets of London about a month ago, and ſent to Portſmouth. When ſhe heard of this, ſhe followed him without more delay, notwithſtanding her grief for ſuch an accident; whereof ſhe took her child with her, and remained there until the ſhip on which her huſband was aboard ſailed, and moſt of her money was expended on neceſſaries to fit him out, which ſhe ſent to him after ſhe came aſhore, by the boatſwain, although her huſband, like an honeſt-hearted ſailor, had deſired her not to do it, for fear of diſtreſſing her; and ſo, being ſhort of money, ſhe took a ſeat on the outſide of my coach, and to be ſure ſhe did nothing but cry and ſigh, although I ſaid all I could to comfort her, by telling her of a relation of my own whoſe huſband went to ſea, and left her with five children, inſtead of one; and he was abſent for nine years without her ever ſeeing him, and yet he returned at laſt in perfect

perfect health, and with a good deal of money, about a month after his wife's death. I told the poor woman all this to keep up her ſpirits, ſaying, that I hoped the ſame would not happen to her, as to the article of dying, but only as to her huſband's returning in perfect health, and with a good deal of money; but all I could ſay was not able to comfort her."

"I hope you was able to comfort her, however," ſaid Colonel Snug, "when ſhe was ſtripped; for I think you told us ſhe ſtripped herſelf at laſt?"

"When the rain began," anſwered the coachman, "ſhe ſtripped herſelf of part of her clothes to ſhelter her child; and without diſparagement, I hope that you, nor none of your relations, ever ſtript for a more ſinful purpoſe."

"Do you know, friend, to whom ſhe goes when ſhe arrives in London," ſaid Mr. Temple.

"She told me," replied the coachman, "that ſhe was going to her huſband's mother, who is a poor woman who lives in Holborn.

Holborn. Her own father is butler to Mr. Bloſſom, a rich nabob from the Eaſt Indies; but he was ſo enraged at her quitting her ſervice to marry the ſailor, that he has not ſeen her ſince, although the ſailor is of an honeſt character and a handſome man; but handſomeneſs in a huſband, pleaſe your honour, is nothing to a father, although it is a great deal to a daughter."

"I am very well acquainted with Mr. Bloſſom," ſaid Mr. Temple; "and I will ſpeak to him on the ſubject, and I hope he will prevail on his butler to receive his daughter with kindneſs, and provide for her and her child till her huſband ſhall return."

"God Almighty bleſs you, my good Sir, for your intention," cried the poor woman, who returned to the kitchen with the Landlady, and had overheard Mr. Temple; "but my father, who is a very honeſt man, is ſo paſſionate, that it will be difficult to bring him to conſent to take me home; and if he did, he would be apt to ſpeak of my dear

Richard

Richard in a way that would break my heart."

Mr. Temple deſired her to make herſelf eaſy, as he ſhould take care to mention the affair in ſuch a manner as would reconcile her father."

Sir George ſurveyed her with aſtoniſhment; he could hardly believe ſhe was the ſame whom he had ſeen ſhivering with cold and drenched with rain a little before. Anxiety for her child had likewiſe contributed to drive the roſe from her cheek, impair the luſtre of her eye, and to give her the ſickly look of dejection. The alteration of dreſs, the refreſhment ſhe had taken, and above all the cheering ſmiles of her infant, had now reſtored the native beauty of her countenance, which was alſo augmented by the glow of gratitude.

"Upon my ſoul, my dear, I am glad to ſee you ſo much recovered," ſaid Sir George; "I was afraid you had ſuffered from the rain. As for the gentleman in whoſe ſervice your father is, he is my intimate friend. O, I am convinced that he and I together will ſoon

prevail

prevail on him to be reconciled to you; and, hark you, (added he, drawing her a little aſide, and ſpeaking in a low voice,) you will call on me after to-morrow; there is my addreſs; I ſhall by that time have ſeen your father, and will probably have good news to impart; in the mean time here is ſomething to purchaſe clothes for your child." So ſaying, he ſlipped a guinea into her hand with his card.

By this time Colonel Snug was ſeated in Royſton's carriage, which had arrived the moment before. When Sir George was ſtepping in after him, he was followed to the door of the chaiſe by the young woman, who with an air of modeſty and gratitude returned him thanks. Colonel Snug was ſomewhat ſtruck alſo with the favourable alteration in the appearance of the young woman; and obſerving that there were a good many ſpectators, he was prompted by oſtentation, with a ſlight mixture of good-will, to exhibit his generoſity.

"La Plume," he called with an air of dignity, as he drew on his glove; "La Plume, give this young woman a couple of guineas on my account."

When the poor woman had expreſſed her thankfulneſs for this freſh inſtance of liberality, La Plume came to the ſide of the chaiſe, and informed the Colonel that his money was already expended all to within a few ſhillings, and deſired five guineas more from his maſter that he might give two to the woman, and keep the reſt for future diſburſements.

"Blockhead," cried the Colonel, "why did you not tell me ſo before I drew on my gloves; it is impoſſible for me now to fumble for my purſe; poſtillion, drive on." The poſtillion obeyed, and the carriage diſappeared.

The ruſtic group who were witneſſes to this ſcene were ſhocked; curſes againſt the Colonel burſt from every mouth, and when they came to comment upon his conduct, the general conſtruction was, that he had ordered the two guineas to be given from

ſheer

ſheer vanity, knowing that his valet had no money, and that the order could not be executed. In this, however, they were miſtaken. Colonel Snug had really believed that his ſervant had ſome guineas of his money remaining, and he intended *bona fide* that two of them ſhould have been given to the woman. The Colonel was in the habit of profuſion, and although always in debt, he was never in want, and therefore put little value on ſmall ſums. He had ordered the money to be given, becauſe he was pleaſed with the woman's face, becauſe ſhe had attracted the people's attention, and becauſe parting with two guineas by a word to his valet, gave him no trouble; whereas pulling off his glove gave him a little. The ſpectators had no idea that any man could ſo cruelly diſappoint a perſon in the poor woman's circumſtances, merely to ſave himſelf ſo very ſmall a piece of trouble; for the moſt ſelfiſh villager has no conception of that degree of ſelfiſhneſs and inſenſibility to the feelings of others which exiſts among the ſons of luxury and ſloth in

capitals, where the heart is rendered callous by the daily exhibition of profuſion contraſted with want, miſery with mirth, and where people are ſo often the witneſſes or accomplices of the ruin of friends or acquaintance.

CHAP. XXXV.

La charité ſanctifie les actions les plus communes, et l'orgueil corrompt les plus ſublimes vertus.

ROCHEFOUCAULD.

DURING part of the foregoing converſation, Edward had ſettled every article regarding the young woman, and the ſtage-coach being ready, the landlady informed her that the clothes ſhe had borrowed were now her own, the young gentleman having paid for them, and for an inſide paſſage for her in the coach.

The poor woman, unable to expreſs her gratitude, burſt into tears.

Mr. Temple, having handed the officer's widow into the carriage, next lent his aſſiſtance to this woman.—"Dry up your tears," good woman," ſaid he, "and ſtep in; but led me adviſe you not to go near the gentleman who whiſpered you, until I have prevailed on your father to ſee you, which I ſhall

I ſhall endeavour to do as ſoon as I get to London."

She aſſured him, that ſhe would obſerve his advice; and the coach drove away.

When he turned about he found Mr. Shuffle and Carnaby ſtanding behind him; they had come in ſearch of Edward, who preſented Mr. Temple to Shuffle as a friend of his, whom he had prevailed on to dine with them.

In a ſhort converſation which Mr. Temple had apart with Edward, immediately before they ſat down to dinner, the former aſked whether Edward intended to proceed to London that evening, or remain with thoſe gentlemen at the inn?

Edward anſwered, "That Mr. Shadow and he himſelf were determined to go to town very ſoon after dinner."

"As for Mr. Shadow's determinations," ſaid Mr. Temple, "you ought to be ſufficiently acquainted with him to know, that their execution depends more on the will of the company in which he is than his own;

and from what I have heard of two of his preſent companions, I think it is moſt likely that the one, by puſhing the bottle, and the other, by propoſing gaming, will detain him here for this night."

"He ſhall remain without me, then," ſaid Edward; "for I am reſolved to go to town."

It was then agreed, that in caſe Carnaby choſe to remain, Edward ſhould ſet out with Mr. Temple, who mentioned, at the ſame time, his having been already detained much longer than he originally intended; and that he now waited for a perſon with whom he had ſome buſineſs, and who would probably call for him before they had done dinner; ſoon after which he would order the chaiſe."

During the dinner Myrtle called for a variety of wine, and was continually inviting one or other of the company to drink.

Mr. Temple drank two glaſſes with him, but refuſed when he propoſed a third.

"I never

"I never knew a man of your profeſſion," ſaid Shuffle, addreſſing Mr. Temple, "who did not love his bottle."

"I have known ſeveral of yours," replied the latter, "who liked to keep themſelves quite cool, and therefore declined it."

As Shuffle lived by gaming, and knew that he was looked on as a *profeſſed* gameſter, this reply pinched him a little; however, after a ſhort pauſe, he ſaid: "My profeſſion! I have no profeſſion but that of a gentleman, Sir."

"And did you never know a gentleman, Sir," anſwered Mr. Temple, "who liked to keep himſelf cool, and therefore declined drinking?"

"Gentlemen! I ſpoke of clergymen," ſaid Shuffle.

"They are included in the other claſs," ſaid Mr. Temple; "and in general ſupport the character as honourably as the men of any profeſſion whatever, without excepting thoſe, Sir, who *profeſs* to be gentlemen and nothing elſe."

Mr. Shuffle was of a diſpoſition to be inſolent, when he could with ſafety, and peculiarly inclined to be witty on the clergy. Mr. Temple's manner convinced him, that it would be prudent to reſerve certain jokes which he had ready prepared on that ſubject for ſome other opportunity. After a ſhort pauſe the converſation became more amicable.

About an hour after dinner, Mr. Temple called for a bill, ſaying he was obliged to go to town.

This demand for the bill was repeated by Mr. Shuffle, who heartily wiſhed him gone, as he felt himſelf in conſiderable reſtraint in his preſence, and feared that he would be a bar to ſome of his projects. He was vexed, however, when he heard Edward propoſe to Carnaby that *they* ſhould go alſo.

This being violently oppoſed by Mr. Myrtle, Carnaby declared that he could not think of quitting good company ſo ſoon.

"Then," ſaid Edward, "as I am under that neceſſity, I will be obliged to Mr. Temple for a place in his chaiſe."

In

In collecting the bill, Shuffle made ſuch a demand from each as left eighteen ſhillings for the waiter.

Mr. Temple, after paying his proportion, obſerved, that this was a great deal too much.

"Pray what would *you* be for giving him?" ſaid Shuffle.

"The third part, at the utmoſt," replied Mr. Temple; "and in giving more I ſhould think I did wrong."

"What would you do with the remaining twelve ſhillings?" ſaid Shuffle. "I will be damned ſooner than take a ſixpence of it."

"There is no need of the alternative," ſaid Mr. Temple, "as I think the twelve ſhillings may be better diſpoſed of than either by giving them to the waiter, or reſuming them ourſelves."

They all agreed that he ſhould diſpoſe of them as he pleaſed. Mr. Temple then rung the bell, and deſired that the young man who waited below to ſpeak to him might be ſent up.

"Gentlemen," ſaid he, addreſſing the company, "I arrived here this morning a conſiderable time before any of you; and, as I paſſed into the parlour, I ſaw the youth I have now ſent for pay half-a-crown to the waiter for a bottle of wine; he was pale, emaciated, and ſeemed to ſtand more in need of victuals than of drink; he had, beſides, a look of ſorrow which intereſted me. 'Is that wine for your own drinking, my lad?' ſaid I. 'God forbid!' anſwered he, with a look of horror.

"On my inquiring farther, he told me, that his aunt was ill of a putrid ſore throat; that the apothecary had ſent ſome powders of Jeſuits bark, with directions that they ſhould be taken in port wine. I aſked, if he himſelf was at the expence of this? Before he could anſwer, the Oſtler, who ſtood by, ſaid, 'Ay, that he is, and of the apothecary's drugs alſo.'

"'Well,' refumed the youth, 'and ſo I ought; did not ſhe maintain me when I was a helpleſs child, after my father and mother's

mother's death, and prevent my coming on the pariſh?'

"'It is not every one, however, that would do the ſame,' replied the Oſtler; 'but thou art a worthy ſoul, Joe, and God's bleſſing will follow thee.—This poor young fellow,' continued the Oſtler, addreſſing me, 'has taken as much care of his aunt as if ſhe had been his mother.'

"'Well, and ſo I ought,' ſaid the youth; 'ſhe took as much care of me as if I had been her ſon.'

"I then aſked him," continued Mr. Temple, "by what means he was enabled to maintain his aunt. He anſwered that he was a houſe-carpenter, and gained ſometimes two ſhillings, and ſometimes half-a-crown a-day. The Oſtler again broke in, ſaying, That the young lad had almoſt killed himſelf, by working extra hours, as he called it, to procure neceſſaries, and doctor's ſtuff to his aunt; adding, that, to his knowledge, the very coat that ought to be on his back was at that moment in pawn for that purpoſe.

"What

"'What care I for a coat?' ſaid the youth; 'if my aunt recovers, I will ſoon get another coat; but if ſhe die, where ſhall I find ſo kind a relation?'

"Here the tears flowed from his eyes; and I confeſs, gentlemen," continued Mr. Temple, "I was much touched with the dutiful and generous behaviour of this young man; and——but here he is."

It was evident from the youth's wan face, and emaciated perſon, that very little of his wages had been ſpent on his own diet.

"Well, Joe," ſaid Mr. Temple; "how did you leave your aunt?"

"Much better," replied he, "thanks be to God and your honour; ſhe has taken two of the powders and three glaſſes of wine, and is ſo much revived that the apothecary now thinks ſhe will recover entirely."

"I am glad to hear it," ſaid Mr. Temple; "and have to inform you, that thoſe gentlemen deſire you will accept of twelve ſhillings to aſſiſt yourſelf and her until her health is quite re-eſtabliſhed."

"I am

"I am much obliged to the gentlemen," ſaid Joe; "but the ſix bottles of wine you ſent from the inn, and the guinea you gave me———"

"Well, well," interrupted Mr. Temple, "ſay no more of that; but here take the gentlemen's money, and when you are able to come to town, call where I directed."

Joe retired, and Mr. Temple ſaid, "I hope, gentlemen, you are all ſatisfied that the money is better beſtowed than as was at firſt propoſed."

All gave a ready aſſent, except Mr. Shuffle; who ſaid: "After all, I do not ſee that there was any neceſſity of retrenching from the waiter on purpoſe to give to this man; but to ſhew that I approve of his conduct to his aunt, and can be as charitable as any man, although I love to pay waiters genteelly, Here, Landlord, here are two guineas, which I deſire may be added to the guinea which I find Mr. Temple has already beſtowed on him."

"Since that is the caſe," cried Myrtle, who had drank a great deal more than any

of the company, "d—n me if Mr. Temple, although he is a parſon, ſhall be more charitable than me; and ſo I deſire, Mr. Landlord, that you will forthwith ſend Joe a dozen of this very port, and put it to my account, that Joe and his aunt may get jovial together, when Mr. Temple's ſix bottles are exhauſted."

"I always loved to be in the faſhion," ſaid Mr. Carnaby Shadow; "and ſince charity ſeems to be the preſent ton, I do not chooſe to be left like a quiz out of the mode; that the poor woman and her nephew, therefore, may be able fully to reliſh all this port wine, I beg the landlord may alſo ſend her a roaſted chicken, or whatever diſh ſhe likes better, every day, until ſhe is quite well, with a good large diſh of beef ſteaks for Joe, to put a little more fleſh on the poor devil's bones; and I promiſe to pay his bill at ſight, which is more than I ever did to my taylor's."

"I heartily hope, gentlemen," ſaid Mr. Temple, "that the faſhion you have begun will become general and have a long run;

and

and I am happy to find that our meeting to-day has proved ſo beneficial to two people who ſeem ſo well to deſerve your bounty. It is fortunate for Mr. Shuffle that he can afford to be at once charitable and laviſh. I am not in that ſituation; my finances oblige me to pay waiters and poſtillions no more than their due, that I may be enabled to pay trades-people the whole of theirs, and ſtill have ſomething to beſtow upon the neceſſitous." Having ſaid this, he and Edward took leave of the company.

As they went down ſtairs Mr. Shadow's ſervant offered to aſſiſt Edward on with his great coat. "I ſhall not put it on at preſent," ſaid he, taking the coat from the ſervant, and ſtepping into a room, beckoned Joe to follow him. "Here," ſaid he, "Joe," after he had ſhut the door, "here is a coat which encumbers me, I have a notion it will ſuit you; try it on."

"Lord, Sir," ſaid Joe, "I ſhould be aſhamed to put on your honour's coat; beſides the night is very cold, and your honour——"

"Never mind my honour," ſaid Edward, interrupting him, "but on with the coat. Come,

Come, hold out your arm. Yes, I thought it would fit you."

"It fits me to be ſure," ſaid Joe; "but it is too fine."

"Well, Joe, wear it for my ſake, and I hope you will never be under the neceſſity of pawning it, either on your own account or your aunt's." So ſaying, he flew out of the room, and darting into the carriage, where Mr. Temple was already ſeated, they drove off.

They had no ſooner left the room, than Mr. Shuffle ſaid; "Now I ſhould be glad to know what is the parſon's real view in all this flouriſh about this fellow Joe."

Myrtle. What view could he have but to ſerve the man?

Shuffle. I cannot tell what view he had, but I'll be ſhot if that was the whole of it.

Carnaby. Why do you doubt it?

Shuffle. Becauſe all parſons are hypocrites; and I never knew any of them that had not ſome motive of intereſt in whatever they did.

Landlord. I aſk pardon for putting in my word, gentlemen; but I muſt ſay that I have

I have known Mr. Temple do ſeveral things quite of a piece with his behaviour to the poor lad.

Shuffle. I'll be hanged, then, if he has not done them on purpoſe that you might trumpet his fame through the country for charity and benevolence.

Landlord. He muſt have engaged many trumpeters beſides me, pleaſe your honour; for I hardly ever hear his name mentioned but ſome perſon in the company has ſomething of that nature to record of him.

Shuffle. Pſhaw! it is all oſtentation.

As Mr. Shuffle pronounced this, he turned contemptuouſly his back on the Landlord, who left the room; and then addreſſing Carnaby, he ſaid:

Shuffle. Do you imagine that all the fuſs which your friend Edward made about the woman proceeded from pure love alſo?

Carnaby. Why faith, I ſhould think ſo; for the woman ſeemed to be in great diſtreſs about her child.

Shuffle. Diſtreſs! to be ſure ſhe was in diſtreſs; but what was her diſtreſs to him?

Carnaby.

Carnaby. Very little, one might naturally think; but Edward is ſingular in that way; you can have no conception how much I have ſeen him moved at the diſtreſs of people with whom he had no connection, and in whom he ought naturally to have had no concern. I perceived that he was exceedingly moved with the coachman's ſtory about the woman and child.

Shuffle. If he is to be taken in with affecting ſtories, he may have one told him at the corner of every ſtreet in London. Beggars never were ſo numerous; one would be tempted to think that half the town was ſtarving of hunger; but for my part I make it a rule never to give any thing to a ſtreet beggar.

Carnaby. That is a very good rule when you are in a carriage and can drive paſt them; but how do you do when you are a foot, particularly if you are caught knocking at a door?

Shuffle. Why then indeed I am under the ſame neceſſity of ſurrendering my money as if a piſtol were held to my breaſt.

Every idea of charity is equally out of the queſtion in both caſes; though in the one the money is demanded for God's ſake, and in the other for my own ſake.

Carnaby. I do remember being once ſingled out by a terrible woman with an enormous belly, who ſtuck to me bawling for charity the whole length of Piccadilly. Being determined not to give her a farthing, I was quickening my pace to ſhake her off, when unluckily I met a Lady of my acquaintance, and ſtopped to ſpeak to her. The hideous wretch with the belly, taking advantage of the incident, renewed her clamour ſo loud and ſo woefully, that I was afraid the monſter would have been delivered in the open ſtreet, and ſo I was obliged to throw her a ſhilling, which put an end to *her* labour and *my* pangs at once.

Shuffle. And many of the ſimpletons who ſaw you thought, I'll be ſworn, that you gave her the ſhilling from a motive of charity, juſt as the blockhead of a Landlord imagines that the parſon's behaviour to Joe proceeded from pure benevolence. No,

no, it is all a farce; men of ſenſe know better, and you may depend upon it that your friend Edward has taken a fancy for the woman, and has appointed her to meet him in town. You may remember that after her dreſs was put a little in order ſhe looked pretty and piquant enough.

Myrtle. She looked pretty to be ſure; but I am convinced ſhe is a modeſt woman for all that.

Shuffle. I don't know what you mean by a modeſt woman.

Myrtle. A woman of chaſtity.

At this Shuffle burſt into a horſe-laugh in which he was joined by Carnaby, who exclaimed in the intervals, "Chaſtity that is a good one!"

Myrtle. Notwithſtanding all your mirth I think I underſtand women as well as either of you, and from the appearance and manner of the ſailor's wife, I am willing to bet a hogſhead of claret on her being modeſt.

Shuffle. It would be taking an advantage of you; you have already drank a little too

too much. Chaſtity! why it never was much the mode among women of her rank; and you muſt know, my dear fellow, how very irkſome the faſhion has been to ſome of the ſuperior orders, and how difficult they find it to ſupport that kind of reputation which is ſtill conſidered as indiſpenſable on certain occaſions. This piece of old etiquette they think may have ſuited the buckram reign of Queen Beſs, but is a grievance that requires to be redreſſed at preſent. The ſailor's wife, however, is not affected by this reſtraint, as the parſon knows, who I ſuſpect underſtands women better than you.'

Carnaby joined Mr. Shuffle in his jokes againſt the parſon and the ſailor's wife; but as the reader might not think them ſo entertaining as the two gentlemen themſelves did, they are omitted.

CHAP. XXXVI.

—— What his hard heart denies
His charitable vanity ſupplies. POPE.

SOON after Mr. Temple and Edward were ſeated in the poſt chaiſe, the following dialogue took place.

Edward. Of all the hardeners of the heart, I believe avarice is the greateſt.

Temple. I believe ſo too; for when that cold paſſion gets hold of the heart, it contracts it even beyond the expanding influence of vanity; and you may therefore obſerve, that thorough-paced miſers are devoid of vanity.

Edward. It is clear that the gentlemen we have left are not thorough-paced miſers.

Temple. I am afraid, however, that the bounty which flows from unworthy motives is generally ill applied.

Edward.

Edward. The effect is good, whatever the motive may be. The bounty flows at leaſt from the rich to the poor.

Temple. I believe that ill applied liberality does more harm than good. If the extravagant manner in which ſome people reward waiters and poſtillions had no other effect than making money paſs from one ſet of worthleſs perſons to another, there would be no cauſe of regret; but the ill conſequences of this abſurd prodigality is more extenſive, and often proves a real inconveniency to the community in general. You yourſelf was a witneſs to the inſolent behaviour of the poſtillion to the Lady in the court of the inn; this was entirely owing to the ill directed profuſion of ſuch people as thoſe we have quitted; if that fellow had not been accuſtomed to receive more than his due from the prodigal and oſtentatious, he would not have treated that diſtreſſed Lady with ſuch brutal inſolence. Thoſe who pay poſtillions and waiters with ſuch childiſh profuſion are the original cauſe of their inſolence to people,

who, whether from choice or neceſſity, pay them no more than their due.

Edward. The prodigality you condemn in thoſe gentlemen, proceeds merely from inattention, or contempt of money.

Temple. If the profuſion were univerſal, or extended to a great number of other objects, I ſhould be of your opinion. If, for example, they were equally laviſh to the unfortunate houſe-keeper, whoſe diſtreſſes occaſionally come to their knowledge, or if they *overpaid* the induſtrious tradeſman with the ſame liberality with which they overpay waiters at inns, taverns, and gaming-houſes, I ſhould impute their prodigality to diſregard of money; but when I ſee the ſame men who are ſo laviſh to the latter, paſs the naked beggar without emotion, lend a deaf ear to the tale of domeſtic diſtreſs, and evade the payments of their juſt debts, I cannot impute their conduct to inattention or contempt of money.

Edward. To what then do you impute thoſe gentlemen's liberality to poſtillions and waiters? Do you imagine they have any

any particular kindneſs for that claſs of men?

Temple. I think they have a kindneſs to none of the human race; every bit as little to thoſe to whom they are ſo prodigal as to others. After they have enjoyed the parade of throwing them the money, they do not care if thoſe who received it fell and broke their necks, or were hanged the next day.

Edward. But ſtill there muſt be ſome cauſe for this peculiar liberality to waiters and poſtillions; for the gentlemen in queſtion, thoughtleſs as you think them, muſt act from ſome motive or other.

Temple. It is not eaſy to account for any part of the behaviour of thoſe whoſe general conduct is marked with inconſiſtency. In this particular inſtance I think, however, it may be done. You may have obſerved that thoſe who have the leaſt buſineſs are often in the greateſt hurry; we ſee people poſting with the rapidity of couriers, as if the fate of the empire depended on their ſpeed, who, when they came to the end of their journey, have nothing to do, and there-

fore return with the ſame expedition to the place from whence they ſtarted: but they cannot have all this impatience gratified without being laviſh to the drivers; for thoſe fellows will not kill their maſter's horſes for nothing. Beſides, many of the fine gentlemen in queſtion are fond of the cringing attention and prompt ſervility of waiters and footmen, from ſome of whom common civility is no more to be had, without bribery, than the ſuffrages of venal voters at an election. Be aſſured, my young friend, that thoſe who laviſh their caſh in this manner, or who riſk great ſums at play, although they do not apply their money to proper uſes, have no contempt for it.

Edward. It ſeems aſtoniſhing, that any man in his ſenſes, and independent circumſtances, can riſk that bleſſed ſtate for the chance of attaining any poſſible fortune, or the enjoyment of the moſt expenſive luxuries.

Temple. Eſpecially as the moſt expenſive luxuries are not the pleaſanteſt. The true way of calculating the riſks in gaming is not by the quantity of money, but by the

quantity of happineſs that is to be loſt or gained; and, according to this rule, it will appear, that he who would ſtake ten thouſand pounds, being his whole fortune, againſt a million, upon an equal throw, would make an imprudent bet.

Edward. I am clearly of that opinion.

Temple. But if thoſe are blameable who throw away their own fortunes or happineſs, what do you think of thoſe who riſk the fortunes of others?

Edward. You mean thoſe mercantile adventurers, who, having the reputation of being rich, but conſcious that they are worth nothing, riſk the money they have borrowed in projects of commerce, which, if ſucceſsful, the gain will be their's, and if otherwiſe, the loſs is for their creditors.

Temple. I did not ſpeak of them.

Edward. I know not, then, to what claſs of men you allude.

Temple. This Mr. Shuffle, whom we have juſt parted with, is of the claſs to whom I allude. He is indebted to every friend

friend or relation whom he could prevail on, under any pretence, to lend him money; this money he immediately riſks at the gaming-table. But, although he has been often ſucceſsful, and enabled to pay all his creditors, he has always either ſpent the money in luxurious profuſion, or laid it up in a fund for future gaming. He pays no legal debt until he is forced by law. All his creditors who, from delicacy or affection, have abſtained from uſing theſe means, remain unpaid. I have heard, that he even prevailed on his mother to ſell great part of her jointure, to relieve him on an emergency; and that ſhe was reduced to great difficulties, and neglected by him before her death. This plan of taking advantage of the partiality of friends and relations is the baſeſt of all kinds of ſwindling; and if thoſe who practiſe it, who amount to a conſiderable number in this virtuous capital, were to declare in plain Engliſh the ſentiments on which their conduct was founded, each of them would addreſs his friend or relation to the follow-

ing effect:—"Sir, or Madam, I know you have a greater friendſhip or regard for me than any other perſon of my acquaintance; I ſhall therefore cheat you out of as much money as I poſſibly can. As for my other creditors, I ſhall pay them all I owe them, becauſe they would throw me in priſon if I did not; but as you love me too much to proceed to ſuch extremities, I cannot bear the thoughts of paying you a ſingle ſixpence, whatever inconvenience you may ſuffer from the want of your money."

Edward. I am filled with horror; but I cannot help thinking that what you have heard of Shuffle has been exaggerated; I cannot believe that any man on earth could act ſo.

Temple. I ſhould be happy to think, my dear Edward, that you would be of your preſent opinion twenty years hence.

Edward. At all events I will warn Carnaby, and put him on his guard againſt Shuffle.

Temple.

Temple. He will not profit by your warning; he is too vain, and too ſelf-ſufficient.

Edward. I know Mr. Shadow to be rather a weak man, and ſomewhat of a fop; but I do not think him vicious or unfeeling.

Temple. There are exceptions, no doubt; but in general nothing is more unfeeling than a fop, nor any animal more completely ſelfiſh. I have ſeen one of them grudge a crown to a tradeſman, and the next minute pay three guineas with pleaſure for a ſwitch. I have known another call every day for a fortnight to obſerve the progreſs of a new phaeton he had ordered to be built, while he was with difficulty prevailed on to pay a ſingle viſit to a friend confined with illneſs. A ball, a horſe-race, a new dancer, the lateſt faſhion, intereſt him more than any thing of real importance. The mind of a fop, regardleſs of what is valuable, attaches itſelf to thoſe triſling objects only which the vortex of faſhion

faſhion whirls within its reach. Nothing of moment can adhere to what is ſo eſſentially flimſy, like rubbed amber, which, without influencing any ſubſtance of weight, attracts all the ſtraws and chaffs that are near it.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Inter cauſas malorum noſtrorum eſt, quod vivimus ad exemplum, nec ratione componimur, ſed conſuetudine abducimur. SENEC. EPIST.

THE converſation having been interrupted by the change of horſes, a long ſilence took place, during which Edward was abſorbed in thought; at length Mr. Temple ſaid, "I perceive we are near the end of our journey, but before we ſeparate, I feel myſelf diſpoſed to give you a little advice, if you are in the humour of receiving it."

Edward beginning to declare how much he ſhould think himſelf obliged, Mr. Temple added, "Advice, you know, my dear fellow, is a kind of commodity which people in general are more apt to give than willing to receive—it coſts nothing.

Edward. Forgive me—*That* experience which enables a perſon to give good advice may have coſt a great deal.

Temple.

Temple. The beſtowing it, however, does not make a man the poorer.

Edward. It may be a very valuable preſent, notwithſtanding; for, (aſſuming ſomewhat of a theatrical accent,) "He that gives me good advice, gives that which, not impoveriſhing him, may make me rich indeed."

Temple. It were a thouſand pities not to make you rich, ſince you think you can be ſo at ſo cheap a rate.

Edward. I am all attention.

Temple. To begin then, I adviſe you to avoid gaming.

Edward. Gaming!

Temple. Yes, and drinking.

Edward. Why I have not the ſmalleſt taſte for either.

Temple. I know it.

Edward. How, then can you think it neceſſary to caution me againſt them?

Temple. Becauſe the caution may be uſeful.

Edward. Againſt gaming and drinking!

Temple.

Temple. Yes, gaming and drinking;

Hæc ſunt quæ noſtra liceat te voce moneri.

Edward. You ſay that you know that I have no taſte for them?

Temple. And *therefore* I think it may be of uſe to caution you againſt that complaiſance to the taſte of others, which, by habit, creates a taſte, where it did not before exiſt; becauſe when allowed to grow and take root by habit, all caution is ſuperfluous. I have lived thus long in the world, and have known few inſtances of gameſters leaving off play, until both their money and credit were exhauſted; and hardly one drunkard who ever reformed.

Edward. I have ſuch an averſion to one, and ſo little propenſity to the other, that I ſhall have no occaſion for exerciſing the virtue of ſelf-denial in abſtaining from both.

Temple. Perhaps not yet. I have known young men who, at your time of life, ſeemed to have an averſion to the one, and no taſte for the other; and, by keeping company with

with gameſters and drunkards, became the victims of drinking and gaming. I remember this poor fellow Myrtle a ſprightly young man, not in the leaſt addicted to drinking, until from mere eaſineſs of diſpoſition, and a dread of ridicule, he ſwallowed every night a greater quantity of wine than he liked, in compliance with the ſolicitation of thoſe who liked a greater quantity of wine than he could ſwallow; and, to avoid the imputation of a milk-ſop, he has become a ſot.

"His companion Mr. Shuffle was originally fond of hunting and country amuſements, lived a good deal on his eſtate in the country, and ſhewed no taſte for gaming beyond a moderate bet on a cricket match; but being elected a member of a club, where he was often witneſs to very deep play, and tempted with the eaſe and expedition with which he ſaw money acquired by ſome of his acquaintance, he felt a deſire of imitating them; the conſequence of which was, his loſing a ſum which diſtreſſed him conſiderably to pay; this he determined to recover, and

then to quit gaming for ever. He began the attempt, I have been told, with caution, but being laughed at for refuſing deep bets, where he was aſſured the chance was in his favour, and ſeeing thoſe who accepted them admired for their ſpirit, he caught more courage, increaſed in ſpirit every night, and at length had ſpirit enough to loſe his whole fortune. Of late, I underſtand, he has been more lucky, and is now ſomewhat raiſed in point of circumſtances, but greatly ſunk in that of reputation. In ſhort, my dear Edward, I am convinced that although there are exceſſes into which young men are ſometimes led, from too great indulgence to natural propenſities, thoſe of drinking and gaming are not of the number. To acquire a taſte for the one, a ſtrong reluctance muſt be overcome; and the other, being a continual exerciſe of the paſſion of avarice, cannot be ſuppoſed natural to youth; yet, when acquired, they engroſs every faculty of the mind, rule with the moſt tyrannic ſway, and often lead to debaſement, infamy, and ruin. It is, therefore, before the taſte is

acquired,

acquired, and while the reluctance is unſubdued, that advice and warning can be of any utility; and one of the moſt important pieces of advice that can be given to the generality of young men at their entrance into life is, that they do not ſacrifice their own taſtes to thoſe of others. This is the more requiſite, becauſe *that* modeſty and diffidence, which belongs to men of the moſt amiable character, inclines them to give up their own judgment to perſons of higher ſelf-ſufficiency and inferior underſtandings. And we daily ſee thoſe who are fond of the exerciſe of reaſon, and have pleaſure in reflection, ſacrifice their reaſon in complaiſance to men who cannot bear their own thoughts, and are never comfortable until they have drowned reflection. We alſo ſee thoſe who are formed for the enjoyment of ſociety, and who covet nobody's money, led into gaming by men who have no enjoyment but play. People of weak characters, who are the moſt ready, ought to be the moſt ſhy to imitate others; for as valetudinarians, who have

not ſtrength of conſtitution to throw off their old diſeaſes, are in the greateſt danger of ſinking under a new contagion; ſo thoſe who have not ſtrength of mind to correct their own foibles, are the moſt likely to retain every freſh ridicule or faſhionable foppery that they once adopt. As for my own part, I have ſuch a deſpicable opinion of the *ſervum pecus imitatorum*, that I ſhould think it leſs contemptible to be an original than a copy, even in things reprehenſible; and if I ſhould ever become a drunkard, it ſhall be becauſe I myſelf find pleaſure in the taſte and effect of wine, and not becauſe other people do; or, if I ſhall ever riſk my money at play, it ſhall be when I myſelf become covetous, and not becauſe Mr. Shuffle, or any other of my acquaintance, is ſo. On the ſame principle, when I become a ſaunterer from one public place of entertainment to another, it ſhall be after I have loſt all taſte for ſtudy and converſation, and not merely in imitation of Mr.

Carnaby

Carnaby Shadow, and fashionable people of the same cast.

"There is yet another species of imitation, my dear Edward, which has ruined greater numbers than all the rest put together; that is, when the poor imitate the wealthy. A man in confined circumstances may be placed in situations, no doubt, where there is a call for spending more than he can afford; in that case, he must yield, with a good grace, to the necessity; and, afterwards, he must have the firmness to retrench his expences till the excess is compensated; but he must through life resist the solicitations of thoughtless profligates, and the unfeeling rich, who see the distress of their acquaintance with indifference, to whom the expence that ruins him is a trifle, and who will be the first to abandon and laugh at him, after leading him to the door of a jail.

"Here, my dear Edward, ends our journey and my tedious lecture; but if you will come and dine with me to-morrow,

I promiſe you a bit of mutton and a bottle of excellent claret, without a morſel of advice."

To this propoſal Edward willingly aſſented, and, calling a coach, ſtepped into it, and drove to his chambers.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.

Pope.

THE following morning Edward called on Mr. Temple before breakfaſt, telling him that he felt an inclination to accompany him to the father of the poor woman who had married the ſailor, that they might unite their endeavours to prevail on the man to be reconciled to his daughter.

"I fancy I am indebted for this early viſit to your ſuſpecting I had forgot the ſailor's wife," ſaid Mr. Temple. "I thank you very cordially, my young friend, for reminding me of this engagement; we ſhall go together after breakfaſt, for although I hope it would not have eſcaped me, the ſooner a duty of this kind is performed the better."

They went accordingly. The maſter being abſent, Mr. Temple told the butler that his principal buſineſs was with himſelf, and regarded a virtuous woman to whom any man in England might be proud of being related. He proceeded to mention his daughter in terms of the higheſt regard; both he and Edward put her affectionate behaviour to her child, and the whole of her conduct, in ſuch a light, that the man was entirely ſoftened, and having expreſſed a deſire of ſeeing her, Mr. Temple took him into his carriage, and drove directly to the houſe of the mother-in-law in Holborn, where they found the ſailor's wife with her child. It ſoon appeared that the butler's cruelty had not proceeded from an unfeeling heart, but from a ſudden guſt of pride, which had frozen his natural affection, joined to an obſtinate temper, which made him puniſh himſelf rather than not puniſh a daughter whom he loved. The perſuaſion of Mr. Temple overcame his obſtinacy; the ſight of his daughter melted his heart; and the man's affections flowed

in their natural courſe, and with augmented force. From this time he took more delight than ever in the company of his daughter; he became very fond of his grandſon; he rendered the old woman's ſituation more comfortable; his own life became much happier; and he ſincerely joined the mother and wife in wiſhing for the ſafe return of the ſailor; in which wiſh they were all gratified the following year.

When they withdrew from the reiterated bleſſings of this happy family, Mr. Temple having reminded Edward that he would expect to ſee him at dinner, waited on the Maſter General of the Ordnance, and had the ſatisfaction of ſucceeding in his application for the ſon of the officer's widow. Mr. Temple, impatient to communicate this good news to the mother, drove to her lodgings in the city, and informed her that her ſon would be received into the Academy as ſoon as he ſhould preſent himſelf.

Mr. Temple, having enjoyed the happineſs which this information conveyed to the Lady, was taking his leave, but ſhe preſſed

him

him to ſtay until her ſon, whom ſhe expected every minute, ſhould return. Mr. Temple ſaid that he would find ſome other opportunity of ſeeing the young gentleman; but he muſt deny himſelf that ſatisfaction at preſent, becauſe he had buſineſs to tranſact before dinner. The Lady ſeemed much diſappointed in the thought of his not ſeeing her ſon; "For I am ſure, ſaid ſhe, it would afford you ſatisfaction to find that the perſon for whom you have ſo generouſly intereſted yourſelf, is one of the braveſt, worthieſt, ſweeteſt youths in the world."

Mr. Temple could not comprehend how he ſhould find all this in the young man's appearance; but he plainly perceived that the mother was convinced of it, and that ſhe would be mortified if he did not ſee her ſon; he therefore ſtayed until the youth arrived. There certainly was nothing very intereſting in his face, perſon, or manner. The Lady preſented him to Mr. Temple with exultation; he received the young man with every mark of kindneſs; aſked him a few queſtions; gave him ſome inſtructions

ſtructions reſpecting his conduct at the Academy, and congratulated the Lady on her having ſo fine a young man for her ſon. He then left her the happieſt woman in England, and pretty well convinced that her ſon, if he lived, would become one of the beſt engineers in the ſervice, and might not improbably one day be at the head of the Board of Ordnance. Thoſe of the readers who have no children may ſuſpect that this Lady was a very fooliſh woman; but thoſe who are mothers will allow that ſhe may have ſtill been a woman of good ſenſe.

When Mr. Temple arrived at his own houſe, he found that Edward had been waiting above an hour.

"I wiſh you joy," ſaid Edward, "for I ſee by the cheerfulneſs of your countenance that you have been ſucceſsful."

"That I have," replied Mr. Temple; "and I ſhall ſit down to dinner with very great ſatisfaction." He then recounted the particulars of his viſit to the officer's widow.

"How fortunate was it," ſaid Edward, "that you chanced to ſtop at the inn; and how grateful ought you to be, my good Sir, to poor Joe the carpenter, and to this Lady, for affording you the means of ſo much enjoyment."

"I confeſs it," rejoined Mr. Temple; "both you and I muſt have a partiality for thoſe who in any way contribute to our happineſs. The recollection of having been of ſervice to that worthy lad and his aunt, as well as to the Lady and her ſon, conveys a pleaſing kind of ſenſation, which I cannot expreſs."

"Shakeſpeare could," replied Edward; "it comes over the heart as ſoft muſic does over the ear;

——Like the ſweet ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets."

"It is moſt fortunate for men to have hearts ſo framed that they derive pleaſure from ſuch recollections. Men of that conſtruction are ſtimulated to do good to others for their own ſake."

"Do

"Do you not think," replied Edward, "that ſuch a motive degrades benevolence? I ſhould love to find ſome nobler motive for doing good."

"Find as many motives for doing good as you can, my dear Edward; but I hope you will never loſe that one; becauſe I take it to be the moſt active and the moſt certain."

This led to ſome diſquiſitions, much too abſtract for our purpoſe, and which, after the two friends had agitated a long time, they left as they began, without coming to any ſatisfactory concluſion; but as we have no wiſh

——On metaphyſic ground to prance,
To ſhew our paces, not one ſtep advance,

we have determined to omit the reſt of this dialogue.

CHAP. XXXIX.

The ſwell of pity not to be confin'd
Within the ſcanty limits of the mind,
Diſdains the bank, and throws the golden ſands
A rich depoſit, on the bord'ring lands.

COWPER.

WHEN Edward returned to his chambers in the evening, he found a letter, containing a very preſſing demand of payment for an account which had been due a conſiderable time. On one or two occaſions, before he left the Univerſity, he had exhauſted the whole of what he was allowed for expences before a third of the term for which they were deſtined was expired; this was partly owing to his having been led into ſome parties which he ought to have avoided, and partly to his having paid more attention to the voice of charity and benevolence than to the ſtate of his finances; but on all theſe occaſions he had contrived

to

to balance his profuſion at the beginning of the term with ſuch rigid œconomy at the end of it, as to preclude the neceſſity of applying for any other aſſiſtance. In the particular inſtance mentioned above, where, by the fraud of a companion, he was involved in a much larger debt than he had ever been before, he had prevailed on his principal creditor to be ſatisfied with a partial payment every three months, until the whole debt ſhould be extinguiſhed; but on this man's death the truſtees for his children had ordered the letter to be written which Edward found at his chambers on his return from Mr. Temple's.

The peruſal of this epiſtle diſturbed Edward greatly. The very laſt time he had been at Barnet-hall he had heard Mr. Barnet complaining bitterly of certain demands of money which had come unexpectedly. This he was apt to do from habit; for his wife had entirely arranged his affairs, and his expenditure was now conſiderably under his income. But Edward thought with horror on any unuſual demand being made

on

on his account, and conſidered his having riſked the money of his benefactors, and putting them to any inconveniency, not merely as imprudent, but as ungrateful. This young man having during his childhood been plunged in adverſity, was invulnerable to many blows and croſs accidents under which the proſperous and effeminate would have ſunk. The misfortunes of his birth had peculiarly expoſed him to the ſcoff of pride and the idiot ſneer of wealth; theſe, however, he knew how to repel, and had learned to deſpiſe; but remorſe was a feeling to which he was unaccuſtomed, and it preyed on his mind with extreme acuteneſs. Some parts of Mr. Temple's converſation on their return from the country, had awakened feelings of that nature. Among other things he had ſaid, that *thoſe who affected to be charitable or generous at the expence of others, were not charitable nor generous at all.* The letter which Edward now found at his chambers renewed and augmented his diſquietude, and brought Mr. Temple's obſervation with pain into his

his recollection. What Mr. Temple had intended as a warning, Edward took for a reproof: however juſt, delicate, and well-meant a remonſtrance may be, it is apt to create diſlike to the giver in the breaſt of the perſon to whom it is given; not only becauſe it has an air of ſuperiority, but alſo becauſe it conveys the painful ſentiment of ſelf-condemnation. We often ſee the minds of people of this unhappy ſpecies of ſenſibility alienated from their beſt friends, their benefactors, even their parents, merely becauſe they cannot bear the leaſt implication of cenſure; and this is ſtill more inſupportable if it comes from thoſe to whom we have rendered good offices.

Although Mr. Temple was perhaps the firſt who ever gave Edward the irkſome feeling above mentioned, it had an oppoſite effect on his mind; he ſaw the friendly motive from which it ſprung, and he rejected every other ſuggeſtion; he conſidered Mr. Temple more than ever as his friend. Several pretty ſtrong proofs of this young man's ſtrength of mind have been given,

but none perhaps ſo ſtrong and ſo uncommon as this. He waited on Mr. Temple the following day, and with many expreſſions of blame of his own miſconduct, he unfolded the nature of his embarraſſments. Mr. Temple interrupted his ſelf-accuſation, and ſaid every thing that could alleviate his uneaſineſs. "As for the ſum you are in immediate need of, ſo far from being inconvenient for me, my dear lad," ſaid Mr. Temple, "I muſt inform you that I am richer now than ever." He then related his extraordinary good fortune in obtaining the living; "for which," added he, "I am indebted to ſome unknown benefactor; becauſe being unacquainted with the nobleman who gave it me, notwithſtanding his polite intimation that he was prompted entirely by my general reputation, I am convinced it originated in ſome particular recommendation; but be that as it may, it enables me to advance double the ſum you need, and here it is."

Edward having thanked Mr. Temple, refuſed to accept of more than the preciſe

ſum

ſum he needed, which he ſaid he would regularly pay by inſtalments, in the ſame manner he had arranged with his former creditor. When Mr. Temple objected to this, Edward ſaid, "I am diſpleaſed with myſelf; this is a ſenſation, my good Sir, that you are unacquainted with; but, take my word for it, it is not pleaſant, and I am reſolved to get free from it as ſoon as I can; but in my opinion that cannot be done in any other way than by bearing the burden of my own imprudence myſelf, and not by placing it on the back of another."

When Mr. Temple attempted again to conteſt the point, and prevail on him not to ſubject himſelf to ſuch ſevere reſtrictions, Edward anſwered with a ſmile, "Pray, in this, allow me my own way; why ſhould you prevent a man, who is in diſfavour with himſelf, from uſing the only means that can reſtore him to his own good graces?"

By much the moſt painful circumſtance in the execution of this œconomical plan,

to which however he adhered until he had accompliſhed his object, was its precluding him from certain acts of charity to which he had been accuſtomed. To ſeclude himſelf from every other ſource of expence, gave him infinitely leſs uneaſineſs. He had kept during a whole ſeaſon from the opera, though he was uncommonly fond of muſic. He was at laſt prevailed on to agree to go to one which was much admired. While he was dreſſing, he heard a murmuring of voices in the paſſage below; on inquiry, he was told that it was occaſioned by a workman who had dropped half a guinea that he had juſt received for his week's wages, which could not be found, and on which his own maintenance, and that of his wife and child, depended. It immediately ſtruck Edward that he could afford to give the man the half guinea by ſtaying from the opera that night. He accordingly ſent him the money and ſtaid at home. On another occaſion, having been prevailed on to promiſe to dine at a tavern with ſome young men of whoſe company he was fond,

he was ſolicited for charity at the tavern door by a woman with an infant ſuckling at each of her breaſts, and two half-naked children following her. "For heaven's ſake, a penny," ſaid the poor woman, "to purchaſe ſome bread."—"We are very hungry," cried the children.

Edward thruſting his hand in his pocket, found he had juſt a guinea, and no other money of any kind. "Good heaven," thought he, "I am going to throw away the greateſt part of this on a dinner, and it will maintain this poor woman and her children a fortnight." He ſlipt the guinea into the poor woman's hand, and returning directly to his chamber, he ſent an apology to the company, and dined with more delight on a mutton chop than he had ever experienced from the moſt luxurious dinner.

While Edward had a free fund which enabled him to perform certain acts of charity, he indulged in every elegant amuſement for which he had a taſte, and which

he could comprehend within the limits of his allowance; but while he was obliged to curtail the firſt, he could not bear to gratify himſelf in the ſecond on the occaſions juſt mentioned.

CHAP. XL.

L'intérêt parle toutes ſortes de langues, et joue toutes ſortes de perſonnages, même celui de déſintéreſſé.

ROCHEFOUCAULT.

THE reader will remember, that when Mr. Temple and Edward came to town, Mr. Carnaby Shadow choſe to remain at the inn; the conſequence was, his loſing a conſiderable ſum of money to Mr. Shuffle. The difficulties which this occaſioned obliged him to apply for a ſupply to his aunt, a lady we have not before had occaſion to mention. She was eldeſt ſiſter to Lady Bab Maukiſh, with whom ſhe had quarrelled upon account of her firſt marriage with Mr. Shadow, thinking ſuch an alliance with a commoner diſgraceful to their family. This miſunderſtanding between the ſiſters continued until the death of Mr. Shadow, when his widow ſhewed ſuch an exceſs of affliction, that her life was

ſaid to be in danger, on which her ſiſter, whoſe maiden name was Virginia, relented, and made a viſit to the diſconſolate widow. This produced a reconciliation; for Lady Virginia, notwithſtanding her family pride, was of an affectionate diſpoſition. In the courſe of this renewed intimacy, Lady Virginia became ſo exceedingly fond of her ſiſter's ſon Carnaby, that their mutual friends flattered themſelves that this circumſtance would form a bond of permanent union between the two ſiſters; and ſo it probably would, had not the wrath of Lady Virginia been re-kindled in the moſt provoking manner; for Lady Bab not only married another commoner, but ſhe married him at the very time that her tender-hearted ſiſter thought her in danger of dying of grief for the loſs of the firſt. Her Ladyſhip was ſo ſhocked with this new ſtain on the family, that ſhe could not abſtain from ſome ſtrong expreſſions on the meanneſs of her ſiſter's conduct in the preſence of her maid, who, being inclined to apologize for Lady Bab, obſerved,

obſerved, "that although a Lord was undoubtedly preferable as a huſband to a Commoner; yet, as Lady Bab had now married two Commoners, ſhe might be conſidered as on a footing with any Lady of quality, who had been the wife of only one Lord."

Lady Virginia rejected, with indignation, the idea of two Commoners being equivalent to one Lord; and her ill-humour was augmented, becauſe the maid's ſuggeſtion reminded her, that her younger ſiſter had been married twice, while ſhe was ſtill without a huſband. She told the maid, therefore, that her notion of things was vulgar and groſs; that the circumſtance of her having had two huſbands aggravated the impropriety of her ſiſter's conduct; that the utmoſt length a woman of virtue could go, was to ſubmit, for once in her life, to the ceremony of matrimony, and all its odious conſequences; but the idea of two huſbands, even although they were both Peers, would revolt the heart of every woman of true delicacy.

"Does

"Does your Ladyſhip believe," ſaid the maid, "that, beſides your Ladyſhip's ſelf, there is a vaſt number of women of *true delicacy* in England?"

Lady Virginia, better pleaſed with this queſtion than ſhe had been with the maid's former obſervation, anſwered, with a ſmile, "That ſhe hoped there were."

This ſecond offence would have produced an irreparable breach between the ſiſters, had it not been for the augmenting affection of Lady Virginia for her nephew; who, as he grew up, did not permit her paſſion to exhale in ſentiment, but brought it to repeated teſts, which a weak paſſion would not have ſtood—and in a ſhort time all the money ſhe had inveſted in the public funds was exhauſted. The principal part of her fortune, however, conſiſted of a land eſtate, of which ſhe was co-heireſs with her ſiſter, a circumſtance which rendered it difficult for Lady Virginia to obtain money on mortgage.

After Mr. Shuffle had received all that he had won from Carnaby, he perceived, that

that whatever his future ſucceſs at play might be, difficulties would occur reſpecting the payment which he was deſirous of obviating, and with this view he ſuggeſted to the young man, that nothing could be more ridiculous than for his mother's and aunt's fortunes to remain in their preſent ſtate; that it would be infinitely more convenient for them, and for him alſo, to have it divided, that each ſiſter might diſpoſe of her own as ſhe pleaſed.

Carnaby, being ſtruck with the propriety of this friendly hint, without much difficulty prevailed on Lady Virginia to permit him to make the propoſal to his mother, who having conſulted her huſband on the ſubject, Sir Mathew preſented Carnaby with a plan of diviſion, by which he ſaid both ſiſters would be accommodated, becauſe Lady Bab would have the half which lay neareſt ſome land of his, while Lady Virginia would have that portion which was moſt valuable in itſelf.

Carnaby being ſatisfied with this account of the matter, preſented Sir Mathew's plan

to

to his aunt; but when ſhe ſubmitted it to the conſideration of her ſteward, he aſſured her that Sir Mathew had committed a miſtake in his eſtimate, as the half deſtined for his ſpouſe was not only the moſt commodious from the circumſtances he had mentioned, but alſo, by much, the moſt valuable in all other reſpects.

Carnaby, on the other hand, ſtill perſiſted that the eſtimate was equal and fair.

The ſteward, on the contrary, aſſerted, that the ſuperior value of Lady Bab's portion was ſo evident, that nothing but Carnaby's partiality for his mother could prevent him from ſeeing it. In this aſſertion the ſteward was miſtaken; for Carnaby really preferred his aunt; but the ſlighteſt idea of conveniency to himſelf over-balanced any regard he had for either.

Lady Virginia, being kept ſteady by the admonitions of her ſteward, and other friends, withſtood her nephew's importunities in this inſtance, on which he left her diſappointed, and in an exceeding ill-humour. He even aſſumed the airs of an injured perſon; and

and being convinced that ſhe would not be able to ſupport his coldneſs and diſpleaſure, he refrained from viſiting her. Her Ladyſhip being thus deprived of the pleaſure of ſeeing her affectionate nephew, went to paſs two months at a faſhionable watering-place, at a conſiderable diſtance from London, and near the new living which Mr. Temple had ſo unexpectedly obtained, and to which he had lately tranſported his whole family, determined to make it his chief reſidence.

Miſs Louiſa Barnet accompanied her aunt on this occaſion. The reader is already acquainted with Mrs. Barnet's reaſons for permitting her daughter to be often, and for conſiderable intervals, abſent from her father's family; ſhe had paſſed moſt of the preceding ſeaſon at London in the family of Mrs. Eaſy, a woman of character and genteelly connected, with whoſe daughter Miſs Barnet had formed a great intimacy at the boarding-ſchool. On this account Mrs. Eaſy had viſited Mrs. Barnet, and entreated her to allow her daughter to paſs ſome time at her houſe in town, that the two young

ladies

ladies might cultivate the friendſhip which had begun at ſchool. To this propoſal Mrs. Barnet aſſented the more readily, as Mrs. Eaſy was a widow Lady, highly eſteemed for the real worth of her character, and the elegance of her manners, in whoſe company Miſs Barnet had opportunities of being introduced to the moſt faſhionable aſſemblies.

The taſte which the young lady acquired for the amuſements of the capital, during a few months reſidence there, rendered thoſe of the country entirely inſipid to her. Mrs. Barnet obſerved this with much pain at her daughter's return to her father's houſe; and on Mrs. Temple's deſiring to have her niece's company at her new reſidence, Mrs. Barnet conſented with pleaſure, as a likely plan for reconciling her daughter's mind to an abſence from London; and alſo becauſe ſhe could not be in better company than in Mr. and Mrs. Temple's, nor in worſe, in ſome reſpects, than in Mr. Barnet's.

Mr. Temple's houſe was ſo near the watering-place, that he was almoſt daily there with the two ladies. And here the ſlight

acquaintance which Miſs Barnet had formerly had with Lady Virginia grew into a conſiderable degree of intimacy. Lady Virginia was entirely obliged to her title for the obſequious attention which Miſs Barnet paid her, and which won her Ladyſhip's heart to ſuch a degree, that ſhe would have been well pleaſed to ſee her the wife of her nephew Mr. Carnaby Shadow, although it had long been her earneſt wiſh that he ſhould marry a woman of quality, and by that means diminiſh that corruption of blood derived from his father, which was to be tranſmitted to his own innocent children. Independent of Miſs Barnet's beauty and accompliſhments, Lady Virginia was induced to make this ſacrifice, in conſideration of the young lady's being the reputed heireſs of a greater fortune than any unmarried woman of quality of her acquaintance. From the inſtant that this idea ſtruck her, ſhe took every opportunity of ſounding the praiſes of her nephew in the ears of Miſs Barnet, deſcribing him as the moſt elegant, handſome,

handſome, and accompliſhed youth in England. The young lady, however, had ſeen Mr. Carnaby once or twice at ſome aſſemblies in the capital, and had formed a juſt enough notion of his value. As ſhe heard the exaggerated praiſes of the aunt with a ſmiling countenance, interrupting them only with the interjections—Admirable! Really! Wonderful! and the like, Lady Virginia was perſuaded that the young Lady's imagination was already warmed in favour of Carnaby, who, ſhe thought, had only to appear, that he might ſecure his conqueſt over Miſs Barnet's heart. In this perſuaſion ſhe wrote to her nephew. Carnaby received the letter juſt as he had pulled on his boots preparatory to his morning lounge in Bond-ſtreet.

"O ho!" cried he, as the letter was delivered to him; "this comes from the old girl; I thought we ſhould hear from her ſoon; let us ſee what ſhe has to ſay." Carnaby then read Lady Virginia's letter, commenting on it as he read in the following manner;—

"My

"My dear nephew," (Damned dear, to be ſure, when you refuſed Sir Mathew's plan of diviſion, ſaid he; and then recommenced the reading as follows:)

"My dear nephew, Notwithſtanding your late unkind behaviour, I have never ceaſed to be your friend, and to think how I might be of the moſt effectual ſervice to you, of which I will give you a convincing proof, if you will ſet out for this place as ſoon as you receive this letter." (So, ſo, ſaid Carnaby, interrupting the reading, I ſuppoſe ſhe has come round at laſt, and is to conſent to the diviſion—Well, let us go on.) "What I have to communicate is of the greateſt importance to your happineſs and fortune;"—(Ay, to be ſure it is;) "but,"—(But—what the devil is this?) "but I refrain from mentioning it now;" (Why the deuce ſhould ſhe refrain mentioning what is of ſo much importance?) "becauſe it is of a nature not to be truſted on paper." (The deed of diviſion, undoubtedly, muſt be written on parchment, but ſhe might have ſaid, *on paper*, that ſhe would agree to it.)

it.) "Beſides, if I ſhould inform you now, you might mention it to ſomebody before you left town." (Well, and what if I did?) "But that which I have to propoſe to you ought to be kept a profound ſecret, until it is concluded." (I ſee no great uſe for that.) "And you know, my dear Carnaby, that you never could keep a ſecret in your life." (Nor you neither, my dear Lady Virginia; indeed, I am a little ſurpiſed at your being able to keep this bottled up till you ſee me; it would have been more in character, if you had poured it all forth on the paper before you folded it up. But what is this? ſaid he, looking at the bottom of the page, and ſeeing the words *turn over.* Here is more! He then read on the other page:) "On ſecond thoughts, I cannot bear to keep you in ſuſpence; I will, therefore, inform you of this buſineſs without any farther delay; for I know you are naturally impatient," (Curſe the woman, why does not ſhe out with it?) "and always was ſo ever ſince your childhood;" (Egad, ſhe will con-

tinue

tinue prattling till the end of the paper; and, perhaps, forget the ſecret at laſt. But let us ſee, where was I?) "ever ſince your childhood; which diſpoſition you inherited from my dear father, who was reckoned one of the moſt impatient Peers of the realm, particularly before dinner;"—(Zounds! this is what the Ducheſs of ——— calls *Cliſh-ma-claiver*. Well, what comes next?) "although his Lordſhip was a man of dignified deportment, and a philoſophical turn when he was not rendered peeviſh and paſſionate by hunger or contradiction; two things he never could bear. Well, the ſecret I have to communicate to you is neither more nor leſs than this," (Thank heaven, here it comes at laſt!) "that you may, if you pleaſe, have a beautiful young Lady, with a great fortune, in marriage; for I have already prepoſſeſſed her entirely in your favour;" (Well, who the devil is this beautiful young Lady? O! here ſhe is;) "and this young Lady is Miſs Louiſa Barnet, who, beſides her beauty and fortune, is endowed

dowed with many accompliſhments. That ſhe is not of noble birth, but of mere city extraction, is, doubtleſs, to be regretted," (I thought that would be a rub,) particularly by you, my dear, whoſe blood is contaminated from the ſame polluted ſource;" (Curſe the old malicious cat!) "for which, by the by, I am not to blame;" (And am I? the devil is got into the woman; am I to be blamed for this more than ſhe is?) "for, had your mother" (Ay, to be ſure my mother had ſome hand in the buſineſs) followed my advice, and married a Peer, then, my dear," (Ay, what then, my dear?) "you would have been of noble blood by both your parents;" (Hem, egad I am not quite ſure how that might have turned out—let me conſider:—My preſent mother's ſon would not, in that caſe, have been the ſon of my late father; nay, he might not have been a ſon at all, and then, the Lord only knows what would have become of me; I might, for what I know, inſtead of a boy, have been a girl. I ſhould not have reliſhed that; for although I ſhould have been probably

probably a very pretty girl, and although women are better off now than in the days of yore, yet I fancy I am better as I am. Formerly it was a terrible bore to be a woman; now, to be ſure, they have a good deal more liberty; they jaunt about every where as freely as the men; but ſtill I don't think I ſhould ever have been brought to like being a woman; I could never have learnt to keep my ſeat on horſeback with both legs on the ſame ſide, like a woman. Between friends, I do not think I ſhould ever have been ſo diſintereſted and ſo affectionate as a woman; I am convinced I never ſhould have been modeſt like a woman. Then, there is the bearing of children—ah, that is the very devil! It is clear I am much better as I am; and, upon the whole, my dear aunt, I am better pleaſed that my mother did not follow your advice. But let us ſee what more you have to ſay, added Carnaby, and then began again to read the letter;) "of noble blood by both your parents; but that opportunity being now loſt, a marriage with this young Lady

will be very convenient for you in your preſent circumſtances, and ought to be accompliſhed without any delay."

"Thank my ſtars, I have reached the end at laſt," cried he, after drawing a long breath. Well, upon my ſoul, I have no objection to the old girl's ſcheme; Miſs Barnet is a deviliſh pretty girl; Lady *Hornbury* had her at ſome of her aſſemblies; the moſt faſhionable young fellows in town followed and admired her. On my conſcience, I believe ſhe would make an excellent wife; our houſe would be always full of the beſt company."

So ſaying, he ordered a poſt-chaiſe-and-four, reſolving to ſet out directly on a viſit to his aunt.

CHAP. XLI.

L'artifice et le menſonge ſont de grandes marques de la foibleſſe et de la petiteſſe de l'eſprit humain, comme la fauſſe monnoie l'eſt de la pauvreté.

ROCHEFOUCAULT.

JUST as Mr. Shadow was going, Sir George Royſton was introduced. Carnaby had long wiſhed to be on an intimate footing with Sir George, who on his part had rather ſlighted the acquaintance. His object in calling at preſent was to learn from Carnaby what was become of the ſailor's wife they had ſeen at the inn.

Sir George had been greatly diſappointed by her not calling at his houſe as he had expected, and he now hoped that Mr. Shadow would be able to give him ſome account of her.

Carnaby frankly informed him that he had been inquiring after her himſelf, and underſtood that Mr. Temple had entirely

reconciled her father, under whoſe protection ſhe then was in lodgings, within a few doors of his maſter's houſe.

"Damn thoſe parſons," ſaid Sir George, on hearing this account; "they are the moſt officious fellows in the world, and continually ſpoiling ſport."

"I expect a piece of ſervice from one of them, however," ſaid Carnaby; "perhaps from this very Reverend Mr. Temple, which I hope will turn out very well."

"You have no deſign to be married, have you?"

"My deſign is a ſecret."

"If that *be* your project, you expect a great fortune of courſe."

Carnaby nodded and ſmiled.

"What! a very great fortune?"

Another nod from Carnaby.

This excited Sir George's curioſity, and he reſolved to know the name of the Lady.

"You are too cloſe and reſerved, no doubt, to intruſt the name of the happy female even with an intimate friend."

Carnaby

Carnaby was greatly pleaſed to be informed from ſuch good authority, that he was the intimate friend of a perſon of ſuch long eſtabliſhed reputation, as a man of faſhion and knowledge of the town, as Sir George Royſton.

Carn. Nay, I ſhould never have thought of making a myſtery of the matter to you, but the ſecret is my aunt's.

Sir Geo. I ſuſpected as much; aunts and mothers are wonderful promoters of matrimony. Well, I can have no intereſt in this, my dear Shadow, but in as far as your happineſs and reputation are concerned, and an aunt is no doubt a better judge of thoſe than a friend.

Carn. I am far from being of that opinion; and to ſhew you that I have no kind of reſerve with you, Sir George, I will freely tell you that the party ſhe has in view for me is Miſs Louiſa Barnet, who you may have ſeen laſt winter, with Mrs. and Miſs Eaſy, at the opera and at ſome aſſemblies; ſhe was a good deal admired; ſhe

is

is an only child, her father is very rich, and is old and infirm.

Sir Geo. I remember to have ſeen the girl; but I had no idea of her being an *only* child; I thought ſhe had a brother.

Carn. No, thank you; if ſhe had a brother, they ſhould juſt as ſoon perſuade me to marry him as her.

Sir Geo. Well, but are you ſure that Barnet's fortune is ſo immenſe?

Carn. Of that there is no doubt. I have heard Sir Mathew, my father-in-law, who thinks of nothing but money, and knows the ſtate of all old Barnet's affairs, declare that he was exceedingly rich.

This account of Miſs Barnet's expectations gave Sir George the idea of a project for the accompliſhment of which he determined to turn Carnaby from his preſent purſuit.

Sir Geo. You call Barnet old; I have ſeen the man, and to tell you the truth, my friend, I do not think him old enough for your purpoſe.

Carn

Carn. He is very infirm, beſides being old.

Sir Geo. I do not know what you call infirm; he is as fat as a hog, and, as I have been told, eats like a cormorant.

Carn. That I confeſs he does; but he is laid up half the year with the gout.

Sir Geo. The gout, my good friend, is a diſeaſe not to be depended upon. Old Laviſh the nabob had it for twenty years; and poor Tom, his eldeſt ſon, endured all the torment of Tantalus for the laſt four years of the old fellow's life. It was doubtful whether the father ſuffered moſt from the gout, or the ſon from diſappointment. Poor Tom often aſſured me, when he ſaw his father recover fit after fit, that he was convinced that the gout is a diſeaſe which *prolongs* rather than *ſhortens* life; ſo that I would not have you to rely too much on the gout, for unqueſtionably it is a very deceitful diſtemper.

Carn. Independent of her fortune, however, Miſs Barnet is a very pretty girl.

Sir

Sir Geo. So are fifty girls in London, who may be had for a couple of guineas. I hope you have no deſign to imitate your acquaintance Bob Whimſy, who propoſes marriage to every girl he meets with a tolerable face; and who, becauſe he finds no happineſs in friſking from one aſſembly to another, imagines he is formed for matrimony and retirement.

Carn. Imitate! Imitate Whimſy!

Sir Geo. I beg pardon, dear Carnaby; nobody will ſuſpect you of imitation; and all the world knows that a man of ſenſe would never imitate a coxcomb and fool; but I could not help thinking of Whimſy, when you mentioned Miſs Barnet's beauty as a reaſon for marrying her; becauſe in my opinion her ſhare of beauty is but moderate. She has none of the elegant languor of high faſhion; ſhe ſeemed to me to be remarkable only for the vulgar bloom of a milk-maid, and the pert look of a French milliner. Pray how old is ſhe?

Carn. I ſhould gueſs about ſeventeen.

Sir

Sir Geo. What an awful age for a wife, my dear friend! why you can have no hopes of ſeeing an end to her; had ſhe been ſeventy, indeed, I ſhould have adviſed you to venture; though, to ſay the truth, I had no notion of your being a marrying man. I thought you would have rather liked to have been a little longer at the head of faſhion.

Carn. Marrying has been a good deal the faſhion of late.

Sir Geo. Not near ſo much as *keeping.* Nothing gives a young fellow the air of a quiz ſo much as being married.

Carn. To ſay the truth, I uſed to have as great an averſion to being married as any man in England. The ſcheme, I have already told you, is my aunt's; ſhe has brought it on without conſulting me.

Sir Geo. Then you have a title to break it off without conſulting her; for depend upon it, my young friend, that matrimony is a curſed bore for one at your time of life; and, like a deſperate throw at dice, it

ought not to be riſked until a man is at the brink of ruin, and has no other reſource.

The effect of this converſation was, that Carnaby countermanded the poſt-chaiſe, and wrote to Lady Virginia that indiſpenſable buſineſs put it out of his power to wait on her. Sir George then prevailed on his friend Colonel Snug to invite Carnaby to accompany him to Newmarket, where he was ſoon to go with a ſmall party for the trial of ſome horſes, which he knew would be flattering to Carnaby, and keep him from diſturbing the project which he himſelf had formed, and in conſequence of which he ſet out for the Wells near Mr. Temple's.

CHAP. XLII.

——Veniunt a dote ſagittæ. JUVEN.

SIR George had not only ſquandered his paternal eſtate, but a large ſum of money left him by a relation. The whole had been diſſipated in expenſive living and gaming; no part of it had been beſtowed from any benevolent or generous motive, and very little for any friendly or charitable purpoſe. What Piſo ſaid of Otho might alſo be ſaid of Sir George—*Perdere iſte ſciet, donare neſciet.* He ſtill retained, however, a genteel perſon, and the airs and manners of a man of faſhion. As the extent of his mortgages were not known, although he was poor in reality, he was ſtill ſo rich in reſources, that he *ſeemed* as affluent as the moſt wealthy. Having been for ſome time reduced to that deſperate ſtate which, he

thought, juſtified a man of ſenſe for marrying, he had already made ſome unſucceſsful attempts at a match ſuitable to his circumſtances. Notwithſtanding his having hitherto failed, his ill ſucceſs could not be imputed to any romantic refinement in his choice, like thoſe unreaſonable men who, unmindful of their own deficiencies, expect every excellence of the mind and body in the woman they honour with their hand. Sir George was even willing to wave certain qualities, which have been thought by the moſt reaſonable men neceſſary: for example, he did not poſitively inſiſt that his ſpouſe ſhould have either much good ſenſe or goodneſs of diſpoſition; and as for that modeſty, gentleneſs, and even timidity of deportment, which ſome people admire ſo much in the fair ſex, he reſolved, that he would diſpenſe with them alſo, being ſenſible that they were ſeldom to be met with in that claſs of women from which alone he would accept of a wife. In ſhort, he was determined not to object to any woman for being ever ſo arrogant and proud, provided her purſe

was

was in proportion to her pride. What made Sir George Royſton the more eaſily diſpenſe with mental accompliſhments in his wife was, his being fully ſatisfied that he himſelf poſſeſſed a quantity ſufficient for both. The only article in which he could be thought in the ſmalleſt degree difficult, was that in which he was conſcious of being deficient himſelf; in all other points he was eaſy, and ready to ſacrifice his own particular taſte; which would have led him to prefer a very old woman, or one in a declining ſtate of health, had he not made up his mind not to reject any woman, however youthful and healthy ſhe might be, who was ſufficiently provided in the main article; and, therefore, when mention was made of Miſs Barnet's fortune, with the flattering circumſtance of her father's ill ſtate of health, he reſolved to pay his addreſſes to her, notwithſtanding her youth, and in defiance of every indication of perfect health and a laſting conſtitution.

Having diſſuaded Carnaby from the proſecution of a project which he himſelf in-

tended to adopt, he ſoon after appeared at the Wells with a brilliant equipage, and accompanied by a young Peer, whom he had prevailed on to go with him, for the ſame reaſon that he had put his footmen in new liveries; and when the ſimple youth had, by his title, ſerved to give a little eclat to Sir George's firſt appearance, having no farther uſe for him, but finding his Lordſhip rather an incumbrance, he prevailed on him to return to London.

Sir George's firſt care was to pay his court to Lady Virginia, at whoſe houſe he ſoon met with Mrs. Temple and Miſs Barnet; he cultivated the favour of the former with the moſt reſpectful attention; making it at the ſame time fully underſtood by the latter, that it was entirely on her account.

The rank which Sir George Royſton ſuſtained in the world of faſhion, the eaſy aſſurance of his manners, the elegance of his dreſs, the gaiety of his converſation, rendered more ſhining by the names of Earls and Counteſſes, Dukes and Ducheſſes, which were liberally interſperſed through all

all his narratives, rendered him agreeable to Lady Virginia, who did not ſee his drift ſo well as Miſs Barnet, while his artful behaviour to Mrs. Temple gave her a more favourable opinion of him than might ſeem conſiſtent with her uſual good ſenſe and diſcernment: but who has not remarked inſtances of both good ſenſe and diſcernment being lulled by artful and perſevering flattery?

Sir George's progreſs in the good graces of Miſs Barnet was aſſiſted by an incident. A Lady of rank and beauty appeared on the ſcene, and attracted univerſal attention. As Sir George was of her acquaintance, and made a more brilliant figure than any other man at the place, ſhe expected that his chief attention ſhould be paid to her. As this Lady was a woman of quality, and as Louiſa Barnet's heart was not at all concerned in the connection ſhe wiſhed to maintain with Sir George, ſhe would have been ſatisfied with a fair diviſion of his homage, but when ſhe found the Lady aiming at the whole, ſhe determined ſhe ſhould have

none of it. From the moment ſhe formed this reſolution, as often as Sir George, after having ſpoken to the Lady in queſtion, began to addreſs Louiſa, the latter aſſumed ſuch an air of coldneſs, that a ſtranger would naturally have thought that ſhe was very little acquainted with him, and wiſhed to be leſs.

Finding that the leaſt attention paid to the one was incompatible with his views on the other, Sir George took no more notice of his old acquaintance, and was immediately taken into favour by his new.

Miſs Barnet became inſtantly attentive to his diſcourſe, ſeemed to admire his bon mots, for he had the reputation of a wit, and ſhe even heard his moſt unſucceſsful attempts with a ſmile of approbation: he was her conſtant partner at the aſſemblies, and a frequent viſitor at Mr. Temple's houſe: Hitherto that gentleman had been abſent; his arrival diſconcerted Sir George's ſcheme; he knew enough of the Baronet's character to be perſuaded that he was an exceedingly improper acquaintance for Louiſa; and he blamed

blamed his wife for having countenanced that degree of intimacy on which they were.

Mrs. Temple was convinced of her error; this ſhe owed to her good ſenſe. She acknowledged her conviction; and this proceeded from her good temper; a quality fully as valuable, and, perhaps, more rare than the other. She expreſſed ſo much uneaſineſs, that her huſband began to juſtify, inſtead of continuing to blame her conduct. She mentioned to Miſs Barnet what her huſband had told her reſpecting Sir George's character and circumſtances. The niece replied, that it could not be expected that the life of a gay man of faſhion would, in all points, be agreeable to the ſentiments of a clergyman; and as for his circumſtances, they were nothing to her.

Mrs. Temple then adviſed her niece, very earneſtly, to drop his acquaintance.

The young Lady thanked her for the friendly advice, with an air that gave the aunt a notion that ſhe would not adopt it: in this ſhe was confirmed the following day, when ſhe underſtood that letters had paſſed

between Sir George and her niece; and when ſhe heard her expreſs a deſire of going to a ball at the Wells the week following. With her huſband's approbation, Mrs. Temple wrote that very day to Mrs. Barnet.

Sir George Royſton had made ſome attempts to gain the good will of Mr. Temple, but was ſoon convinced, by the cold politeneſs of that gentleman's behaviour, that he would not ſucceed; he laid his account, therefore, with meeting obſtacles from that quarter; but he flattered himſelf that oppoſition would provoke the young Lady, render her lover dearer to her than before, and, by giving the intrigue ſomething of a romantic air, haſten the accompliſhment of his ſcheme. He tried to draw her into a regular correſpondence with him by letters, but only a few notes had hitherto paſſed between them, and theſe related merely to the intended ball: he had ſent his firſt note in a myſterious manner, but ſhe returned her anſwer openly; he had even at one time thrown out a vague hint reſpecting a jaunt to the North,

North, and had already made certain preparations for putting ſuch a ſcheme in execution, being fully perſuaded that he would, in a ſhort time, prevail on the young Lady to adopt it.

In this, it is probable, he over-rated the degree of favour in which he ſtood with Miſs Barnet. She had nothing in view but the gratification of vanity, by engroſſing the aſſiduities of the moſt faſhionable man of the place: and this experienced man of the town was ſo blinded by the ſame paſſion, as to believe her to be ſeriouſly fond of him; he imputed to love what belonged to coquetry.

How often do we ſee men of experience, and even ſhrewdneſs, act as weakly, and of courſe more ridiculouſly than a girl, through vanity!

CHAP. XLIII.

No ſingle virtue we could moſt commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For ſhe was all in that ſupreme degree
That as no one prevailed, ſo all was ſhe.
The ſeveral parts lay hidden in the piece;
Th' occaſion but exerted that or this.

DRYDEN.

MRS. Barnet ſet out for the houſe of Mr. Temple an hour after receiving his wife's letter. Mr. and Mrs. Temple *ſeemed* as much ſurpriſed at Mrs. Barnet's arrival, as her daughter was in *reality*. She entered with a cheerful countenance, ſeemed to be in high ſpirits, and in the beſt humour, with Miſs Barnet in particular. She informed the young Lady, however, that her father was impatient to ſee her; and hinted that ſhe herſelf had ſomething of importance to communicate, which ſhe would

would reſerve until they were in the carriage on their return.

Miſs Barnet could not help ſhewing uneaſineſs at the mention of her returning, and began to meditate ſome excuſe or pretext for prolonging her ſtay. This did not eſcape the penetrating eye of her mother, who again mentioned, in terms calculated to excite her daughter's curioſity, that ſhe had ſomething of a very intereſting and agreeable nature to ſpeak of to her. In this manner ſhe prevented her daughter from making any objection to returning, although ſhe had two or three times determined upon it, and was juſt ready to ſtate her objections, when Mrs. Barnet diſconcerted her plan, by rouſing her curioſity, and turning her attention to another ſubject. The mother ſucceeded ſo completely, that the daughter was occupied the whole night in thinking what the important and intereſting buſineſs could be which her mother reſerved for her private ear when they ſhould be *tête à tête* in the carriage; and

Miſs Barnet's curioſity at laſt became ſo vexatious, that inſtead of making objections to their departure, ſhe was ready before her mother to ſet out in the morning; which they did, after Miſs Barnet had written a note to Sir George, to inform him that it would not be in her power to dance with him at the ball, becauſe ſhe was obliged to accompany her mother home.

When Mrs. Barnet was ſeated in the carriage, ſhe had a ſtory prepared for her daughter's amuſement ſufficiently intereſting to form the baſis of their converſation during the whole journey, which terminated on the very evening on which Sir George Royſton was to have met her at the ball.

Mrs. Barnet had determined from the firſt to ſeem entirely ignorant of her daughter's having any acquaintance with that gentleman, to avoid all remonſtrance, upbraiding, or diſcuſſion on the ſubject, having obſerved that wounded vanity, ſelf-love, and the ſpirit of contradiction all

take part on ſuch occaſions againſt the remonſtrator, and rather do harm than good. Miſs Barnet certainly had no violent paſſion for Sir George Royſton; but who knows what abuſing him, blaming her for having ever ſpoken to him, ordering her never to ſpeak to him more, and ſuch irritating meaſures, might have produced? And who has not known inſtances of the cooling embers of languid love being kept glowing, and at length kindled into a flame, by furious attempts to extinguiſh them? Every thing of that nature Mrs. Barnet avoided with the utmoſt care, and uſed every means in her power to render home agreeable to her daughter, and for that purpoſe ſhe ſeemed to place full confidence in her, and to be perfectly ſatisfied with her conduct. She obſerved with concern, however, that the young Lady herſelf took little intereſt in the objects around her, was no way entertained with the company which ſhe either met at her father's, or with thoſe ſhe viſited in the neighbourhood; that ſhe

had

had no taſte for the amuſements of the country, and that, contrary to her natural turn, ſhe ſeemed ſometimes penſive or abſent in the midſt of company. Diſturbed by thoſe appearances in her daughter, Mrs. Barnet began to fear that in the ſtillneſs and uniformity of rural life the young Lady's mind might be directed to her late pretended lover, who ſhe imagined had a ſtronger hold of her affections than was really the caſe, and who might endeavour to renew a correſpondence with her. Mrs. and Miſs Eaſy were at this time at Barnet-hall; they had come in conſequence of a very preſſing letter written by Mrs. Barnet on the day that ſhe ſet out for her daughter. She had done this with a view of rendering home the more agreeable to the young Lady. But they had been at Barnet-hall only a few days when Mr. Barnet was ſeized with a ſevere fit of the gout, an accident which never failed to render the houſe intolerable to ſtrangers, and extremely diſagreeable to thoſe whom duty obliged to remain in it.

In

In this ſituation of things, Mrs. Barnet agreed to Mrs. Eaſy's requeſt, that Miſs Barnet ſhould accompany Mrs. and Miſs Eaſy to London, in the hopes that their ſociety and the amuſements of the capital would produce that effect on the former, which the preſent circumſtances of her own family rendered improbable in the country. And ſhe was the more anxious to obtain her huſband's conſent that her daughter ſhould accompany Mrs. and Miſs Eaſy to London, and remain ſome time there, becauſe ſhe had received information that Sir George Royſton had gone to Aix la Chapelle.

He had taken this ſtep in conſequence of ſome very intereſting intelligence from London. One of his principal creditors had intended to have him arreſted, but had poſtponed that meaſure on being aſſured that he was on the point of being married to a rich heireſs. On afterwards hearing that the heireſs had changed her mind, the creditor reſumed his former intentions. An acquaint-

acquaintance of Sir George ſent him notice of this by expreſs. The Baronet left the place ſeveral hours before the creditor reached it, and in ſpite of the diligence uſed by thoſe who continued in purſuit of him, Sir George got clear out of the kingdom, and arrived ſafely at Aix la Chapelle, which exaſperated the creditor ſo highly, that he perſevered during ſeveral hours in pouring curſes on all governments without diſtinction which protected debtors from being ſeized wherever they could be found, and dragged home to their native priſons.

This man's intemperance admits of ſome excuſe on account of the money he loſt; but the oppoſite opinions entertained by the company at this place on the preſent occaſion are more ſurpriſing, and ſerve to illuſtrate the common obſervation, that people's opinions in general are derived from their own particular ſituation, more than from the real merits of any diſputable point.

Sir George Royſton's adventure with Louiſa Barnet was the prevailing topic of conver-

converſation at the Wells for ſome time. The fathers and mothers, particularly thoſe who had grown up daughters, exclaimed againſt him as a needy fortune-hunter, of courſe a villain of the firſt magnitude.

Sir George's creditors in general, forming a conſiderable portion of the permanent inhabitants, cenſured Miſs Barnet as a coquet and a jilt for not having gone off with him to Scotland to be married, as by her inconſtancy many honeſt induſtrious tradeſmen would run the riſk of loſing the money he owed them.

A genteel young man from Ireland, who was paying his court to a woman of conſiderable fortune, obſerved, in a private company where this affair was warmly diſcuſſed, "that he was ſorry to give an opinion againſt a Lady, but certainly Miſs Barnet had acted with inſincerity; becauſe it appeared that ſhe had no intention of marrying Sir George, but that her view was merely to induce him to loſe his time in paying his court to her in preference to others, with whom he might have ſucceeded; whereas Sir George had behaved with ſincerity, was ready to have carried

carried her off, and married her like a man of honour."

A Lady who had been an heireſs, on whoſe countenance there was a deep impreſſion of melancholy, who lived ſeparate from her huſband on a moderate allowance out of her own fortune, anſwered, "Had Sir George Royſton behaved with the ſincerity of a man of ſtrict honour, Sir, he would have informed Miſs Barnet that he was overwhelmed with debt; that his motive in propoſing marriage to her was not love, but to repair his own fortune from the ruin of hers: but as he made no mention of theſe truths, and would probably have treated her cruelly, had ſhe become his wife, there is no room to praiſe his ſincerity or honour."

Having pronounced this in ſomewhat of a broken voice, the Lady roſe from her ſeat, and walked towards the window, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief.

When Mrs. Barnet was certain that Sir George Royſton had been obliged to go to the Continent, and ſaw her huſband confined with the gout, ſhe became not only willing

but

but even ſolicitous, that Louiſa ſhould go to London with Mrs. and Miſs Eaſy; but ſhe found a good deal of difficulty to prevail on Mr. Barnet to conſent.

Nothing could be more oppoſite than the ſentiments of the huſband and wife on this head. Mrs. Barnet wiſhed that her daughter ſhould go to London, becauſe ſhe well knew, that when her huſband was ill of the gout, there would be no amuſement and little comfort at Barnet-Hall. Whatever was agreeable in Mrs. Barnet's lot, and whatever ſource of happineſs ſhe had in her power, ſhe was deſirous of partaking with her friends; and if ſhe had had the diſtribution of enjoyment, the largeſt portion would have been dealt among them.

Mr. Barnet, on the contrary, wiſhed his daughter to remain for the very reaſon his wife deſired her away; becauſe home was to be the abode of diſquiet. With ſome peculiar marks of character, Mr. Barnet had one in common with a great many of mankind; but it is to be hoped, that few poſſeſs it in ſo eminent a degree; and of thoſe few it were

much to be wiſhed that none were to be found in the very higheſt ranks of life, for there ſuch a diſpoſition is a much greater evil than it can be in the middle or inferior ranks of ſociety. The peculiarity alluded to is this, that while he gave himſelf little or no concern about the diſtreſſes of any of the human race, he would have thought the whole human race well employed in relieving his; and if any of his acquaintance ſeemed to enjoy eaſe or comfort, when *he* laboured under ſickneſs or pain, he ſtated it as a clear ſign of a ſelfiſh and unfeeling diſpoſition. This being Mr. Barnet's way of thinking, nothing can be a ſtronger proof of his wife's addreſs, and the influence ſhe had with him, than his conſenting that his daughter ſhould go to London at the particular period when her reſidence in the country would have been moſt agreeable to him. As ſoon as Mrs. and Miſs Eaſy ſet out for the capital with their young friend, Mrs. Barnet invited Edward to the country, in the hopes that his converſation would be ſome compenſa-

tion to her huſband for the abſence of her daughter. Her expectation was not diſappointed; Edward became every day more agreeable to Barnet, and a remiſſion of his pain happening ſoon after, he imputed it entirely to the pleaſure he derived from the youth's company, to the great mortification of the apothecary, who inſiſted that it was the effect of one of his draughts, which Mr. Barnet had vomited up two hours before the pain remitted.

Edward's manners were irreſiſtibly engaging, and his converſation of that happy nature that gains good-will to the ſpeaker, while it diffuſes good-humour through the company. One unfortunate effect flowed from this, Mr. Barnet was more peeviſh than uſual as often as Edward was out of his ſight. The young man himſelf, however, was impatient to return to thoſe ſtudies on which his hopes of independency were founded; he languiſhed to indulge, from funds of his own acquiring, that continual propenſity which he felt to acts of benevolence and liberality; he was likewiſe eager

to lighten the burden of obligation, the only burden of which he could have wiſhed himſelf relieved, for the expreſs purpoſe of laying it upon others.

Having obſerved, however, that the moſt remote hint of his going to town was always received with ill-humour by Mr. Barnet, Edward was entirely ſilent on that head; but when Mrs. Barnet ſaw her huſband conſiderably better, ſhe deſired Mr. Temple to introduce the ſubject, that ſhe might endeavour to convince her huſband of the expediency of Edward's returning to London. One day after dinner, therefore, Mr. Temple took occaſion to obſerve, that the Courts were then ſitting, and looking to Edward, "Is it not time," ſaid he, "young man, for you to reſume the weighty ſtudies of the law?"

"Curſe the law!" cried Barnet, throwing on the table the very nectarine he was going to bite.

The company, who perceived that this burſt of anger entirely proceeded from Mr. Barnet's diſlike to the idea of the youth's leaving them, joined in a laugh; after which,

which, Mr. Temple ſaid, "I hope, my dear brother, for your ſake more than mine, that your malediction is not directed againſt the *goſpel* as well as the *law*; at any rate you ought to conſider that Edward has been here a month."

"A month!" cried Barnet; "he has not been here above a week."

"It is fortunate for him," reſumed Mr. Temple, "that he can make a month ſeem a week; but you may rely upon it, that he has been here juſt three and thirty days."

"Well, well, it does not ſignify," ſaid Mr. Barnet, peeviſhly; "if it were three and forty, he ſhall not leave us yet."

Nobody could be more convinced than Mrs. Barnet of the expediency of Edward's going to London; but ſhe knew at the ſame time that the moſt likely way to make her huſband obſtinate to retain him in the country was to inſiſt at that moment on the propriety of his going to town; ſhe therefore changed the ſubject, and, ſome time after, the converſation turning on the dangers to which young men are expoſed at

their firſt arrival in the capital, ſhe happened to remark, that it was fortunate for them when they were connected with people who were wiſer and more experienced than themſelves, to give them counſel and advice. No more paſſed at that time, and the company ſeparated.

Mrs. Barnet afterwards ſeized a favourable moment for reſuming the ſubject, and at laſt was fortunate enough to perſuade her huſband, that Edward ought to go to London very ſoon; but what ſhe had accidentally dropped on the ſubject of arming a young man with good advice made an impreſſion on her huſband that ſhe did not expect, and prompted him to an exertion which ſhe certainly never intended he ſhould make.

CHAP. XLIV.

Ne faut il que deliberer?
La Cour en Conſeillers foiſonne.
Eſt-il beſoin d'executer?
L'on ne rencontre perſonne.

DE LA FONTAINE.

MR. Barnet being ſufficiently recovered to bear an airing in the carriage, he deſired Edward to accompany him; and when they came to a part where the road was uncommonly ſmooth and level for ſeveral miles, he ſpoke to the following effect: "My dear Edward, after mature and deep reflection, I have at length come to the opinion, that it will not be for your advantage to remain longer in the country at preſent; but that you ought to ſet out for London to-morrow morning. You may remember that my wife mentioned the need which young men, ignorant of the world

like yourſelf, have of good counſel, particularly when they reſide in ſuch a place as London. Mrs. Barnet does not want for ſagacity, as far as her underſtanding reaches; but as that cannot go far on account of the weakneſs of her ſex, ſhe threw it out as a hint to me, being conſcious that ſhe herſelf is incapable of executing ſuch a taſk. Accordingly I ſhall take this opportunity, when there is nobody preſent except ourſelves, to arm you with ſome uſeful rules for the better regulation of your future conduct. Firſt and foremoſt then, I adviſe you to make yourſelf maſter of your buſineſs as ſoon as poſſible; for I once heard an eminent attorney declare, that, in your profeſſion, loſs of time is loſs of money.

"In London you will ſometimes meet with people who prefer pleaſure to buſineſs: but I counſel you to prefer buſineſs to pleaſure; becauſe, although pleaſure is by much the moſt agreeable in the mean time, yet I have been told by ſome who have made the experiment, that buſineſs affords moſt ſatisfaction on reflection.

"It

"It is uſual for young lawyers to direct their attention to a knowledge of the practice of ſome particular court, with a view to diſtinguiſh themſelves in it; but I adviſe you to acquire a thorough knowledge of the practice of all the courts without exception, that you may have as much buſineſs as you pleaſe in each, and then you may adhere to that which you find the moſt profitable. Eloquence, you may depend upon it, is of conſiderable uſe in the exerciſe of your profeſſion; I recommend it to you, therefore, to excel all your cotemporaries in that article. Judgment and good ſenſe are alſo of ſervice to thoſe who practiſe the law, and you have been remarked for putting a great deal of meaning in a few words. I remember to have heard Mr. Temple aſſert, that in a few obſervations which you made one day after dinner at my table, there was more ſenſe and meaning than in all that fell from Sir Mathew Maukiſh, who made an harangue on the ſame ſubject that laſted an hour. I muſt inform you, however,

that Mr. Wormwood remarked at the ſame time, that although condenſing a great deal of matter in a few words is admired on ſome occaſions, yet, in law, it is thought more beneficial to involve a ſmall quantity of meaning in a profuſion of words; this kind of eloquence, he aſſured me, was greatly in vogue, not only in law-papers, but likewiſe at the bar. He mentioned alſo ſome other places, where the ſame ſpecies of oratory gains ground daily. It will therefore be proper that you pay ſome attention to acquire an art ſo much in faſhion. I forbear to mention thoſe other places, becauſe I do not wiſh to give offence to either Houſe of Parliament, and far leſs to the church, being firmly attached both to church and king, although I never go either to church or court, not from want of reſpect, but merely becauſe I find them both extremely tireſome. I beg, however, that you will not mention what I have ſaid, regarding the eloquence of the parliament and pulpit, to our neighbour Sir Mathew Maukiſh, becauſe he would naturally think I meant a wipe at his parlia-

parliamentary ſpeeches. You will alſo conceal what I have ſaid from my brother Temple, who cannot bear that any thing ſhould be inſinuated againſt the eloquence of the pulpit.

"Women, my dear Edward, have been always conſidered as very dangerous creatures for young men: As there is the greateſt collection of them in the capital, London, of courſe, is thought the moſt dangerous place in England for an inexperienced youth. Perhaps you may think that you cannot properly be ſo called, having had ſome experience of the women of the country; but I muſt inform you, that they are, in ſome reſpects, different from the women of the town; ſo that you ought not entirely to form your notions of the one, from your knowledge of the other: in this you are in danger alſo of being miſled by the denomination ſometimes given to the latter, who are vulgarly called women of pleaſure, although they, not unfrequently, turn out to be women of pain.

"You ought to avoid bad habits of every kind, becauſe habit when indulged becomes a ſecond

a ſecond nature, and requires very great ſtrength of mind to overcome. This degree of philoſophy and ſtrength of mind, however, I myſelf have exerciſed, for I acknowledge that in my youthful years I was a little given to women, yet, notwithſtanding the power of habit, I have now, by dint of reaſon and reflection, almoſt entirely got the better of that dangerous propenſity. I mention this for your encouragement.

"It may be proper alſo to mention, that homely women are the leaſt dangerous; when you are obliged therefore to be in female ſociety, you had beſt attach yourſelf to that claſs inſtead of the handſome, who are more apt to lead young men aſtray, to the ruin of their reputation, and, which is worſe, even to the injury of their health. This is not only my opinion, but it was that of Solomon, the wiſeſt man that ever lived; who gave many excellent rules againſt the allurements of beautiful and wanton women. But it muſt be acknowledged, that his wiſdom appears more conſpicuous in his precepts than in the manner in which he himſelf

obſerved

obſerved them; from which it is evident that we ought to obſerve his precepts and not follow his example. I could add ſome other uſeful inſtructions, but being of opinion that it is better to make but moderate exactions of young people with a great probability of their being fulfilled, than by requiring a great deal to run the riſk of ſome being neglected, I ſhall terminate my admonitions here."

As Mr. Barnet ended this diſcourſe, which had been prepared with more previous reflection than any he had ever before made, a gentleman of the neighbourhood rode up to the carriage with the uſual inquiry about the health of his family. This interruption was very agreeable to Edward, who kept the moſt profound ſilence while Mr. Barnet ſpoke, and would have been much at a loſs what anſwer to have made; for however ridiculous the admonitions appeared, and notwithſtanding his having a natural talent for ſeizing the ridiculous in whatever he heard or obſerved, he never would permit himſelf to indulge in a ſingle expreſſion at

the

the expence of Mr. Barnet; the ſame abſurdities which would have entertained him in another, always gave him pain when they came from him.

Edward ſet out for London the following morning as had been determined, and took poſſeſſion of his chambers in the Temple.

CHAP. XLV.

O life! how pleaſing is thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold pauſing Caution's leſſons ſcorning,
We friſk away,
Like ſchool-boys, at the expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the roſe upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near
Among the leaves;
And though the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

BURNS.

MISS Louiſa Barnet was rather below the middle ſize of women, her perſon well proportioned and elaſtic, her hair dark brown, in great profuſion, and arranged with the attention requiſite to give it the graceful flow of negligence, her complexion tending to brown; ſhe had fine teeth, and black

black eyes of an uncommon vivacity, her other features were not unexceptionable; yet in many men's opinion, ſhe was on the whole, more attractive than ſome beauties of high renown, whoſe countenances and perſons were generally pronounced more regular and perfect. Miſs Barnet was fond of admiration, not only from thoſe whoſe judgment ſhe valued, but alſo from thoſe whoſe opinion, in other matters, ſhe diſregarded. Her prejudices, whether againſt or in favour of any perſon, were more violent than laſting; the impreſſions made on her mind, however ſtrong they ſeemed to be, required the preſence and aſſiduities of the perſon who made them, to prevent their being effaced. She had never hitherto ſeen any man who had much intereſted her, when ſhe met Mr. Clifton, at a very numerous aſſembly, to which ſhe accompanied Mrs. and Miſs Eaſy.—Miſs Barnet had ſeen him but ſeldom, ſince he left the Univerſity. This young man's connections, his fortune, the elegance

of

of his perſon and manners, his diſpoſition to gallantry, and above all, the partiality which ſome Ladies of diſtinguiſhed rank and beauty had ſhewn him, gave him a degree of importance in the faſhionable circles, ſeldom attained at his age. His mother, Lady Ann Clifton, had been brought up in the centre of faſhion, had remained in it during her huſband's life, and reſumed her place at a decent interval after his death. She had poſſeſſed a great ſhare of beauty, the duration of which had been much abridged by a town life. Her form was ſtill elegant, and her manners highly obliging and agreeable.—She had refuſed ſeveral propoſals for a ſecond marriage, which by the world in general would have been thought advantageous: whether theſe refuſals proceeded from a perſonal diſlike to the parties, or from a formed reſolution againſt a ſecond marriage, is uncertain. She was exceſſively fond of her ſon, and as vain of *his* accompliſhments, as at an earlier period of her life, ſhe had been of *her own* beauty;

ſhe was accuſed of being pleaſed even with his ſucceſs in gallantry, particularly with his attachment to Lady Hornbury, a woman of diſtinguiſhed beauty, whoſe huſband was not ſo delicate reſpecting his wife's chaſtity, as Julius Cæſar is ſaid to have been; for his Lordſhip continued to live with her, notwithſtanding the ſuſpicions that prevailed againſt it. Lady Ann Clifton was the leſs uneaſy on account of her ſon's connection with Lady Hornbury, becauſe ſhe imagined it diverted him from amours more injurious to his own health, or which might have proved more ruinous to others. Lady Ann's free manner of thinking on ſuch ſubjects was thought the more extraordinary, becauſe her own character was unimpeached in that eſſential article. Miſs Barnet was ſtruck with the improvement in Mr. Clifton's manner and whole appearance, ſince ſhe had laſt ſeen him; he alſo derived conſequence in her eſtimation, from the whiſper of approbation that followed him through the room, and by perceiving that ſeveral young ladies could

could not conceal their ſatisfaction while he continued to converſe with them, nor their uneaſineſs when he quitted them to addreſs another. She was particularly ſtruck by what ſhe overheard Lady Townly remark to a Lady ſitting next her, pointing to Clifton; "That young fellow is one of the moſt dangerous rakes in England; he has already turned the heads of ſeveral women of rank, and gives more uneaſineſs to huſbands than half the profligates about town." While Miſs Barnet was meditating on this eulogium, ſhe was addreſſed by Mr. Wormwood; but the uſual compliments which paſſed between them, did not prevent her from obſerving that Clifton continued longer than uſual ſpeaking to one Lady, whoſe dreſs made rather a more liberal diſplay of her charms, than the faſhion permitted. A Gentleman at that moment tapping Wormwood on the ſhoulder, inquired who the gay Lady was who had hold of young Clifton.

"That gay Lady," replied Wormwood, in his ſarcaſtic ſtile, "is the celebrated Mrs. Daſh, à beauty of ten years ſtanding; ſhe ſeems to dread that the artillery of her eyes begin to ſlacken fire and loſe their effect, which has determined her to open a maſked battery, that, as you ſee, draws general attention, and I am told has grievouſly wounded the Earl of Hornbury. I wonder where his Lordſhip is at this inſtant; for he is ſo jealous, that he cannot bear to ſee any man ſpeak to Mrs. Daſh, and would be mad were he to know with what ſatisfaction ſhe liſtens to Clifton."

"Lord Hornbury," replied the Gentleman, "is the laſt man in England I ſhould have ſuſpected of being jealous, particularly of Mr. Clifton."

"Why ſo?" ſaid Wormwood.

"Becauſe," anſwered the other, "Clifton's attachment to his own Lady ſeems to give his Lordſhip no manner of uneaſineſs."

"That is true enough," rejoined Wormwood; "but it would ſeem, that my Lord

has been ſo long accuſtomed to her *Ladyſhip's way*, that he can bear any thing from *her;* whereas Mrs. Daſh is a new flame; he wiſhes her to be conſidered as his *miſtreſs*, and there are men ſo very delicate, that they cannot endure to be *cuckolded* by any woman except their own wives:—but here comes her Ladyſhip; you will preſently ſee her draw Clifton from Mrs. Daſh, and like a complaiſant wife, leave that Lady open to the addreſſes of his Lordſhip, in caſe he ſhould arrive."

During this dialogue, Miſs Barnet ſeemed to be occupied with ſomething elſe, but in reality ſhe had liſtened to it with attention; ſhe obſerved that Lady Hornbury had no ſooner caught ſight of Clifton, than he left Mrs. Daſh and haſtened to her Ladyſhip. Lady Hornbury had preſerved her beauty longer than moſt women, but had not been ſo fortunate with reſpect to her reputation; perhaps the perſevering *eclat* of the firſt was one cauſe that the ſecond was attacked with peculiar ſeverity by ſome of her own ſex.

The town had given her a pretty numerous ſucceſſion of lovers; all of whom, as was generally aſſerted, had reaſon to complain of her inconſtancy, but few of her cruelty; the moſt malicious, indeed, made no ſcruple of declaring, that ſhe had made them all happy in their turn; but as this was never legally aſcertained, her Ladyſhip maintained her ſituation in ſociety as uſual. Her general reception, in what they called the beſt aſſemblies, gave much offence to ſome ſcrupulous females, who inſiſted, that there was as ſtrong ground for excluding her, as thoſe women whoſe delinquency was made manifeſt in a public court;—becauſe, added they, "*What every body ſays muſt be true.*"

To this however it was anſwered, that the preceding maxim, although often repeated in converſation, had not as yet been adopted in *law*; and that as falſehood, cheating at cards, calumny, and ingratitude, even when detected, did not exclude the guilty from the aſſemblies in queſtion, it might ſeem unjuſt to puniſh with ſuch ſeverity,

upon

upon mere ſuſpicion, a crime leſs heinous in itſelf, and to which there is more temptation.

That there is more temptation was paſſionately denied by the moſt violent of thoſe, who moved the Bill of Excluſion. It would be difficult perhaps to aſcertain this point with accuracy; but it was generally believed, that thoſe who were the moſt violent and inexorable againſt Lady Hornbury, were fully as much offended at her beauty, as with her conduct. Miſs Barnet was inſpired with a deſire to engage Clifton's attention, which ſhe had never felt before, and which probably ſhe would not have felt now, had it not been for the formidable account ſhe had juſt heard of him, and the univerſal wiſh ſhe perceived among the Ladies to be noticed by him; ſhe had beſides ſome inclination to vex and triumph over Lady Hornbury, who, ſhe imagined, had behaved to her with haughtineſs. Miſs Barnet was no wiſe intimidated in her deſigns on the heart of Clifton, by the charms of her Ladyſhip,

which having the diſadvantage of being older, could hardly be thought equal, and were in Louiſa's opinion far inferior to thoſe ſhe beheld every morning in her looking-glaſs.

Mr. Clifton, as ſhe had for ſome time been expecting, accoſted her, with the uſual inquiries reſpecting her family, which leading into other converſation, he was more ſtruck than he had ever been with the ſprightlineſs of her obſervations. Few women could be more agreeable than Miſs Barnet when ſhe pleaſed, and ſhe never had been more diſpoſed to ſeem ſo than at preſent;—there was a vein of ſarcaſm in her remarks, and a familiarity in her manner, which her mother had ſtrove in vain to correct; but as her obſervations were as lively as they were ſevere, and above all as ſhe was very handſome, her converſation was pleaſing to the men; the laſt circumſtance, however, did not render her more agreeable to the women in general, and ſeveral Ladies in the company began to think her converſation with Clifton continued

tinued too long. This was not the opinion of the parties themſelves; they became every inſtant more agreeable to each other, when a Gentleman ſent by Lady Hornbury informed Mr. Clifton that her Ladyſhip expected him to make up her party at cards.

Mr. Clifton having bowed to the Gentleman, reſumed his diſcourſe with Miſs Barnet.

"Did you not hear the ſummons?" ſaid ſhe.

"Yes," replied he, "but there is time enough."

"I fear her Ladyſhip will be impatient," reſumed Miſs Barnet.

"I do not know how that may be," ſaid Clifton, "but I plainly ſee you are impatient that I ſhould leave you."

"I *am* certainly," replied Miſs Barnet, "becauſe I know that nothing would render you ſo miſerable as any miſunderſtanding with her Ladyſhip."

"May

"May I aſk, if you intend being at the Opera to-morrow evening?" ſaid Mr. Clifton.

Miſs Barnet. I believe Mrs. Eaſy intends to go; if ſo I ſhall accompany her.

Clifton. I hope I ſhall find room in her box.

Miſs Barnet. As for room, I dare ſwear there will be abundance, but the box has one inconvenience—

Clifton. You do not hear the ſinging perfectly?

Miſs Barnet. Pardon me, we hear very well.

Clifton. You do not ſee the dancing diſtinctly?

Miſs Barnet. O! very diſtinctly, no box can be better placed for ſeeing; but it is inconveniently ſituated.

Clifton. I cannot conceive how a box at the Opera can be ill ſituated, in which you both hear and ſee perfectly.

Miſs Barnet. Can you not conceive that people may go to the Opera more for the

the purpoſe of being ſeen, than for either ſeeing or hearing?

Clifton. I had forgot that.

Miſs Barnet. Nay, I only mentioned it to ſhew you, that a thing might exiſt which you could not conceive; but as for Mrs. Eaſy's box, the inconveniency I alluded to is, that in it people are as diſtinctly ſeen as they ſee, which you will conſider, no doubt, as an unfortunate circumſtance.

Clifton. How ſo?

Miſs Barnet. Why, it is directly oppoſite to that of the Counteſs of Hornbury's.

Clifton (laughing). In ſpite of that alarming circumſtance, with your permiſſion, I'll venture into it to-morrow night.

Miſs Barnet. You are a bold man; but in the mean time, pray obey her Ladyſhip's ſummons, for do you ſee my Lord has juſt come, and might take it amiſs that you ſhould keep his wife waiting, unleſs—added ſhe, with a ſly look, and then ſtopped.

Clifton. Unleſs what?

Miſs

Miſs Barnet. Unleſs you expect that he will pardon your neglect of his wife in conſideration of the attentions you ſeem willing to beſtow on Mrs. Daſh.

Clifton. Where did you pick up all this ſcandal?

Miſs Barnet. All over the town. We made a vaſt number of viſits of late—but pray be gone; here comes a ſecond meſſage; her Ladyſhip's eyes dart lightning, and we may have thunder, if you do not make off directly.

Clifton anſwered her only by a ſmile, and then joined Lady Hornbury's party. He loſt his money, and ſpoke little.

"It might have been imagined," ſaid Lady Hornbury, "that the loſs of your money affected your ſpirits, had you been in high ſpirits when you began to play."

"It is not eaſy to appear in high ſpirits with a head-ach," ſaid Clifton; and ſoon after, on pretence that his head-ach increaſed, he left the aſſembly.

Contrary to his uſual cuſtom, Mr. Clifton was at the Opera the following evening before

fore the curtain was drawn up; he went to Mrs. Eaſy's box, as ſoon as he ſaw her arrive with her daughter and Miſs Barnet. After paying his compliments to them, ſome other acquaintance of Mrs. and Miſs Eaſy entered the box, and while they entertained her and her daughter, Clifton converſed with Miſs Barnet. She was relating ſomething to him, when ſuddenly ſtopping in the middle of the narrative, ſhe ſaid, "You ſhall hear the reſt another time, but you muſt be gone now!"

Clifton. Why, what is the matter?

Miſs Barnet. Do you not ſee Lady ——?

Clifton. Pray continue.

Miſs Barnet. Heaven forbid that my unlucky ſtory ſhould detain you a moment!

Clifton. I beg you will go on.

Miſs Barnet. What! with the crime of yeſterday unexpiated—but, perhaps you have ſeen her Ladyſhip this morning, and have already obtained her pardon?

Clifton. I beg you will proceed.

Miſs

Miſs Barnet. You have been with her then? I muſt be ſatisfied in this point.

Clifton. I have not ſeen her Ladyſhip ſince laſt night.

Miſs Barnet. Monſtrous! but look, her eye has caught you; why don't you haſten to her?

Clifton. Becauſe, if you will allow me, I would rather ſtay where I am.

Miſs Barnet. Nay, it is out of tenderneſs for you that I am anxious for your going; only behold how angry ſhe ſeems—Pray be gone.

Clifton. I will not ſtir until you have finiſhed your ſtory.

Miſs Barnet. Have a care what you ſay; I can, if I pleaſe, ſpin out a ſtory like the Sultaneſs in the Arabian Nights Entertainment.

Clifton. Spin away then, O beauteous Scherazade! I am all attention.

Miſs Barnet. Since it is your pleaſure, moſt mighty Father of the Faithful, I will proceed, though conſcious that the tale is all unworthy of the ſublime highneſs of your Majeſty's ears.

Here

Here Clifton burſt into a violent fit of laughter, in which he was accompanied by Miſs Barnet and Miſs Eaſy. The exceſſive gaiety which prevailed in Mrs. Eaſy's box, through the whole evening, ſeemed to throw a gloom on that immediately oppoſite to it; and Lady Hornbury's ill-humour was apparent to all preſent.

Mr. Clifton remained to the end of the opera, and did not quit Mrs. Eaſy until he handed her, her daughter, and Miſs Barnet, into the carriage; ſo that the triumph of the latter over Lady Hornbury was complete.

The ſatisfaction which Miſs Barnet derived from this triumph, with the increaſing partiality ſhe felt for Mr. Clifton, intoxicated her ſo much, that ſhe did not ſufficiently weigh the nature and tendency of his aſſiduities, nor the drift of his language, which was gay, flattering, and gallant, in the higheſt degree, but kept entirely clear of any hint of a nature, which alone could have rendered it prudent or proper for the young Lady to have liſtened to him in the diſtinguiſhed manner ſhe did. Miſs Barnet

was pleaſed with Clifton's ſprightlineſs, delighted with the idea of mortifying Lady Hornbury, and of engroſſing the aſſiduities of a man, whoſe attentions were ſo much deſired by the moſt faſhionable of her ſex and acquaintance: charmed with the preſent gratification of her vanity, future conſequences never diſturbed the gaiety of her reflections.

CHAP. XLVI.

Ce qui ſe trouve de moins dans la galanterie, c'eſt de l'amour. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

FEW young men are endowed with a ſteadineſs of judgment ſufficient to ſecure them from the vanity which the attentions and favours of beauty are ſo apt to create: it has been doubted whether Alcibiades derived more pride from the victories he gained over his enemies in the field, than from thoſe he obtained over the hearts of his fair countrywomen.

The marked partiality with which Clifton had been diſtinguiſhed by the women from the time that he firſt appeared in the circles of faſhion, had already begun to ſwell his heart with a degree of pride and ſelf-importance that did not naturally belong to it, while the converſation and example of certain men of gallantry, of much longer ſtanding than himſelf, inclined him to con-

ſider the arts of ſeduction practiſed on women as venial, in compariſon with any other ſpecies of perfidy.

It has been already mentioned, that Lady Ann Clifton viewed her ſon's gallantries in a lighter manner than they deſerved. When ſhe underſtood that he was ſo often with Miſs Barnet, ſhe ſaid to him, one day, "I ſhould be ſorry to think you had formed any plan of playing the fool with that girl; if you have, I heartily hope that ſhe will have the wit to eſcape your ſnares; but I am ſtill more ſolicitous that you ſhould eſcape her's. Miſs Barnet is one of the pretticſt brunetts I ever ſaw, and does not want addreſs; the excellent character of her mother has procured her the eſteem of all who know her; but I could not bear to be connected with that ridiculous man the father; and as I do not often play the monitor, or interfere at all in your amuſements, I expect, my dear Jack, that you will ſpare me ſuch a mortification, and give me full aſſurance, that you have no idea of marriage in the preſent caſe."

To

To this remonſtrance Clifton, in the moſt ſerious manner, declared, that he had not; and then added, with a ſmile, that if it would give his mother any farther ſatisfaction, he would promiſe never to marry in his life.

Lady Ann replied, "That, ſo far from expecting any ſuch promiſe, the greateſt happineſs to which ſhe looked forward in life was, founded on the hope of ſeeing him *well* married; but ſhe was perſuaded, that a conſiderable alteration muſt take place in his manner of life and manner of thinking, before ſhe could wiſh to ſee it take place.

"Reſt ſatisfied, my dear Madam, that I have no ſuch plan at preſent," ſaid Clifton, and immediately retired.

As this youth's attachment to Lady Hornbury had been brought about more by her Ladyſhip's manœuvres, than by his own, he had leſs to reproach himſelf with in that, than ſome of his other intrigues; but notwithſtanding that the

natural candour of his mind had been in ſome degree perverted, as above-mentioned, he was not perfectly free from compunction, on account of that train of life, which his paſſions and vanity led him into. Keen in the purſuit of pleaſure, he ſpent leſs of his time with Edward than formerly; but he valued no man's approbation ſo much, and he would have felt lighter at heart, when reflecting on ſome parts of his own conduct, had he been able to bring his friend to ſee it in the ſame palliative light that ſome others did. With a view to procure himſelf this kind of conſolation, Clifton ſometimes introduced, as a ſubject of converſation, the arts of deceit ſo often practiſed in what is called gallantry, and which he treated with that partiality which men uſually have for their own failings. On ſuch occaſions Edward did not uſe the qualifying terms employed by his friend, who therefore found himſelf always diſappointed in the pal-

palliations he wiſhed for. Clifton, in a controverſy on this ſubject one day, ſpoke of gallantry as a game.

"Are you not ſhocked," ſaid Edward, "at the unfairneſs of the ſtakes? Does not the man play at a moſt ungenerous advantage? What proportion is there between the ruin the woman riſks, and the inconveniencies to which the man may be ſubjected? What would you think of the cautious gameſter, who would endeavour to perſuade an eaſy youth to ſtake a thouſand pounds againſt a ſhilling?"

"As you are no Joſeph in your practice, my friend," replied Clifton, "one might expect leſs ſeverity in your expreſſions."

"Without inſiſting on the difference," ſaid Edward, "that there is between ſeducing a woman into what ſhe *wiſhes to avoid*, and being a party with her in what ſhe is *reſolved to do*, I will not attempt to juſtify, either in myſelf or you, my dear Clifton, what I know to be

wrong: if we cannot act as we ought, let us at leaſt abſtain from confirming our minds in error, by vicious principles, which tend to deaden even the deſire of acting better, and to pervert the conduct of thoſe whoſe paſſions might not have been of ſtrength ſufficient to have drawn them into erroneous or criminal purſuits."

Thoſe diſputes had not diminiſhed their friendſhip, nor the entire confidence which the two youths had in each other. On one occaſion, when the ſubject of their converſation was matrimony, Clifton declared, "That if by any art on the part of the woman, or any infatuation of his own, he ſhould ever be drawn into that ſcrape, it would be unfortunate for both; becauſe a woman without delicacy would immediately become odious in his eyes, and to a woman of delicacy he ſhould make a ſhocking huſband, for his natural fickleneſs was ſuch, that no woman, however amiable in mind and perſon, could overcome it, being convinced that paſſion in him could not ſurvive poſſeſſion a ſingle

month; and that the idea of diſſembling affection in the midſt of indifference, was to him inſupportable; for which reaſon, when any thing croſs or diſagreeable had ever occurred, he had always conſoled himſelf with the reflection, that unlucky as it might be, ſtill it was but a ſlight misfortune, in compariſon with that of being married; and the recollection of his being in a much more comfortable ſituation than thoſe who ſailed on the boiſterous ocean of matrimony, never failed to throw a ray of ſatisfaction thro' the darkeſt gloom that his mind had ever hitherto experienced, not becauſe he had any pleaſure in the diſtreſs of others, repeating from Lucretius,

Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius ſpectare laborem:
Non quia vexari quemquam eſt jucunda voluptas,
Sed, quibus ipſe malis careas, quia cernere ſuave eſt;

and then added, that he had been often aſhamed to repine at the croſſeſt accident that befel himſelf, when he looked around and ſaw ſo many married men, all of

whom had, of courſe, more reaſon to complain of their lot, than he had, and yet ſome of them ſeemed to bear it with wonderful patience and reſignation."

To ſuch declarations, which were made partly in a ſerious manner, and partly with an air of pleaſantry, Edward replied in the ſame ſtyle.

"Very well, my friend, ſince you are reſolved never to marry, the ſex muſt bear it as well as they can;—but you certainly have no right to behave to any one of them, as if you had made a contrary reſolution in her favour."

CHAP. XLVII.

Le plus grand effort de l'amitié n'eſt pas de montrer nos défaults à un ami, c'eſt de lui faire voir le ſiens.

ROCHEFOUCAULT.

ONE evening after he had drank tea at Mrs. Eaſy's, Clifton finding himſelf in no diſpoſition to go to any of the public amuſements, and ſtill leſs inclined to go to bed, he drove to Edward's chambers, whom he rejoiced to find at home and alone; but he was hardly ſeated when Carnaby Maukiſh entered: "I am in high luck, my dear fellows, in finding you both," ſaid Carnaby; "I am juſt come from the Playhouſe, where a new piece was acted."

"How did you like it?" ſaid Edward.

"I paid little or no attention to it," replied Carnaby; "but I joined with the hiſſers."

"Why ſo?" reſumed Edward.

"I under-

"I underſtand," ſaid Carnaby, "that at preſent, the chance of being right is greatly in their favour—Mr. Wormwood was in the ſame box, and vehemently of our ſide: the piece however was ſnatched from the jaws of damnation, by the ability and addreſs of the players; for which Wormwood ſwore they deſerved to be damned themſelves. He was leaving the box, when, to induce him to remain, I aſſured him, that if he would only ſtay till the farcé was over, I would afterwards accompany him to ſupper; he anſwered that he had already got ſuch a ſurfeit of *nonſenſe*, that he could bear no more that night. I then offered to go with him, without waiting for the farce; for to confeſs the truth I hate nonſenſe as much as he does, but he hurried out, notwithſtanding all I could ſay, crying, 'No, no, by heavens, I cannot bear any more this night,' and ſo out he flung, ſhutting the box-door with violence after him; on which"——

There is no knowing how long Carnaby's clack would have continued, had

it

it not been interrupted by a conjunct burſt of laughter from Clifton and Edward.

"I am glad to ſee you ſo merry, Gentlemen," ſaid Carnaby, ſomewhat piqued.

"Who could refrain from laughter, my good fellow," ſaid Edward, "at the abſurdity of breaking from you, becauſe he was diſguſted at the inſipidity of a play?"

"How prepoſterous!" added Clifton, "for a man to fly from ſound ſenſe, becauſe he was tired of nonſenſe."

"Why, it muſt be confeſſed," ſaid Carnaby, recovering his good-humour, "that I have long ſuſpected Wormwood to be a very ſilly old fellow—but where ſhall we ſup?"

To this queſtion, Clifton, who was not in a humour for Carnaby's company, anſwered, "You muſt excuſe us this night; I have private buſineſs with Edward, and am juſt arrived on that account."

"Private buſineſs!—egad, that is a good one," ſaid Carnaby, "all the world knows that your private buſineſs is entirely with the women; and I heard, this very day, that

that you had broken with Lady Hornbury, and were entirely devoted to Miſs Barnet."

Clifton did not reliſh this obſervation, particularly in the hearing of Edward; he anſwered in ſomewhat of an angry tone, that he was ſurpriſed that a man of Mr. Shadow's profound ſenſe ſhould retail every falſe or idle obſervation he heard. —Carnaby began to apologize, but Clifton interrupted him, repeating, that he had particular buſineſs with Edward.

"It is curſed hard, however," ſaid Carnaby, "that your buſineſs ſhould be on this night, for I do not know what the devil to do with myſelf."

"It is ſurpriſing, that you ſhould be at a loſs to paſs two hours in your own company," ſaid Edward.

"It may be as ſurpriſing as it pleaſes," replied Carnaby, as he was leaving the room; "but I'll be hanged if it is not true, for I do not know what the devil to do with myſelf."

"The

"The delightful ſituation in which poor Carnaby declares himſelf to be," ſaid Clifton to Edward, after the other was gone, "I fancy you never experienced?"

"I am certain I ſhould ſometimes have a taſte of it, however," replied Edward, "were it not for the entertainment which theſe ingenious gentlemen afford me," pointing to his books; "for to ſay the truth, I can hardly conceive how life, ſhort as it is, can be paſſed without many dreary intervals of tedium, by thoſe who have not their bread to earn, if they could not call in the aſſiſtance of our worthy mute friends there."

Clifton. Have we not horſes, hounds, the theatres, cards, and the bottle?

Edward. They are all of uſe occaſionally, no doubt, but the weather may forbid the two firſt; the ſame kind of nonſenſe which diſguſted our friend Wormwood, may drive us from the third; the aſſociation of others is neceſſary for the fourth, and alſo for the fifth, unleſs to thoſe who are already ſunk into the low-

eſt

eſt ſtate of wretchedneſs and degradation: but the entertainment which books afford can be enjoyed in the worſt weather, can be varied as we pleaſe, obtained in ſolitude, and, inſtead of blunting, ſharpens the underſtanding; but the moſt valuable effect of a taſte for reading is, that it often preſerves us from bad company.

Clifton. How do you mean?

Edward. I mean, that thoſe are not apt to go to or remain with diſagreeable people abroad, who are always certain of a pleaſant party at home.

Clifton. This happy turn of mind you owe to Mrs. Barnet, Ned.

Edward. I lie under infinite obligations to that excellent woman; my taſte for reading was firſt cheriſhed and improved by her; but the misfortunes of my childhood were, perhaps, what principally excited early reflection, and led me to a fondneſs for ſtudy.

"What a lively pretty girl her daughter has become?" ſaid Clifton, a little abruptly, from

from his thinking more on the young Lady than on what Edward had ſaid.

Edward. Miſs Barnet was always ſo.

Clifton. Particularly of late; there is ſomething extremely agreeable about her, and ſhe is not deficient in wit.

Edward. How could the daughter of ſuch a woman as Mrs. Barnet have been deficient in wit?

Clifton. No otherwiſe, perhaps, than by the accident of her being alſo the daughter of ſuch a man as Mr. Barnet.

Edward. I ſhould ſtill have expected wit to predominate in their daughter.

Clifton (ſmiling). That is to ſay, that the mother's wit is greater than the father's dullneſs, which I meant not to conteſt with you.

Edward (a little warmly). I have not admitted the latter; but of this I am certain, that Mr. Barnet has performed acts of benevolence, that would do honour to the greateſt wit in the nation.

Clifton. I know it, and honour him for it, my dear Ned; I wiſh to ſay nothing diſ-

reſpectful

reſpectful of Mr. Barnet, but I was ſpeaking of *Miſs Barnet*'s wit, of which ſhe certainly has a conſiderable ſhare, as well as her mother, although their manner is ſomewhat different.

Edward. Mrs. Barnet's converſation leaves the impreſſion that ſhe poſſeſſes more wit than ſhe chooſes to diſplay.

Clifton. Whereas her daughter, perhaps, is fond of exhibiting all that ſhe has.

Edward. You ſeem ſtrangely inclined to-day to draw inferences from what I ſay; that I did not mean; Miſs Barnet is equally ſprightly and agreeable; but it is naturally to be expected that the converſation of a lively young woman will be different from that of a woman of more age and experience.

To this Clifton anſwered, "Surely, ſurely;" and then introduced a new ſubject of converſation; during which, however, he ſometimes diſcovered that he was ſtill occupied with that from which he had ſo ſuddenly turned; for

once or twice he mentioned *Miſs Barnet*, inſtead of *another* Lady of whom they were talking.

Theſe repeated inſtances of abſence at length ſtruck Clifton himſelf, made him leave his friend ſooner than he intended, and were afterwards the cauſe of his avoiding to ſpeak of Miſs Barnet, and of his maintaining great reſerve in Edward's preſence, when her name was mentioned by any other perſon.

This did not eſcape the obſervation of Edward; who being afterwards informed from better authority than that of Mr. Carnaby Shadow, that Clifton no more viſited Lady Hornbury, and was frequently at Mrs. Eaſy's, he took a ſtrong ſuſpicion that Miſs Barnet was the cauſe of his breach with the one, and his viſits to the other.

The unvaried propriety of Edward's behaviour to that young Lady, joined to the general ſweetneſs of his manners, had long ſince effaced the prejudice which in her

early youth ſhe had entertained againſt him; he, on his part, viewed with the partiality of a brother every good quality ſhe poſſeſſed, and felt an additional intereſt in her, as the daughter of the perſon on earth for whom he had the higheſt eſteem and warmeſt affection; but that reſerve which her former conduct had obliged him to aſſume, he ſtill maintained towards her, notwithſtanding that her behaviour to him was more eaſy and frank than formerly. This, without weakening the eſteem which Louiſa entertained for Edward, rendered her leſs lively in his company, than in that of others.

From the moment that Edward perceived Clifton's attention directed to Miſs Barnet, he was uneaſy on her account; the ſeducing graces of his perſon and manner, the looſeneſs of his principles in matters of gallantry, his averſion to marriage, and her entire want of caution, increaſed his uneaſineſs the more he reflected on them; and he was much at a loſs how he ought to act. The

reſerve

reſerve which had been ſo long kept up between him and Miſs Barnet rendered it difficult for him to give her any caution on the ſubject; and when it occurred to him to unfold the ſource of his uneaſineſs to Mrs. Barnet, he ſhrunk from the idea of hinting any thing to the diſadvantage of his friend. He felt equal reluctance againſt inſinuating any thing to Miſs Barnet's diſadvantage, or which could, in any way, hurt the ſenſibility of her mother.

He reſolved at laſt to ſpeak to Clifton on the ſubject; but as often as he began to put his reſolution into practice, being himſelf a good deal agitated, his manner was rather ſolemn, and Clifton met his ſolemnity with ſo much pleaſantry, and evaded his inquiries with ſuch a careleſs air of jocularity, as at once defeated Edward's purpoſe, and diminiſhed his ſuſpicions.

With whatever aſſiduity Edward had ſtudied the law, he had no great deſire for following it as a profeſſion. This had been long known to Clifton, who therefore had

been exerting all his intereſt with his friends, ſome of whom were at this time in power, to obtain a reſpectable ſituation for Edward, which would put him out of the neceſſity of becoming a profeſſed lawyer.

Mr. Clifton, however, ſaid nothing of this to Edward, until he had good aſſurance of ſucceſs, which he received a little before the period we are treating of, and was then happy to find that the ſituation he had in view was extremely agreeable to Edward, who immediately acquainted Mrs. Barnet, expreſſing to her that deep ſenſe of gratitude which Clifton's conduct had impreſſed on his mind, but of which he had been unable to ſay a word to Clifton himſelf. It was agreed not to mention to Mr. Barnet what was in view for Edward, until ſucceſs was more certain. At this particular time, therefore, Clifton's mind was occupied with two objects as oppoſite as virtue and vice; a ſolicitude to ſerve the man and ruin the woman he loved. It might naturally be thought that two deſigns of ſuch diſ-

cordant

cordant natures could not be formed in the ſame breaſt; thoſe who think ſo are unacquainted with the power of prejudice and influence of manners, in perverting our views of things.

CHAP. XLVIII.

Ce qui rend la vanité des autres inſupportable, c'eſt qu'elle bleſſe la notre. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

LADY Hornbury was piqued in the moſt ſenſible manner, at being ſo openly deſerted by Clifton; her vanity was much more wounded than her affection; of the firſt ſhe had a great deal, of the ſecond a very ſmall quantity; and what little ſhe poſſeſſed, ſhe had the faculty of turning from one object to another with wonderful facility, as whim or ambition prompted. Had ſhe foreſeen the moment that Clifton was to quit her, ſhe would have precluded the mortification, by diſcharging him from viſiting her; and the blow being thus warded from her vanity, ſhe would have directly looked out for a new lover, with undiſturbed coolneſs and circumſpection. But the abrupt manner

manner of Clifton's quiting her had put this out of her power, and produced nine-tenths of the uneaſineſs ſhe felt on the ſubject.

A female friend of Lady Hornbury, juſt ſuch a friend as her Ladyſhip was herſelf, entertained her one forenoon with a long enumeration of circumſtanees, to prove how much Mr. Clifton was attached to Miſs Barnet. This ſhe did, under the ſemblance of abuſing Clifton, but in reality to enjoy her dear friend's mortification; and ſhe concluded by hinting, that ſhe would write to Mrs. Barnet, with whom ſhe had a ſlight acquaintance, to inform her of the dangerous ſituation in which her daughter was, that ſhe might ſend for her to the country. Lady Hornbury, who was not entirely blind to the real motives of her friend, heard her narrative with an air of indifference, thanked her for her obliging intentions, begging however, that ſhe would not put them in execution, on the pretence that a hint of that nature was liable to malignant conſtruction.

Lady Hornbury's real motive for precluding Mrs. Barnet from this information was, that her hatred to Miſs Barnet was greater than her love for Clifton had ever been, and ſhe actually wiſhed him ſpeedily to ſucceed in his deſigns on the young Lady; becauſe ſhe thought there was a greater probability of his becoming deſirous of returning to herſelf after ſucceſs than before, not that ſhe wiſhed ever to renew with him, but merely that ſhe might ſhew the world ſhe had it in her power, and had rejected it.

From Mr. Clifton's repeated viſits, and his particular attention to Miſs Barnet, Mrs. Eaſy began to imagine that he intended to propoſe marriage to that young Lady, for ſhe had not any ſuſpicion of his harbouring leſs honourable deſigns; but ſhe deferred giving any hint of this to Mrs. Barnet, until her conjecture ſhould be ſupported by ſtill ſtronger preſumptions.

Miſs Barnet found her vanity gratified, and her mind amuſed by the gay converſation

tion of Clifton; the hours danced lightly along; ſhe was in everlaſting good humour and high ſpirits, which never for a moment were lowered by reflection. Miſs Eaſy was ſincerely attached to Miſs Barnet; delighted with the company of Clifton; ſaw, without envy, the preference he and the men in general gave her friend, of whoſe ſuperior power of pleaſing ſhe was ſenſible; and what will appear to many extraordinary, her friendſhip for Louiſa was not diminiſhed on that account.

Mrs. Eaſy had lately engaged a maid, who had been in Lady Hornbury's ſervice, and was ſuppoſed to have enjoyed a good deal of her confidence; by means of this maid, who had long been devoted to Clifton, he was informed, unknown to them, of many of their engagements, where he had a certainty of meeting them, and at what hours he would find them at home. Of this intelligence Clifton made the moſt attentive uſe; but his behaviour on a particular occaſion, when he accompanied the Ladies to one of the Theatres, promoted his views

more

more than all the pains he took. Immediately after the play, and before the farce, he waited in the outer room until Mrs. Eaſy's coach ſhould be called. While he was talking to that Lady and her daughter, Miſs Barnet happened for an inſtant to ſtand a little apart, ſo as not to ſeem to be of the party: two young fellows entered the room, one of them a little fluſtered; he ſtared hard at Miſs Barnet; ſhe held down her head to avoid the boldneſs of his look; he then raiſed the edge of her hat, that he might view her face more fully, while his other hand approached her boſom: at that inſtant Clifton ſtruck him ſo violent a blow in the face as ſtaggered him. He fell backwards over a form, and his head ſtruck againſt the ſurbaſe of the wall.

"Does any body know this fellow?" ſaid Clifton, addreſſing the ſpectators, who crowded from the paſſages into the room; "he is certainly not a gentleman."

"Yes he is," ſaid the perſon who had accompanied him; "and one worth a hundred thouſand pounds!"

"Well," reſumed Clifton, "be ſo good as deliver him this card, that he may know where to find one who will be at his call, ſhould he be inclined to eſtabliſh his claim to the character of a gentleman on another foundation." So ſaying, he preſented him with his addreſs.

Mrs. Eaſy's carriage being announced at the ſame time, he attended the Ladies to it, was earneſtly preſſed to accompany them home, and went accordingly.

At ſupper Mrs. Eaſy expreſſed fears what might be the conſequences of this adventure, and the young Ladies ſhewed marks of ſolicitude on the ſame ſubject. The breaſt of Louiſa, in particular, glowed with gratitude, for the ſpirit with which Clifton had repelled the inſult that had been offered to herſelf, while ſhe admired the dignity of his conduct in the whole tranſaction. Clifton's converſation was particularly gay while he remained with the Ladies; but the apprehenſions they had reſpecting what might happen in the morning prevented his

his gaiety from having its uſual effect on them.

When Clifton returned to his lodgings, he told his footman, that he ſhould be at home all the following morning; deſired that he might be appriſed, without delay, when any gentleman called; and that all letters addreſſed to him ſhould be brought up directly, whether he was in bed or not.

He was waked next morning to receive a letter of a different nature from what he expected; it was from Mrs. Eaſy's maid, to inform him, that Mrs. and Miſs Eaſy propoſed to go, immediately after breakfaſt, to the city to viſit a relation, of whoſe indiſpoſition they had been juſt informed, and that they did not intend to return till near four o'clock; that Miſs Barnet was to remain at home, and had already given orders that ſhe ſhould be denied to every body; but nevertheleſs, the maid added, ſhe would venture to diſobey, in caſe *he ſhould call.*

The contents of this note perplexed Clifton a good deal. After what had paſſed

at the play-houſe, and after what he himſelf had ſaid, it would have had an aukward appearance if he ſhould be from home when the perſon he expected called; at the ſame time he could not bear the thoughts of loſing ſuch an opportunity of being alone with Miſs Barnet, eſpecially as he had ſome idea, though totally without foundation, that ſhe was privy to the notice which the maid had given him.

CHAP. XLIX.

With thee be Chaſtity, of all afraid,
Diſtruſting all, a wiſe ſuſpicious maid.
But man the moſt, not more the mountain doe
Holds the ſwift faulcon for her deadly foe.

COLLINS.

NOTHING ſhould induce the ſex to more circumſpection than the ſevere and uncandid conſtructions which are apt to be put on their behaviour. Many men, even of thoſe who are not conſidered as coxcombs, or diſtinguiſhed for vanity, are prone to conſtrue every mark of attention to themſelves as a proof of a greater degree of favour than was intended. In the preſent inſtance Clifton did great injuſtice to Miſs Barnet; who, although ſhe was giddy from youthful vanity, imprudent from the great vivacity of her character, and ſuſceptible, perhaps, of having her ſenſes ſurpriſed, yet would

would certainly have turned the treacherous maid to the door, and refuſed the viſit of Clifton, had ſhe known the information that had been ſent, or ſuſpected his deſigns. What renders his ungenerous conſtructions of her conduct ſtill more revolting is, that at the very time he made them, and was meditating her ruin, the mind of the young Lady was occupied with a friendly ſolicitude for his ſafety.

Clifton ſtaid at home till a little after twelve o'clock; he then became too impatient to ſee Miſs Barnet to ſtay any longer, and wrote a letter in the following terms:

"Indiſpenſable buſineſs obliges me to go out: I ſhall return before four o'clock, and will wait on you when and where you ſhall be pleaſed to appoint.

"J. CLIFTON."

Having deſcribed the perſon with whom he had the ſquabble and his companion, he

deſired

deſired the ſervant to give this note to either of them who might call; and he enjoined the ſervant to remain at home all day, that he might not run any riſk of miſſing them.

Clifton then hurried to Mrs. Eaſy's, knocked gently at the door, was admitted by the maid, who, on different pretexts, had ſent the other ſervants out of the way.

Louiſa Barnet was at that time writing to her mother an account of the play-houſe adventure, containing a high eulogium on the gallant behaviour of Mr. Clifton, and expreſſive of her own fears and anxieties reſpecting what might be the conſequences. She was in a room commonly uſed by Mrs. Eaſy when ſhe did not admit company, in which her daughter and Louiſa were accuſtomed to read alternately to her, while ſhe reclined on the couch.

Miſs Barnet was careleſsly dreſſed, yet in a ſtyle more favourable to her natural beauties than the moſt refined arts of the toilet could have produced.

The

The maid announced Clifton rather abruptly, ſaying "ſhe could not help believing that he was not meant to be included in the general order for denial." And then ſhe withdrew.

Miſs Barnet, who was at firſt provoked and diſconcerted, ſoon forgot the negligence of her own dreſs, and the ſingularity of the maid's conduct, in the pleaſure of ſeeing Clifton in ſafety.

She inquired with precipitation, whether he had heard any thing from the play-houſe-men, and underſtanding he had not, whether he expected to hear from them; to this Clifton anſwered, "that he did not think about them."

"You are certainly right," ſaid ſhe; "they are not worth thinking of; they aſſuredly are not Gentlemen, and whatever meſſage ſuch fellows may ſend, you ought to take no notice of it."

To this obſervation Clifton ſaid nothing; on which ſhe repeated it earneſtly, looking in his face for an anſwer.

He ſmiled, without ſpeaking.

She then expreſſed her uneaſineſs at the idea of his having been involved in any trouble or danger on her account.

Treating with contempt the idea of danger, he expreſſed great ſatisfaction in having chaſtiſed the author of an inſult offered to her, declaring that he would ever think it the greateſt honour that could befall him, to have it in his power to be of any ſervice to her, and proceeded in warmer terms, and a more earneſt manner than he had ever uſed before, to aſſert his admiration of her beauty and accompliſhments, with many profeſſions of attachment, accompanied with a preſſure of her hand, and the moſt ſeducing looks and tone of voice.

Had he ventured on ſuch a ſtile and manner of addreſs at any other time, or had he aſſumed them at once, Louiſa would have perceived their aim, and would ſoon have thrown him out of his game; but for ſome time before Clifton entered,

entered, ſhe had been reflecting with gratitude on his behaviour the preceding night, and with ſolicitude for the danger to which he was ſtill expoſed; her breaſt glowed not, as formerly, with mere vanity, on account of having drawn a man of faſhion from the ſtandard of a rival beauty, but with eſteem for him as a man of ſpirit, who ſhe imagined equally eſteemed her, and whom ſhe conſidered in the light of a benefactor.—The ſatisfaction he expreſſed in having puniſhed a man who had inſulted her, and the pleaſure he would take in rendering her future ſervices, were the natural anſwers to the uneaſineſs ſhe ſhewed on his account, and led to thoſe vague, but warm declarations of attachment, which ſhe would have diſregarded at another time, but which at preſent were not heard with ſuch coolneſs, as to leave her all the circumſpection her ſituation required.—As the enterpriſing fervour of Clifton's eloquence gradually increaſed, her emotion was alſo gaining upon her, when

ſhe was ſuddenly reſtored to recollection by a noiſe at the door,—a few moments after which, Edward entered the room. Clifton had juſt had time to gain the window, at which he ſtood, affecting an air of careleſſneſs; Louiſa was ſeated at a diſtance from him.

Edward, without ſhewing ſurprize, addreſſed her, ſaying, "that as he had heard ſhe was at home, he had called to inquire after Mr. Barnet's health, as he ſuppoſed ſhe had received accounts of it from her mother." She anſwered with an air of reſerve not free from confuſion; he then turned to Clifton, whoſe affected eaſe was mixed with evident marks of diſpleaſure:—never were three people more at a loſs to continue a converſation. Clifton glowed with reſentment againſt Edward for his intruſion;—Miſs Barnet's returning reflection began to make her view it as a fortunate circumſtance, but this very idea diſtreſſed her at the preſence of the one, almoſt as much as the other; and ſhe impatiently

impatiently wiſhed for the abſence of both; Edward, although ſatisfied with his own conduct, felt pain on her account, and turned his eyes again on Clifton, to obſerve if he was inclined to withdraw.

They were all relieved in ſome meaſure, by the arrival of Mrs. and Miſs Eaſy, who having been at the houſe of their relation, were there informed, that ſhe had been forbid by her phyſician, to ſee any perſon whoever, on which they had returned home directly.

Mrs. and Miſs Eaſy were equally pleaſed and ſurpriſed at the ſight of Clifton; they had been converſing together, all the way from the city, on the ſubject of his quarrel, and had remained in anxious ſuſpence reſpecting the conſequences.—Immediately on entering the room, they both addreſſed him with peculiar attention, but without mentioning or alluding to the ſource of this uncommon degree of intereſt; to Edward they ſpoke with their uſual civility, after

which

which Miſs Eaſy turning to Miſs Barnet, exclaimed, a little abruptly, "I underſtood, my dear, that you intended to employ the whole morning in writing letters."

"I fear," ſaid Edward, willing to convey the idea that Clifton and he had come together, "that *we intruded* on Miſs Barnet."

Clifton darted an angry look at him, but Miſs Eaſy, whoſe mind dwelt on the danger to which ſhe ſuppoſed Mr. Clifton was ſtill expoſed, from the two play-houſe gentlemen, replied, and while ſhe ſpoke ſhe looked at Clifton, "I am certain your viſits could not appear to her an intruſion, particularly at this time."

This remark tended to increaſe the reſentment which Clifton felt, however unjuſtly, againſt his friend, and being embarraſſed what to ſay, or how to behave, he withdrew.

Edward continued the converſation with Mrs. and Miſs Eaſy for a conſiderable time, but

but on its being remarked that Miſs Barnet took no part in it, and the former aſking if ſhe was not a little indiſpoſed, he took his leave.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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